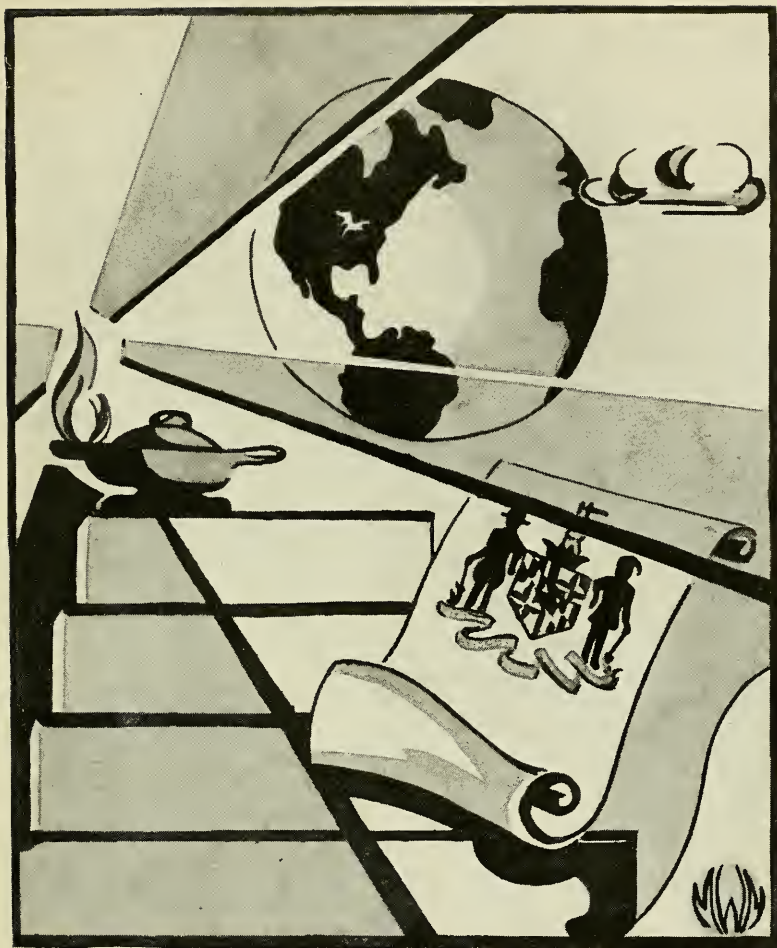


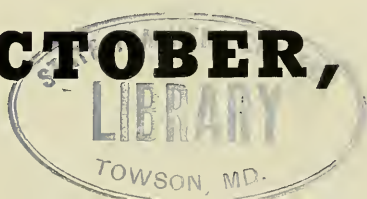
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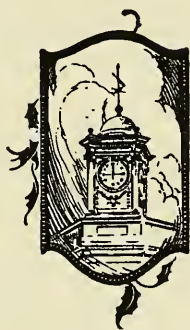


TOWER LIGHT

OCTOBER, 1938



THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
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C O N T E N T S



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	PAGE
What Does It Matter?	5
Two Leaders	7
Enrollment—September 1938	8
Beauty Spots in Baltimore County	9
Design for Inspiration	11
Timely Thought	12
Our Elementary Science Room	13
The Infinite Flame	14
Save for the New York World's Fair	16
Did You Know That - - -	17
As Others See Us	18
How Thoughts of - - -	19
"Autumn on the Farm"	20
Night Goblins	21
Educational Radio Script Exchange	21
Preface to Harmony	23
Make the Most of It!	24
The Library—At Your Service	25
"True Confession"	28
Teachers College Record	29
Alumni News	30
Sports	35
Under the Weather Vane	39
Fashion Flashes!	40
Memories	41
Feminine Agitation	42
Advertisements	43



M. THERESA WIEDEFELD, *President*

THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. XII

OCTOBER, 1938

No. 1

What Does it Matter ?

M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

SO many of the rules and regulations which college students are expected to maintain cover matters which to the individual student seem to make little or no difference. "What does it matter?" you ask, or find yourself deciding "It doesn't matter at all."

What does it matter if you are absent or tardy and do not turn in an excuse blank? Everyone knows you did not "play hookey". Your reason for staying out is your own business. When measured on the whole scale of values, the day out of college meant more to you in one way or another than that same day would have meant if spent at college. You can make up what you lost and mean to do so. Why should you offer an excuse?

What does it matter if you do smoke in the Rest Rooms? You are careful. You watch to see that ashes do not get on the floor or furniture and that nothing is scarred or burned. Nobody is there to see you. A few burned stumps may tell the tale but only the janitor sees them and they have no identifying marks. Why not smoke if you want to?

What does it matter if you do leave milk bottles, trays, knives, and forks on the tables instead of returning them to the proper place in the cafeteria? You are in a hurry. The corridor is crowded and you would have to push your way through, carrying dirty dishes. It is a menial task. The janitor always removes them anyhow. Why should you return them?

What does it matter if you do not give way to students having fifth period classes in order to relieve the congestion in the cafeteria? You are as hungry as they. You are free to eat and have been used to eating at the noon hour. The best foods will be gone if you wait. It is not your fault that other students have fifth period classes. Why should you give way to them?

What does it matter if you do get off the car at the south entrance? The cars stop there and you should be free to get off where you please. You always look both ways and really prefer to cross where there is no traffic control. You have never been hit yet. Fewer people get off there and you dislike crowds. You enjoy the walk by yourself and you think it is the nearer way. Why should you get off at the station?

What does it matter if you do take your car away from the south parking lot and put it somewhere nearer to the soccer field? You play until nearly dark. You have little enough time in which to reach home for dinner. You are too tired to walk the distance back to the parking lot. Your car does no harm to the grass on which you park it. Other people park there. Why should you leave it where it is inconvenient for you?

What does it matter what companions you choose, what groups you join? You like them, you say. They know how to have a good time and they have been kind to you. They can't harm you because you already know good from bad, right from wrong. You needn't do just as they do, particularly when you are not with them. Why shouldn't you choose the friends you like?

None of these things really matter much of themselves. The persons, individuals and groups whose orders are disobeyed are not hurt, they do not care very much; the persons who pick up and clean up after you do not really mind, they may as well do that as something else; the persons whom you inconvenience may not blame you and they gain opportunities for exercising such virtues as patience, self-denial, self-restraint; the regulations which you ignore or violate may not be very important in the whole range of human values.

But these explanations are not the answer. The true answer lies in the fact that daily, hourly, you are making the patterns by which your own personality is being molded. Each act, each decision, each choice, drops into a permanent place in your nervous system and is woven at once into that great "seamless web" of human experiences which constitutes your culture. Then you are bound, held tight in the grip of the conditioning which takes place as a part of this acculturation. You will be conditioned; that is inevitable. The nature of that conditioning lies in your own hands. The experiences which make YOU and make you different from every other individual are spread out before you to choose or to reject.

"What does it matter?" you ask. No stone mason would ask that if he were selecting stones for a wall; no weaver would question the need for a flawless warp; no builder would risk a doubtful timber; no breeder would harbor stock that bore a taint; and so we might run on and on. Each individual is his own builder and the kind of structure he erects depends upon the decisions which he makes when he asks, "What does it matter?"



Two Leaders

"Is it true that our president is retiring this year?" So the rumor passed from one to another of the student body last year before Dr. Tall's retirement was officially announced. Everyone seemed to feel the same regret at losing one who had ever been a source of inspiration and help, but another sentiment quickly replaced the deep sense of loss. May she enjoy that leisure which she has so certainly earned through years of self-sacrificing labor in the field of education.

Dr. Tall, a native of Dorchester county, was graduated from Western High School in 1891 and took her degree of bachelor of science in education at Teachers College, Columbia University, after having taken the normal extension courses at Johns Hopkins. In 1926 Dr. Tall received her degree of doctor of literature, an honorary title conferred upon her by the University of Maryland.

Doctor Tall's position as president of the college was not her first connection with the college, for, from 1904 to 1908, she was an instructor at the Teachers Training School in Baltimore from which she was promoted to assistant superintendent of Baltimore County schools. Then she returned as the president of State Normal School. With the exception of the years 1919 and 1920, when she was principal of the Elementary School of the Lincoln School of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, Dr. Tall has worked untiringly in the services of her own state. The students here at State Teachers College consider it a privilege to have studied under the direction of one who had such sympathetic understanding and such national recognition as had Dr. Tall. We are grateful for that privilege, and we wish only the best for her future. She is at present living at Cambridge Arms Apartments in Baltimore.

In Dr. Tall's place has come Dr. M. Theresa Wiedefeld. For three years she was assistant primary supervisor in Baltimore County. From 1914 to 1919 she served as principal of our Campus Elementary School and then became elementary supervisor of Anne Arundel County. In 1924 Dr. Wiedefeld entered the State Department of Maryland as State supervisor of elementary schools. In 1937 Miss Wiedefeld received her degree of doctor of education from Johns Hopkins University. The subject for her thesis was "An experimental study in developing history reading readiness with fourth grade children." Our new president comes highly recommended by prominent educational authorities of the state, and she is backed by the confidence of those who have worked with her. She comes to us with awareness of the elementary school problems of Maryland. She has "seen us as others see us." She can help us grow, but only with our

cooperation. Students, let's give Dr. Wiedefeld and our college the best that we have so that her stay here may be counted among the happiest and the most successful years of her life.



Enrollment — September 1938

REBECCA C. TANSIL

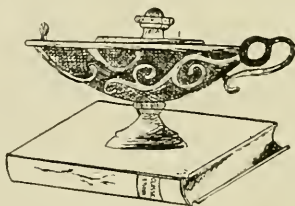
One needs only to look at the assembled student body on Monday or the cafeteria waiting line at the noon hour to realize that there is a material increase in the number of students in the college this year. A count at the end of the registration period shows that five hundred and fifty students have enrolled for the present year. This is approximately one hundred more than the number registered a year ago.

The present student body is divided by classes as follows:

Freshmen	213
Sophomores	140
Juniors	131
Seniors	30
Specials	36

The freshman students have entered from the various public and private high schools of the State and among the special students will be found transfers from the following colleges: Goucher, Gettysburg, Mount St. Agnes, University of Maryland, Juniata College, State Teachers College, Farmville, Virginia, Hood College and Western Maryland.

Among the freshman students are many brothers and sisters of former graduates as well as several daughters of graduates. These students know something of the traditions of the college and can carry back to their families news of the present college and its activities.



Beauty Spots in Baltimore County

SEE Baltimore County first! Let's go on a beauty-spot seeking excursion right here in this county!

If we were showing a stranger the "sights", we would probably begin with Loch Raven where the huge dam across the Gunpowder River controls the water supply for Baltimore City. We approach the breast of the dam and pause to watch the great volume of water swirling out and on and wish we had something to feed the huge fish in the deep green water behind the dam. The curving road follows the stream, deep woods along one side, water on the other. In the afternoon the sun sends long shadows over the water and we get the full effect of this as we cross the bridge over the river. The road now winds along the opposite bank through a forest of pine trees which prevent soil erosion and thus conserves the water supply. At the crossing of the stream near the junction of the Dulany Valley Road we cannot help turning to look at the scenery.

Green Spring Valley is approached from Towson via Joppa Road. After a mountain-top view of pretty Dulany Valley we reach the junction of Falls Road and Joppa Road, and enter the Green Spring Valley. It suggests to our minds a vast, beautifully landscaped garden, with winding roads, small lakes and pools, and homes (of rare architecture), some of which are on the hills framing the valley. What a panorama to have spread before one at every hour of the day—and in the moonlight!

Turning left from the York Road at Cockeysville and continuing for a mile of good road one comes to the top of a hill overlooking a long meadow, about 71 acres belonging to Mr. Bishop. In this valley are sixty lily ponds. In the morning, particularly on an early July morning, all the lilies are open and make a wonderful display. At the foot of the hill stands an old stone mill built in 1791 and now used as a salesroom for fish and aquatic plants. One needs some time to see the rock gardens, rustic bridges, and courses by which the water has been drawn from the old mill race to transform the plot of ground surrounding the mill into such a beautiful site. And there is a waterfall and an undershot mill wheel.

The familiar York Road itself affords charming scenery as it winds over the hill tops. We cross the Gunpowder River on our way and turn left at a sign, "To Prettyboy Dam". We have a good view up stream where the water is backed up between ranges of low wooded hills, reflecting green in the water. We cross the bridge at the breast of the dam, park the car and descend the long flight of steps leading to the overflow stream. There is a beautiful bit of landscaped garden illustrating forcibly how so necessary a feature can be made a thing of beauty.—We follow the

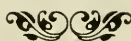
Falls Road toward Baltimore—a quiet country road along which one delights to linger.

In the southwestern part of the country near the Patapsco River, about three miles east of Woodstock, we turn left from the Old Court Road to the Wrights Mill Road which follows the crest of the hills on the north side of the Patapsco River Valley. Here, six miles from Baltimore, is the settlement known as Quaker Hill, settled by Quakers from Massachusetts in 1807, and still distinctive for the sturdy stone houses. The view from this elevation—valleys, ranges, and a long winding road over the hills to the east—is beautiful particularly in early fall when the foliage is in varying shades of change. The descent from the crest of the hill is two hundred fifty feet in one-third mile, accomplished in many curves. No wonder "Quaker Hill" is a favorite grade test of motor power for prospective purchasers of automobiles!

Leaving State Highway 26 at the Police Sub Station we follow the Deer Park Road. After traveling about three miles we reach a section of the country very different from any other in Baltimore County. Thin flat stones cover the ground so closely that only scrub oaks and short stiff grass can grow. On one side of the road are dark, curiously formed stones sought by rock garden enthusiasts. There are great ravines suggesting earthquake disturbances, and geologists have repeatedly made trips to this region to study the soil and formation of the rocks. From the roadway looking south we have a magnificent view over parts of Howard and Carroll Counties, supplemented on a very clear morning by mountain ranges and Montgomery County in the distance.

The "beauty spot" nearest the College is the Towson Nursery. No, we need not wander there in imagination, for it is so accessible to us. Let us begin "at home" and "work out" to the beauty spots farther from us. If we look hard, we may discover some new ones which we shall delight in recommending to others.

Note: This article is an adaptation of an address given by Mrs. S. Walter Perrine of Randallstown, Maryland, to Miss Trentbam's Rural Women's Group.



Design for Inspiration

LEON L. LERNER

IN a world hectic with cocked guns and marching armies and vicious browbeating and violent threats, it is hard, indeed, to find a subject fitting for inspiration. Shall we speak of the love of man for man? But in Europe man kills man. Shall we pronounce our faith in justice and right? But elsewhere Justice is torn out of the heart of those who profess to believe in it, and Right lies sniveling in the giant hand of Might. It is not a bright picture we face on this little planet of ours; humanity has good reason to be gloomy and sad.

And so now, as in all dolorous periods of world history, we are offered plans and suggestions and patterns to follow. It is difficult to know where to turn or what to do. The great mind of the world is crying out now, as it has been doing for the last twenty years, for guidance, for succor. Feverish eyes are being cast in a thousand directions for the hand that will enucleate a prescription for relief and salvation. Will the plea go unanswered?

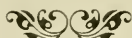
Jeremiah arose to answer the supreme question of his age; Buddha delivered his message to a world that had been desperately in need for one of his calibre; Confucius put an end to the plaguing doubts of his time; Christ drove back encroaching shadows of darkness. Here is evidence that in the past, burning questions have not gone unanswered, questions similar to those that parch our tongues today. Shall man kill man? Shall love and respect and honor be buried in the muck of outright selfishness and sheer hypocrisy? Shall human life be placed on the lowest par of value or on the highest? From the evidence of the past there is good reason for believing that for us, too, a way out will be found. Who will find the way out for us? It will be the teacher, even as before it was the teacher, Jeremiah and Buddha and Confucius and Christ.

Here is the greatest concept for us who have chosen our life's work in this field of teaching. Our spiritual progenitors have cast the die for us, and we have their footsteps to follow. Theirs was a job of enlightenment; so is ours. Theirs was a job of dispelling fears and superstitions; so is ours. They developed the understanding of man's behavior; we label the same, psychology, and apply it as we can. They were led to set standards for thinking and for doing; the teacher in the community is expected to do the same.

That we deal with children only enhances our position in the whole human race. Mencius, the Chinese philosopher, wrote: "The great man is he who never outgrows the heart of a child." And so, in touching

upon the child mind, we touch the universal mind. It is a challenge of a kind. The teacher will recall, perhaps, the words of August Strindberg, "I find the joy of life in the powerful, terrible struggles of life; and the capability of experiencing something, of earning something, is a pleasure to me."

The tradition she carries on will afford the teacher a cause to live for, to fight for. In any event, she will know that her work is an attempt to answer the confounding questions of our times. It is an inspiration that leads to begetting a design for living, a design for which the whole world is breathlessly waiting.



Timely Thought

As this is written they say, "War clouds are dark." But to us of this young generation war is something historical that happened when we were too young to remember—or something contemporary that is going on across the ocean, recorded in our newspapers.

But those dark clouds may bring a fearful storm that will sweep us, too, into the conflict. If war comes, then we will know what it is . . . This time it will be *our* school chums, *our* brothers, *our* sweethearts, who will have to make the "glorious sacrifice". It will be *we* who will be doing the endless sewing, the constant serving—the awful watching—and the hopeless waiting. It will be our children, little ones whom we have lovingly taught for the development of rich, happy lives, whose chances will be blighted, whom we may find lying even as we now see others in unspeakable news pictures.

"If another war comes . . ."—no, that is not something we can dismiss as something that couldn't happen again in a "civilized" world. Human reason has been known to fail when we trust in it most.

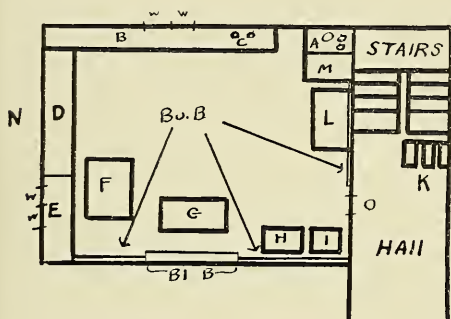
Let us pray for peace—but not with idle folded hands. Let us stir peace sentiment—but not by taking oaths never to fight for our country. Peace can come only through the *universal* understanding and *living* of the message that the Prince of Peace brought for mankind—if all will but accept the terms of world peace.



Did you know that at present more than twenty per cent of the teachers are men?

LOUIS COX

This room is located on the southeast corner of the second floor.



- A. Closet with bowl, hot and cold water, paper towels and soap.
- B. Display and work table; 3 ft. above floor, 2 ft. wide.
- C. Gas outlets and Bunsen burners.
- D. Table-top cabinet unit; 2½ ft. above floor, 2 ft. out from wall.

- E. Window box shelf; 3 ½ ft. above floor, 2 ft. wide.
- F. Sand table, 2 ft. high.
- G. Demonstration table, 2 ft. high.
- H and I. Demonstration and display tables, 2 ½ ft. high.
- K. Folding canvas stools for class use.
- L. Carpentry work table with vise and set of tools.
- M. Storage cupboard for glassware, chemicals and other small apparatus.
- N. Blank white wall for projection screen.
- O and W. Door and windows equipped with dark blinds.
- BuB. Celotex bulletin boards built into the wall.
- B/B. Slate blackboard.

Besides the above equipment, the room has adequate artificial light, four electric outlets, paints, brushes, necessary chemicals and electrical equipment, animal cages, aquarium, flower boxes, folding table, waste basket, and much special and pupil-made apparatus.

Developments in this newest study of the Campus School we hope may prove to be significant and interesting, and I hope to have the opportunity of describing them to you.

The Infinite Flame

M. LOVE

DR. Hollins was in his place. Elizabeth had known that he would be. He was always there. Nothing ever changed Dr. Hollins. Economics, in his class, was always the same.

Elizabeth slid into her desk with a smile. Somehow even Fascism and Ellen Price didn't seem such a horror to-day. Dictators and republics, and these girls that plod and cram—they didn't concern her. She had the future to think of. She would be a great teacher; she knew she would. Hadn't Professor Marchant told her that she had the ability? The "infinite flame" he had called it. What a lovely way to say it—the infinite flame.

"Well, was it Hitler or Roosevelt, Miss Kent?" Dr. Hollins' flat voice startled her.

"I don't know, sir."

"No, Hitler doesn't interest Miss Kent; her mind is on the next dance."

The class laughed. Elizabeth didn't laugh. She just smiled. She wondered if Dr. Hollins or Ellen Price ever possessed the infinite flame. No, they wouldn't, but Professor Marchant did. Professor Marchant was a philosopher. Elizabeth liked philosophers—it seemed much nicer than being a "crammer" or a "diligent student".

Dr. Hollins was watching her. She could tell that he was going to call on her. But it didn't matter now that yesterday's assignment wasn't done—there was the whole future of her life to consider; years of work overflowing with success and triumph. Let Ellen have her books and hours of work and pay check (for that was all it amounted to—a pay check.) Elizabeth wanted something beautiful from life—something lasting. Somehow it seemed more important to her to see a child growing into a man as she taught, than to watch a history book change to a monthly salary, as Ellen did. Dr. Hollins was watching her again. Oh, how he lacked the infinite flame!

"What is a boycott, Miss Kent?"

"It's a means of ruining another nation, but I don't know how."

Infinite flame, infinite flame.

"If that is all you have to say, sit down! but remember, I'm not paying your way through college. You're here to be a teacher. These things are necessary to you. Miss Price, take the question."

Ellen stood erect.

"A boycott is the act of socially outlawing one."

Elizabeth sat motionless. Poor Ellen. She didn't have the infinite flame. That's what teachers needed. Why should she bother to memorize dates and conquerors and all the presidents of the United States? She wouldn't remember them when she was teaching. Teaching wasn't just subject matter, Professor Marchant had said. It was building attitudes in children. That's what she wanted to do—tell children how to grow, how to live, and not about spelling, and arithmetic, and the *presidents*. Make teaching a beautiful thing! It wasn't easy to do. You had to have something that made you go ahead in spite of what everyone said—you had to have the infinite flame—the flame that burns endlessly—the desire that never ceases. That's what Professor Marchant had told her.

The bell interrupted her thoughts. She left the classroom and walked into the library, settling herself comfortably in the corner near the philosophy books. Elizabeth liked to read philosophy, but Ellen didn't. Ellen thought philosophy was a waste of time. "It isn't practical," she had told Elizabeth; but Elizabeth liked to think she would teach children how to understand the world and the people in it. Miss Burns passed her chair.

"Haven't you any work to do, Miss Kent?"

There was a sarcastic smile on Miss Burns' face. That was a mean thing to say. She would be sorry some day when she became a great teacher, a great educator, a great philosopher. Elizabeth began to scan the stacks of books around her. So many, many books. She had her own little library that she had collected from time to time. Someday she would have a larger collection than anyone, perhaps. She hoped that she would.

She checked two books out on her card and started for the dormitory. At the door Ellen caught up with her.

"Have you done your outline for Hollins?" Elizabeth shook her head.

"No, I don't see why I should. What good will it do me to write down a hundred dates and fifty men?"

"It will help you get a mark in the course, anyway. Dr. Hollins says our mark depends very much on it."

"I'm happy to think about marks to-day. Professor Marchant told me I have the ability to be a fine teacher. I have the infinite flame."

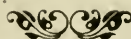
"I hate that course. He never gives us anything to do. He just talks and talks about things no one ever pays attention to once they get out of here—but he likes you, you'll get a good mark in that course."

"Professor Marchant is a wonderful man; anyway, it means more than marks to *me*; it means I'll be a great teacher. My whole life depends on it. I'm going to teach children the new way, and I'M going to teach *children* not *subjects*—that's what it means to have the infinite flame."

Ellen laughed. "I'll be glad just to get out of here and start drawing

a salary of my own—even in a one-room backwoods school!"

Elizabeth smiled and followed the girl into the dormitory.



Save for the New York World's Fair

Probably the first objective of the sightseer at the New York World's Fair next year will be to secure agreeable accommodations for his stay during the period of the Exposition. From the following figures, it would seem that he would have little difficulty. There are 133,334 hotel rooms in the city; hostelrys in suburban communities in the metropolitan area have 50,000 rooms; Y. M. C. A. clubhouses and similar semi-public institutions provide 40,000 rooms; and those in apartments and rooming houses add 120,000 more. Thus the total transient accommodation is 343,334 rooms.

The Department of Medicine and Public Health, which will have headquarters on the Fair grounds, will have facilities for attending to every medical emergency from a finger scratch to child birth. There are to be ten first aid stations, a large corps of physicians and surgeons, nearly a hundred nurses, ten ambulances, and a mobile x-ray truck under the department's supervision.

As many as 250,000 hungry sightseers can be accommodated during the day or night in the 80 restaurants which will dot the grounds. The bill of fare available will provide the visitors with a sort of gastronomic trip around the globe. A score of foreign nations intend to include dining halls in their national pavilions. France, for instance, will offer to the gourmet a *canard natais a l'orange*; Belgium is to specialize in Flemish and Walloon dishes, with delicacies cooked in fig leaves; Cuba will have *arroz con pollo*; Mexico—*tamales, frijoles and baked pig*; Rumania—a wide range of game; Russia—*blines and kasha*; Brazil—colorful assemblies of tropical vegetables. Did someone ask for a ham sandwich?

A fact not generally known is that most of the Bibles sold in this country are printed in Belgium. Partly on this account printing is to be displayed in historic fashion in the Belgian Building at the Fair. Leather binding represents high craftsmanship in Belgium and many examples of this art are to be shown. Another section of this exhibit is to be devoted to rare old manuscripts that are now in the Antwerp Museum.

(Continued next month.)

Did You Know That - - - - -

Over two thousand years ago two Chinese astronomers were beheaded because of an eclipse? These astronomers had learned to predict eclipses. Just before an eclipse occurred, they told the emperor a dragon would devour the sun, but that for a certain sum of money they would restore the sun. Their request was granted, and they proceeded to get gloriously drunk to celebrate their good fortune. As the eclipse came on with its terrifying appearance, the fears of the people and the emperor knew no bounds. They decided to appease the dragon by beheading the astronomers. This was promptly done, and soon the bright disc of the sun began to emerge from behind the moon. Everyone felt sure that the human sacrifice was acceptable to the angry dragon because the sun had been restored.

One of the earliest accounts of a meteor fall is mentioned in the Bible? Joshua 10:11.

The actual size, period, and position of the planet Neptune were known long before that planet was actually discovered.

The "seas" on the moon are not seas at all. They are vast, open plains.

Weeks were divided into seven days by the ancients, probably out of deference to the five major planets visible from the earth and the sun and moon?

The first star catalog, listing the names and sizes of visible stars, was made 2,073 years ago? A Greek, Hipparchus, classified the stars according to apparent brightness and catalogued about 1,080 of them.

Stars go through life cycles: young, or dwarfed stars have temperatures as low as 2,500 degrees centigrade; middle-aged, white-hot stars have temperatures of about 14,000 degrees centigrade; and many old stars finally become cool and dark.

There are thirty to forty billions of stars in the star-group to which the sun belongs.

Flames of fire, known as prominences, sometimes shoot out from the surface of the sun to a distance of 500,000 miles.

The recently discovered planet, Pluto, moves about the sun once in about 250 years.

The moon has mountain peaks that tower some 26,000 feet above its surface. These mountains of the moon are higher than most mountains on the earth.

It is estimated that as many as 20 million meteors, (shooting stars), fall into the earth's atmosphere each twenty-four hours.



As Others See Us

RUTH PATTON

"Would that God the gift had given us
To see ourselves as others see us."

A very famous passage and one to be taken to heart. But have we ever thought how its meaning can be reversed? Would everyone be happier if others could see *us* as we see *ourselves*? Our sweetest dreams would be realized, our highest visions of ourselves materialized!

Deep in the heart of every individual lies the secret belief that he would be a different person if he were a little better understood by his fellow men. Think what an amazing world this would be if we could understand the inner man of our fellows, could see what he most desires to be, and would treat him accordingly.

The man who dabbles futilely with paint or clay would become a master artist or sculptor. The discouraged peddler would possess a new personality, brimming with originality and attraction. From the mediocre athlete would emerge a veritable Olympian champion. Courage would rise from fear, beauty from ugliness. It would mean interest for the bored, virtue for the transgressor, fame for the ignored.

What an idealistic world this would be. Perhaps too idealistic; too easy, leaving nothing to strive for. Is it possible that Robert Burns' idea is best? That we can make it possible for others to see us as we see ourselves only by first seeing ourselves as others see us?

How Thoughts of - - - - -

JEANNE KRAVETZ

Yes, I was glad vacation was coming—glad to get away from it all, to do new things, meet new people. I would think of S. T. C. no more—that is, until September.

But even as I was sailing out of Baltimore harbor with all intentions of vacation thoughts, swiftly there passed before me a classroom at college with Miss Blood expounding the reasons why Baltimore is a good harbor. I remembered how we had studied the position of the harbor and its industries, so I looked eagerly over the rail. As the boat gained way I decided to turn my thoughts forward: I would meet some one who would be different. And so forthwith I started a conversation with a woman nearby. Expecting anything but a former student of the College, that was exactly what I got. So with great relish we got down to the task of bringing back memories—remember Miss Bader's history class, and May Day and Girls' Demonstration Night and the campus and and and—. This continued far into the night.

I arrived at my destination next morning. My companions during my stay were teachers. In due course our conversation turned to lesson plans, motivations, student activity, units of work, etc. There I was back again in the old familiar atmosphere, remembering Miss Joslin and the Activity Program, Miss Bersch and Individual Differences. A "swell" vacation passed.

Home again, doing the same things, seeing the family, reading the paper and trying to figure out what Mr. Walther would say about current trends. Then helping my brother with his summer school homework, I noticed something familiar. It was a third case percentage problem—shades of Mr. Moser! Meetings with members of the student body always brought up "remember"—Miss Woodward's class; how Miss Birdsong understood us; those tests Miss Keys gave; the TOWER LIGHT articles. Work on the playground began and with it games—volley ball, end ball. Miss Daniels and Miss Roach—I saw them before me teaching our class. Oh! we did have fun. During handwork period Miss Neunsinger was at my shoulder guiding the mixing of paints and the use of pastels. During a meet some familiar faces attracted my notice. They were children from my last practice center. I remembered Student Teaching, conferences with Miss Scott and Individual Days.

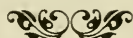
The death of Mr. Corner, the artist, reminded me of the hall in the "Ad" building where his picture of Miss Tall hangs. I saw the offices and the library where Miss Yoder holds forth.

July and August were gone, September was here. Thoughts of school had never left me and I was waiting impatiently to see the old places and the familiar faces.



“Autumn on the Farm”

One of the finest manifestations of that old principle, “We learn to do by doing”, was exhibited last year by the children of the Brooklyn Ethical Culture School of New York. In conjunction with their study of farm life the class spent five crisp October days on the Hudson Guild Farms. They observed and participated in nearly every side of farm life including milking the cows, picking apples, watching the fish in the hatcheries, and making note of the mineral deposits, wild life, and the season’s natural beauty surrounding them. Upon their return a great number of the children recorded their favorite experiences showing the various phases of life on the farm. This material was combined to form an attractive booklet entitled “Autumn on the Farm”. Aside from its containing so many well-written articles, bits of poetry and realistic drawings, one cannot help seeing in every page of this perfect example of a project the great range of learning that takes place in such an activity in contrast to the meager possibilities of an abstract lesson. Never could seventh grade children have written such accurate, informing articles with such animated freedom had they not actually experienced that about which they wrote. This booklet only serves to prove the inestimable value of project work.



Fog

ALICE WARNER

It comes sliding over the land
Like a fluffy blanket of gray,
Enfolding the world in its down—
Then as silently rolls away.

Night Goblins

MAY LOVE

How long I lay awake I do not know for the hours that pass in the night are unaccountable. My room was dark but for a faint glimmer from a distant street light. I was keenly aware of every sound. Never had my senses been so alert.

The low moan of a distant fog horn; a dog barking—crisp, sharp barks that seemed to bite a piece from the night; someone coughing in a room down the hall—a rasping cough, irritating and unpleasant; then quiet again. The stillness was pounding on my ear drums. Was the whole world asleep? My head seemed seven times its size. Why couldn't I sleep? What was keeping me awake? No,—might as well quiet down—never get to sleep this way. Funny—sometimes sleep just isn't possible—can't get to sleep at all—nothing special to keep me awake—just me I guess——funny, too, how sleep comes——so quiet——soothing——restful——funny——guess it's——just——me——this night——is——no——different——from——any——other——night.



Educational Radio Script Exchange Aids Many Schools and Colleges

If your school wanted to put on an educational broadcast, would you know where to get scripts and information about the technicalities of broadcasting? The Educational Script Exchange was created as a department of the Federal Radio Education Committee. The committee is composed of prominent educational and broadcasting leaders under the direction of the Commissioner of Education, John W. Studebaker. Its purpose is to supply educational groups with radio scripts on many educational subjects as well as radio manuals, glossaries of radio terms, and arrangements of music.

Among the other types of scripts available are historical sketches, dramatizations of discoveries which have revolutionized science and industry, natural science subjects, safety education, vocational guidance, and musical programs of symphony concerts or classical music.

Besides being used for broadcasts over nation-wide hook-ups, these scripts have been used for assemblies, "mock broadcasts" over amplifiers, in speech classes, and in adult classes studying education by radio. They furnish abundant worthwhile material to be used for various practice exercises. Remember! This material is available not only to schools and colleges, but to various civic organizations, parent-teacher associations, theater guild groups, and C.C.C. classes.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

Preface to Harmony

Dr. Tall's parting word to the TOWER LIGHT was a suggestion that at the beginning of the year we very clearly define our principles and proceedings. That is the purpose of this article.

The TOWER LIGHT, as stated on both the title page and on the staff page, is "published by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson", not by the TOWER LIGHT staff alone. Consequently, the responsibility for a good publication lies directly with the students. The staff is chosen for the purpose of organization and direction. We can print only what we have.

Of course, not everything submitted is printed. Every magazine must have standards, and we feel that the TOWER LIGHT must have high ones both in content and craftsmanship, to be the proper representative of this college. This does not presuppose a "dry" magazine. An article that is seemly and well-written is not sufficient. It must be of interest to the majority of the readers. Space costs money, and money for a publication is limited. So, of every article we must ask: "Will enough people read this to make it worth the \$2.60 per page it costs to print it?"

Last spring there was considerable agitation in the student council over the question: "Shall unsigned material be permitted in the pages of the TOWER LIGHT?" The answer is, Yes—unsigned material of all kinds is permissible if the writer and the staff deem it advisable to withhold the signature. However, no material will be accepted unless the identity of the author is known both to the faculty adviser and the editors. It is understood that any ideas expressed are those of the writer and do not necessarily represent the sentiment of the entire college.

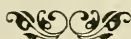
The Staff requests that articles submitted be neatly and legibly written in ink on one side of the paper only or typed. We are all busy college students, and deciphering penciled handwriting should not be part of our job. As is the case with all leading magazines, the editorial staff reserves the right to make any corrections, revisions or omissions it sees fit. Articles that seem all right when first written look quite different in cold, black print subject to the scrutiny of hundreds of exacting readers in several states. Even the most careful writer may slip up on spelling, grammar or construction now and then, and it is the editors' job to keep the slips from going into print. The best plan is for contributors to bring in their articles several days before the deadline and go over them with the faculty adviser or the editors. Then, if alterations need to be made, the writer may make them in his own way, which is really much more desirable. The deadline for each issue will be announced long enough in advance. For the next issue it is October 26.

Now that the way is cleared of technicalities and misunderstandings, we should be ready for action—for a better TOWER LIGHT.

Make the Most of It!

Freshmen on entering State Teachers College find themselves in an unfamiliar and unusual situation quite unlike anything they have before experienced in their school life. They find themselves in an institution of higher learning; different, far different from high school. They find here a curious mixture of the gay and the serious; an atmosphere that is exacting and demanding, yet friendly and helpful. They find an institution that rates with the best, yet with a tuition fee low enough to be within the reach of the lowest income brackets. They find an institution that welcomes the humblest, yet maintains a superior student body.

Freshmen—many of you come from homes and families whose financial status leaves no great margin of social and economic security. Many of you have been out of school several years working at boring, monotonous, “blind alley” jobs. Many of you have experienced difficulty remaining in high school let alone continuing your education. You are entering college when many of your contemporaries are facing the future with uncertainty and apprehension, at a time when many people find their source of income swept away overnight. You find here at State Teachers not only a chance to rid yourself of economic insecurity, but a chance to enter into a *worthwhile* work; a chance to enter a profession that offers unlimited opportunities for advancement; and what is most important to you, a profession which in Maryland is in dire need of intelligent recruits. There are thousands of young people your own age, not only in this state but in other states, who, owing to circumstances over which they have no control cannot avail themselves of this opening. Opportunity *has* knocked on your door. Why not make the most of it?



Advertising Helps

According to our handbooks, the printed organ of the State Teachers College—namely, the TOWER LIGHT—symbolizes the attitudes and ideals of the college. We know that you have many high ideals which you associate with the TOWER LIGHT. Some of these may be: good looking cover designs, more half-tone prints, and an increase in size. These things can be accomplished, but we need financial backing. The money problem may be answered through advertisements. Will you cooperate with the advertising department by freely offering suggestions for future advertisers and most important, by patronizing our present advertisers? The result will be a TOWER LIGHT you will be more proud than ever to own.

The Library - At Your Service

Welcome to the Library!

WHICH is the most used portion of the "Ad" building? Where are the most students always found? Where does everyone rush at three o'clock?—Every upperclassman could get 100% for his answers to these questions, and the freshmen will not remain in doubt for long—the faculty will see to that. The very obvious answer is, of course, the library.

There one finds not only old students who, armed with this year's good resolutions, are conscientiously at work, but also new equally conscientious freshmen who are just beginning to feel at home among the many books. There too are found our friendly, overworked librarians whose patience and endurance are often sorely tried by the students who occasionally forget their good intentions and use the rooms for social gatherings.

On the shelves one may find many familiar books whose contents have proved very helpful in the past and which will continue to do so as long as the pages hold together. This year there have been added many new volumes which in their turn will serve equally as well as the old ones have. And one must not forget the magazine department where many a spare moment may be used in a pleasant and valuable way.

Students, the library waits to serve you. Try this year to use it in the most profitable manner!

Wilder, Thornton, *Our Town*: New York, Coward McCann, Inc., 1938.

This is one of the most unusual plays that has appeared this year on the New York stage. The scene is laid in a small town in New Hampshire and covers the years 1901-1913. The characters, because they are vital and real, make you see the town vividly.

There are several factors which make this play unique. The first is that no scenery is used. All provision for color is made by the stage manager's conversation and the actions of the characters. The second is that the stage manager introduces the play, gives short sketches of the town or of certain characters, and occasionally plays the part of some minor character.

Undoubtedly, the simplicity of this play is its strongest asset. The author has presented his feelings and theories about the uncertainty and shortness of life in a forceful manner. After you have read it, you will have a close and warm feeling for "that little town in New Hampshire."

HELEN FREITAG.

A New Music Text for Teachers

Only recent graduates are aware of a new book entitled "Teaching Music in the Elementary School" written by a member of our music staff, Miss Prickett. Since we have recently received many queries as to the nature of this work, we feel a brief discussion would prove enlightening to many of our former graduates who are now teaching.

The book presents some of the theories of elementary school music education which Miss Prickett has formulated after some years of experience. While it is not an entirely original undertaking in that many of the thoughts embodied are the result of wide reading, it is outstanding in that the material is presented in condensed, non lecture form.

The work is used as a guide and introduction to the subject in classes here at the college and does away with much dictation of procedure formerly required.

Miss Prickett hopes that the musical principles in the text will stimulate each reader to think in terms of his own teaching procedure.

Copies of the book have been sent to many bookshops throughout the country, and in this capacity serve as advertisement both for Miss Prickett and for the college.



Roosevelt, Eleanor, *This Is My Story*: New York, Harper and Brothers, 1937.

In this, her autobiography, the wife of President Roosevelt tells of the years from her early childhood to the Democratic Convention of 1924. She gives a detailed day-by-day description of her family life both before and after her marriage; and, in so doing, she presents a very entertaining picture of society in the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early portion of the twentieth. Her deep devotion to her father, who died when she was still a child, her education in an English school, her first trip to the Continent, her wedding in 1905, her trials in raising her family—all are discussed with a directness and straightforwardness which never reaches familiarity. An innate good taste lends dignity to her simple and frank account.

It cannot truthfully be said that the book is technically well written, since Mrs. Roosevelt seems to prefer short, concise statements to the more polished variety. Yet from these casual, abrupt sentences emerges a vital personality which seems to talk to the reader as friend to friend. Although not witty, this gracious woman reveals a sense of humor which is even better than wit. Accompanying the text are many photographs.

If you would gain a better understanding of the Roosevelts, and, at the same time, meet some charming people, by all means read "This Is My Story."

VIRGINIA SPERLEIN.

Rodman, Seldon, *A New Anthology of Modern Poetry*; N. Y.; The Literary Guild of America, Inc.; 1938 (448 pages).

In this new anthology Mr. Rodman presents a new treatment of modern poetry. The characteristics and development of modern verse are made more comprehensive by the arrangement used.

The contents of the anthology are divided into four sections. The first part contains the forerunners of contemporary poetry and also certain poets and poems that belong to no definite classification. The poetry included in the second division is that of poets who derived their inspiration from the people and the soil, in rebellion for the rights of both. The transformation of the whole course of modern verse due to the influence of the French symbolist movement is shown in the third section. Part four is a combination of the second and third parts having in addition many new things that have recently developed in modern verse.

In his introduction Mr. Rodman gives seven characteristics which he considers define modern poetry.

"imagery patterned increasingly on everyday speech.

"absence of inversions, stilted apostrophes, conventional end rhymes, 'poetic' language generally, except where used deliberately for incantatory effect.

"freedom from the ordinary logic of sequence, jumping from one image to the next by association rather than by the usual cause—effect methods.

"emphasis on the ordinary, in reaction against the traditional poetic emphasis on the cosmic.

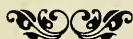
"concern with naked consciousness and the newly identified 'un-consciousness' as against 'the soul'.

"concerned with the common man almost to the exclusion of the 'hero' or the extraordinary man.

"concern with the social order as against 'heaven' and 'nature'."

In all, Mr. Rodman presents a thorough picture of modern poetry in every form and phase, and here in its scope and variety lies its value.

MARIE WASHKEVICH.



The "Conundrum of the Workshops", by Kipling, aside from being a beautiful and enlightening poem contains an admonition that I wish had been heeded by a group of treaty makers in Switzerland about eighteen years ago. It is certainly lamentable that when they drew up their "new map of Europe"—chopping and creating, redistributing and receding—that they did not look, scrutinize and say, "It's pretty, but is it art?"

“True Confession”

RENA KLEIN

My heart was beating out swing time, and my breath was doing its best to keep up with my heart as I entered the shop of a prospective customer. Up to this time I had always been the buyer, but now I was on the other side—I had something to sell.

The bell attached to the door responded with a cheery tinkle, but to me it sounded more like a death knell. As the lady of the shop came to wait on me, I launched into a barrage of words, not knowing what I was saying. All the carefully planned and much rehearsed arguments fled from me like dried leaves before a strong wind. By the time my first breath was gone, my arguments had gone with it, and I was left to cope with and conquer the prospect alone.

She questioned me about my product and its backers, and as the conversation followed a path more familiar to me, I slowly regained courage (and a reasonable amount of poise). Again I turned the conversation toward selling my wares and every few minutes one of my carefully studied arguments would return to me just in time to answer a question or supplement a remark which my potential customer had made.

It seemed as if hours had passed, but at last I had the little green and white pad of contracts on the counter and was explaining the terms to her. As the lady affixed her signature to the document which I had prepared, a wonderful feeling of exhilaration swept over me. I saw new worlds to conquer—I had secured my first advertisement for “TOWER LIGHT.”



School Statistics

How many students are there in the schools of this country? The Office of Education, Department of the Interior, gives the latest estimates:

In elementary schools—22,400,000.

In high schools—6,750,000.

In colleges and universities—1,350,000.

How many teachers are instructing this army of education-seekers?

More than 1,000,000, of whom nearly 100,000 are newcomers.

Teachers College Record

College News

During the summer our registrar, Miss Rebecca Tansil, finished the last requirements for her Ph.D. degree and is now entitled to be called Dr. Tansil. Her study is in the process of being printed, and she is very loyal and grateful to those who helped her with her work.

Miss Marie Neunsinger is to have a leave of absence for this next year, and Miss Ruth Whitson, who filled in the niche while Miss Neunsinger was ill last year, will take her place during her leave.

There are two new members of the elementary school staff. Miss Kathryn Schnorrenberg, who has been principal of the Relay School in Baltimore County, will teach the seventh grade, left vacant by the resignation of Miss Botsford who will teach in Montgomery County. Miss Gladys Hughes, who comes to us from the Teachers College, Greenville, North Carolina, will teach the fourth grade, the position left vacant by the resignation of Miss Logan.

Miss Logan is teaching social studies and English at the Kenwood High School. Miss Botsford is in the elementary school at Rockville, Maryland.

Miss Juanita Greer is succeeding Mrs. Matlat (formerly Miss Diefenderfer) as dormitory director. She comes to us highly recommended as a very able person and will need your support and friendship.

Miss Hilda Kestner spent the greater part of the summer at Teachers College, Columbia University where she finished her work for her master's degree.

Miss Olive Owens had a pleasant experience teaching summer school in Florida. She says she has acquired the easy-going manner of the South and defies anyone to make her hurry.

Miss Carlton spent most of the summer in the mountains of North Carolina.

Miss Margaret Held, of the Book Shop, has left us to take a position in the Towson National Bank. Mrs. Clark, who had some experience in the Book Shop a few years ago, will succeed her.

We hope you will like the changes in the faculty room on the first floor and also in the girls' restrooms on the second floor. And perhaps you will like the appearance of the plaster casts on the lower floor; they have been repaired by Mr. Oler.

There is a new body for the bus with most comfortable seats. Look it over at your earliest opportunity.

Alumni News

Edward Brumbaugh, Class of '36, is studying at Peabody in Nashville, Tennessee. This was made possible through the graduate scholarship given by Peabody to our college.

Wedding bells pealed for some of our former graduates:

Flora Vodenos, Class of '34 to David Sidney Paritzky.

Elizabeth Greenleaf Sucro, Class of '33, to Raphael Paul Donovan.

Eleanora Livingston Bowling, Class of '28, to Richard Robbins Kane.

Helen Waters, Class of '37, to Ray Gladhill.

Louise Webster, Class of '37, to Henry Myers.

Washington County Alumni Luncheon

Again the Hamilton Hotel in Hagerstown was the scene of the annual spring Alumni Luncheon of the Washington County unit of the Towson State Teachers College. The date of the luncheon, May twenty-first, provided significant decorations in keeping with the school flower, the daisy. The success of the luncheon should be credited to the presence of the guests of honor, Dr. Tall and Miss Scarborough. Dr. Tall entertained the group with news of the college, while Miss Scarborough brought the year's attainments of the Alumni. The fifty alumni present were happy to learn that through Dr. Tall's influence, a member of the group had secured a scholarship to Peabody. This annual event was both challenging and inspiring to the alumni present.



Assembly

September 19, 1938.

Dr. Wiedefeld, President of the State Teachers College at Towson.

Our first assembly was most appropriately given over to our new president for any purpose that she might choose. In a manner that warmed our hearts, Dr. Wiedefeld greeted the faculty members and student body of the college. She seemed well pleased with the work as it is being carried on and proposed no drastic changes. Her greeting impressed us deeply as to her sincerity, her initiative, and her high hopes for the gradual betterment of the college. Naturally, we are behind her, one and all.

Music on the Increase

Early next spring the National Federation of Music Clubs will hold its important bi-ennial meeting in Baltimore. Represented at that convention, May 16-23, will be the Glee Club of the College.

It is not yet definitely known what part the Glee Club will take in the procedures next spring, but that will be the high spot of the year for which the Glee Club will aim. Even now, new songs are being rehearsed in an attempt to bring to perfection the program to be presented.

This will be no easy job, but Miss Weyforth, the director of the Glee Club, is optimistic. More than eighty old members are returning to the group this year. On registration day, more than one hundred entering students indicated their desire of joining the school's choral organization. This is a record at the College, and Miss Weyforth is very happy at the tremendous interest which the freshmen have shown.

There are good reasons, likewise, for believing that singing this year will continue in the manner of last season. There is the promise of hearing well loved songs, including a Negro spiritual, a selection from an opera, and a novelty number, all supplementing the present repertoire of the Glee Club. In addition to this there will be renditions given by smaller vocal groups, and it is here, no doubt, that many delightful musical surprises are in store. It is expected that the small singing groups will show a great increase this season.

To carry out the ambitious activity scheduled for the forthcoming year, new officers have been chosen by the Glee Club members, and are as follows:

President	Ruth Dudderar
Vice-President	Jane Kimble
Secretary	Mildred Lippert
Publicity-Secretary	Edward Johnson
TOWER LIGHT Representative.....	Leon L. Lerner
Accompanist	Betty Tribull



Miss Schottler

L.L.L.

Outstanding in the Glee Club for four years has been blonde-haired Catherine Schottler, of Senior Four. Having this year retired as President of the organization, she will take a leading role in many of the school's forthcoming festivities. Miss Schottler is well known for her informal renditions at the Wednesday music rehearsal period. She has consistently

taken part in the Men's Revues, the Christmas celebrations, and the May Day fetes.

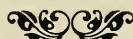
Miss Schottler is a student at the European Conservatory of Music, where she has been in attendance for five years. She is a member of the Zion Lutheran Church choir and has given concerts at Cadoa Hall. Early this year she took part in the National Saengerfest which was held in Baltimore. Miss Schottler is also an ardent piano student.



Instrumental Music

State Teachers College has its largest Orchestra for several years. In the string section, we find two new first violins, increasing our number to six; one new second which brings that section to seven players; and in addition to our present viola, 'cello and bass, we shall be having a new 'cellist by the second quarter. The wood winds have one new member, while the brasses are now three trumpets and a trombone. And by the second quarter, perhaps before, we hope to add the mellophone and tympani to our group. Students are trying out for these instruments now.

Probably, by the time this is in print, the student body will have heard us play in Assembly, but our first program of the year will be ahead of us. We are to play for the opening session of the State Teachers Association at Polytechnic on Friday, October 28. Not all of the numbers for this program have been chosen, but just now we are rehearsing two short pieces by Beethoven and one by Mozart.



Towson Teachers Represented at Youth Congress

Miss Savilla Cogswell, president of the League of Young Voters, was present at the Second World's Youth Congress at Vassar College, where she was a delegate from the Maryland branch of the National Youth Congress.

The Congress discussed, among other things, the status of youth today, the relation of youth to peace, and "the ethical bases of peace."

So What

LEE McCARRIER

Once again we go to press. If this slips by the editor, it will be a miracle. W.N.W. is supposed to write this column, but his illness, which a certain person thought about quite often, necessitated my writing it.

Initial Recordings

1. M.W. is giving one of the Freshmen girls a big thrill.
2. E.J. is in Teares this year.
3. The Freshman Jokester is the Sophomore sobster.
4. What sophomore likes two girls with the same initials and same first name, one here and one elsewhere?
5. M.C. won't take any bets this year. Too bad, fellas.

Seen and Liked

1. The new silver-ware bracelets worn by the dorm students.
2. The Freshman girls; but that happens every year. Last year, our topography expert, Mr. Leef, said "The Freshman girls equal if not excel the rest of the female student body in beauty." This year he comes out with, "They look like debutantes."

Things I never knew 'till now

1. That grasshoppers can't jump unless the temperature is at least 62° Farenheit.
 2. That in Alabama, school teachers are not allowed to go auto riding on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday night.
 3. That a college professor says that men talk more than women. I wonder.
 4. That only a few school teachers know that the Emancipation Proclamation was not one proclamation, but two. One promised freedom to the Negroes, the other granted it.
- P.S. Don't quote me on any of this.

From the Faculty

Miss Birdsong—Will the absentees please raise their hands?
Miss Tansil and Miss Brown vacationed in the Glen.

Fingernail portraits

1. H.R.—The Thin Man.
2. L.L.L.—Flat Foot Floogie.
3. S.W.—A Study in Blue.
4. W.R.—A Tisket, A Tasket, he lost his little basket this summer.
5. J.S.—College Humor.

We hope you enjoyed our ramblings; we doubt if you did, but cheer up. W.N.W. will be back in all his glory for the next issue. So What.

Here and There

J. M. C.

There is a weary Sophomore,
Waiting limply near the stair,
For a long-absent classmate,
Who's probably combing her hair.

Here is a bevy of females,
Surrounding something in blue,
A man! Somebody pokes me—
"Go away—I was here before you!"

There is a puzzled Freshman
Who shyly asks, "Where's 23?"
The Senior gapes frankly in wonder,
"Never knew there was one," says he.

Here is a studious fellow,
Laden down, staggering with books,
Here come some carefree Juniors—
"Is he human?" imply their looks.

There is a pretty young lassie,
Blindly dabbing as she goes.
"I can't do my math," she mutters,
"But at least I can powder my nose."

Here's a congenial twosome.
There are two others who click.
"Isn't that nice?" the girl's asking.
"Naw," says the boy, "Makes me sick."

There is my class door, closing
I'm late as usual, you see.
"S" is Stupid, or Senior
Or put them together—for me!

Sports! Sports!!

Snicks

COACH Minnegan, who had for seasons visualized the formation of the Maryland Collegiate Soccer League, with the aid of Johnny Neun of the *Sun*, was able to see his dreams come true. This is a great step forward in the history of the sport in Maryland. It not only means greater interest in the sport, but also better officiating at the games.

This year's schedule, I believe, is the best that State Teachers has ever undertaken. The high spot of the schedule, I should think, would be when the University of Virginia's highly touted team invades the Towson pitch. The Virginian team in 1937 defeated many of the South's foremost elevens, including a three goal victory over the University of Maryland.

At the opening of a new season, it is customary to take stock. In checking up we find that almost the entire starting team of 1937 has been lost due to graduation, withdrawal, injury or practice teaching. Captain Johnny Wheeler, all-state center halfback; Bernie Gamerman, play making center forward; and Herbie Stern, probably the team's best shot, all graduated. Buzzy Cernik, right full-back, withdrew, while Lou Cox, left full-back, is suffering from a head injury. Otto Bennett, Willy Cox, Roger Williams, and Windy Gordon are student teaching.

Those returning from last year's squad which won three games and tied and lost a like number are as follows: Lauenstein, only regular from last year's squad, Paul Massicot, Tom Goedeke, Mac McConnell, John Shock, Bob Calder, Norman Wilde, Robie Robinson, Jerry Kolker, Don Foster, Spider Gorsuch and Sid Miller. Stottlemeyer and Gross are coming up from last year's freshmen.

Foremost among this year's crop of freshman soccer talent looms the name of Jack Hart. This genial, fast, shifty and aggressive athlete hails from Baltimore City College where he received All Maryland honors during the past two seasons. Other likely looking freshmen include such men as Wintz, Herold, Clopper, Dawson, Werner, Martin, Hammer, Culbertson and several others.

Elizabethtown, the newcomer to our schedule, is again playing soccer after the lapse of a few years. Western Maryland and the University of Maryland, co-champs of '37, appear to be as strong as last season. Blue Ridge will put an inexperienced but hard-fighting team on the field. Frostburg and Salisbury, our State Teachers Colleges, report large enrollments of men students. This means they will have an abundance of good players.

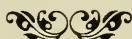
This is this year's schedule.

1. Thursday, Sept. 30—Elizabethtown at Elizabethtown.
- *2. Wednesday, Oct. 5—Western Maryland at Westminster.
- *3. Friday, Oct. 7—Frostburg T. C. at Towson.
4. Tuesday, Oct. 11—U. of Virginia at Towson.
- *5. Friday, Oct. 14—Blue Ridge at New Windsor.
6. Friday, Oct. 21—Elizabethtown at Towson.
- *7. Wednesday, Oct. 26—Hopkins U. at Homewood.
- *8. Friday, Nov. 4—Salisbury T. C. at Salisbury.
- *9. Friday, Nov. 11—U. of Maryland at Towson.

NOTE: * represents league games.

In the past eight years we have lost only eight out of eighty-six games played. The championship may not return to Towson, but I do believe this year's team will play a high grade of soccer. Come out to the home games, and cheer, cheer, cheer!!

HENRY N. STECKLER.



Play Day

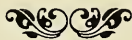
A tisket, a tasket
Our sports are everlastin'
So, if you don't come out and play
We'll sure do sompin' drastic.

This threat surely made a noticeable impression on the faculty and student body Play Day. Green suits, blue suits, brown suits, yellow suits—all turned out to join in the fun. A colorful sight indeed to an onlooker. Led by a chosen group they formed into circles and took part in the two old rhythm standbys, "Looby Loo" and "Did You Ever See a Lassie?" Following this everyone scampered to the various parts of the campus to take part in the different games which had been arranged. In one corner was a volley ball game; in another, horseshoes; in still another, croquet. Over on the soccer field a "red hot" softball game was in progress with teams composed indiscriminately of members of both sexes. I'll bet Coach Minnegan had his eye on some of those freshmen men for baseball material for next spring. On the tennis courts a number of fast hard games were being played. So enthusiastic were those taking part that they continued long after the other games were over.

When the field in front of the dormitories had been cleared the girls engaged in a hockey game. This incidentally opened the way for girls electives. Upon the completion of this game all concerned made a mad

scramble for the hot dog and ice cream stand—and who could blame them.

No one kept score; not many cared about score. No one turned out with that in mind—it was just Play Day—a get to-gether with plenty of spirit and enthusiasm.



Council Fires

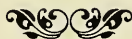
C. PAULA

Boom! boom-boom—The muffled beat of the tom-tom once more called together the State Teachers Tribe to the Council Ring in the Glen.

The Chief welcomed the old and new members of his tribe who had journeyed many moons from all parts of the state. With him were four of his mighty warriors who, kneeling in the directions of the four winds, prayed for the preservation of the standards: love, kindness, friendship, and humility within the tribe. The Medicine Man and a dark haired maiden were there, too, and told tales of the tribe of long-ago.

The Chief bade his tribe uphold its standards and seek to grow as each moon passed.

As the last embers glowed in the council fire, the whole tribe arose and chanted the tribal prayer.



League of Young Voters

RUTH ROSEN

This year, the League of Young Voters is inaugurating a highly diversified program. Prominent speakers representing many fields will address the club. Included are: Herbert O'Connor, Mauritz Hallgren and Dr. Sigerist. Student speakers, also, will present their views on many subjects.

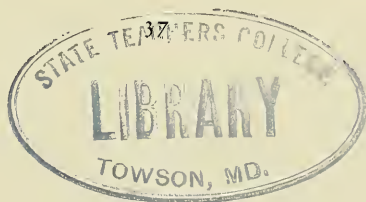
Keep up with the world! Join the League!



Natural History Group

The N. H. G. held its first Saturday meeting, September 24. For a while we remained in the Glen and classified trees; later we went out to Loch Raven to eat lunch and walk around.

On Saturday, October 22, a trip is planned for Pretty Boy Dam. Everyone is invited to go.



It Wasn't Told to Us, We Only Heard

That Lou Cox is an authority on communicable diseases.

That the freshmen are wondering when the next meeting of the secret society will be.

That little Donald is "the lover."

That powdered hair became quite the fashion one morning among the seniors.

That there is some doubt as to whether M.P. prefers the Great Dane or Mayo.

That Friday and Sunday are serious nights, but Saturday night is the time to make whoopee.

That the little fellow who has been hanging around the dorm so much is Johnny Shock.

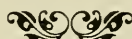
That Bennett has a peculiar dislike for pictures from the Naval Academy.

That Virgil's favorite slogan is "Hold that line, Georgia Tech!!"

That special deliveries are still coming from Hagerstown.

That Tootie likes to ride around Towson on the street cars.

That there easily could have been a catastrophe among the first violins during orchestra practice.



Sho' 'Nuff

A WORRYWART

The "Bugs" on the third floor are "Barking" up the same old tree. And what "A mess" they're making!

Does Crane ever get a Shock?

Mac can't seem to make up his mind. He doesn't know whether to give her Heck or Park'er!

Kate's still in the "Clear".

Rooms 311, 312, 313 will be closed to visitors for the next three days. One guess why.

The Neales do get together.

Recipe of the week:

Tea wafers spread with Phillips Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste. Will you recommend this, Maxine?

Ven-ett-a supper Sunday night, but the Lamb-rose too late to get breakfast Monday morning.

Under the Weather Vane

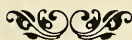
Current Events in the Campus School

At the first assembly, children told of their hobbies and summer travel. The talks were illustrated by collections of treasures—coins, dolls, carved acorns, and of course, maps to mark their routes of travel. Dr. Wiedefeld was introduced to the children, and talked to them about some of the interesting and unusual schools in Maryland. Incidentally, Dr. Wiedefeld knows how to tell a vivid story to interest children of all ages.

Indians are coming alive in the Third Grade. Pictures galore; samples of Indian weaving, pottery, and leather work; real Indian arrow heads, from the large size for big game, to the tiny ones for shooting small birds; all are there to help bring the past to view. Your reporter counted fifty-five books about Indians on the reading table—some from the libraries, and many brought by the children.

Student Council committees went into action during the first days of school. They are taking care of returning the milk bottles used by First Grade, collecting attendance slips, delivering the mail several times a day, keeping the campus clean, making plans to improve safety conditions, caring for athletic equipment, and helping plan assemblies.

The program for the first Te-Pa-Chi meeting includes two especially important features: an opportunity for parents to meet for a half hour in the classroom with the grade teacher; a reception in honor of our new president, Dr. Wiedefeld.



Signs Spotted

Frederick, Maryland: "Eggs layed while you wait."

Round Rock, Texas: "Wingless, Neckless, Backless Fried Chicken."

Edendale, Ohio (not even on the map): "Center of the world—you can start here and go anywhere."

(Note.) Send the editors *your* contributions.



Fashion Flashes!

Fall is here once again and so are the newest fall fashions. College girls are really "going in" for extreme styles this winter, and S.T.C. girls are no exceptions. For instance, have you noticed;

—The junior girl whose hair is definitely following the "upward trend". Brave lass!

—The short plaid, "pleated all round" skirts flying through the halls. They are a "must have" this season.

—The huge gold locket worn by a freshman. Grandmother's jewelry is right in style again.

—The new "jitter" jackets that seem to have become quite popular among the co-eds of our Sophomore class particularly.

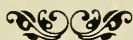
—The spoon bracelets that are shining forth from sunburned arms. Where did you "buy" them girls?

—D. K.'s Mexican print blouse. It is very "smart".

—Those fuzzy angora sweaters that are so lovely in pastel shades.

—B. S.'s white moccasins. They look real comfy.

Yes, girls, you must have at least one of the above mentioned articles if you want to come up to your classmates' favorites for fall. Socks and saddle shoes are still the choice for footwear. Sport jackets are jealously eyed by all too. Well, so long, until we see what next month will introduce in these "daring" new fall fashions.



Higher Education

A wise man is a thinker. A thinker speculates about various things. A speculator is a gambler, and to gamble is foolish. Therefore, it is folly to be wise.

Bronchial tubes are the subways to the Bronx.

The king of ancient Egypt was a Pharaoh. Faro is a card game. A card game is poker. Some people have poker faces. You ought to see the Pharaoh's mummy.

A loaf of bread is a necessity. Necessity is the mother of invention. An invention is a locomotive. Therefore, a loaf of bread is the mother of a locomotive.

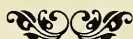
A joke is a gag. A gag is that which is stuffed into the mouth, preventing speech. Therefore, what this country needs is a better type of gag for ALL radio comedians.

Memories

A FRESHMAN

Those pleasant memories will remain . . . Those memories of little green tags . . . a very handsome school policeman . . . four girls to every boy . . . impressing, yes, very impressing induction exercises . . . friendly upperclassmen . . . the great number of instructions we received on registration day . . . the singing of "Alma Mater" on the college steps . . . Dr. Wiedefeld's introductory remarks . . . remember the first tea dance . . . big sisters and brothers . . . the thrill we felt when told that we were allowed to go off college campus at any time . . . the student council treasurer's adorable dimples . . . first library instruction (when we were encouragingly told that we'd probably use the library on our first day of classes . . . those "certain" sophomores at our first sing song . . . the copy of "Tears" on the wall in the lower hall . . . our first section meeting . . . how much at home we felt at the first assembly . . . Ah, those incidents.

Everyone who was ever a freshman at our State Teachers College will remember and be thankful . . . The memories of the book-shop where candy can be purchased . . . Newell Hall's picturesque dining room . . . the humming during the music entrance exam . . . walking the second fare . . . Towson . . . experiencing our first cafeteria rush . . . the "comfy" rest rooms . . . the long, long, street car ride to college . . . the lovely campus . . . unpacking for the resident students . . . the elementary school attitudes . . . the much heard expression on registration day—"Oh, do you know Sally Jones? She graduated from your school" . . . the intensive campaigning done by the Glee Club on opening day . . . the bulletin board with its individual space for each organization . . . changing our names to section numbers . . . the imaginary (and very original) language in the psychology tests in the entrance exams . . . We can't get them off our minds—could you? . . . Ah yes, those memories "How lovely they were".



Longing

ALICE WARNER

I long to see you just once more
Gaze in your big brown eyes
To hold you in my arms again
But even a puppy dies.

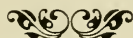
Feminine Agitation

F. K.

She says that really her hair is so filthy that the oil is almost dripping from it. It is very stringy and has never looked so terrible before . . . It simply must be set that night or she's apt to be expelled from college.

The next day she stands before the mirror desperately pulling out tangles. Ten different people come in and out as she struggles with the knots. Of each one she asks have they ever seen her hair looking so horrible. It absolutely has no body to it. That's the trouble with fine hair; it's so soft you simply cannot do anything with it. Isn't it a pity that hair has to be washed because it always looks so good just before it is washed. Everyone, of course, is sympathetic, for who hasn't been in the same predicament!

Exhausted in vain efforts to arrange flimsy flying curls, she gives up, and very much enraged, her nerves worn to a frazzle, she mutters, "Curses, I'll never wash my hair again. Remind me that I said so."



Dear Mr. Fixit:

What shall I do when Mr. Walther says, "Will all those who are absent please raise their hands," when I am absent?

Lizzie Gluttz.

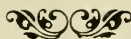
Dear Lizzie:

Raise your hand. Maybe Mr. Walther is absent minded.



Soph (showing a friend around college).—And over there is the green house.

Friend.—Oh, I see—the freshmen's dormitory.



Prof.—Didn't you have a brother in this class last year?

Stude—No, sir, it was I. I'm taking it over.

Prof.—Extraordinary resemblance.

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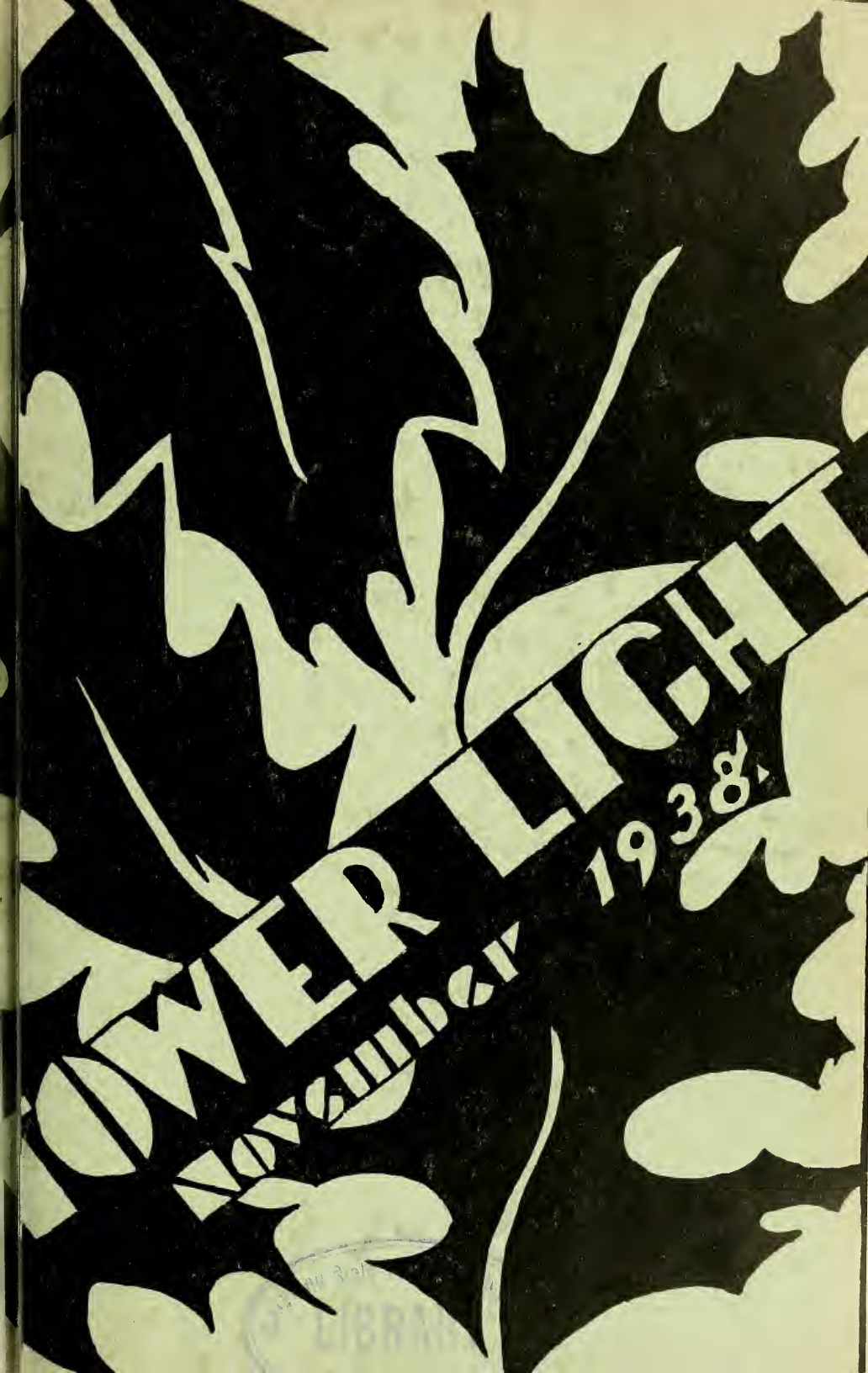


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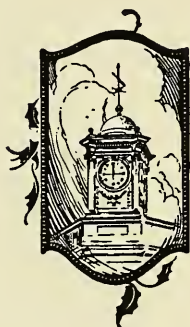
POWER LIGHT

1938

November

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THE TOWER LIGHT



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TOWSON, MARYLAND

NOVEMBER, 1938

CONTENTS



Cover Design	J. A. Schmid
Frontispiece	Mary Marguerite Wilson
	PAGE
American Education Week	5
The Physical Fitness Required of a Teacher	7
Putting Rhythm in the A B C's	9
Developing Strong Minds and Able Bodies	12
Next Steps in Maryland's Educational Program	12
Education Looks Forward: The University Point of View	14
On Doters and Education Week	16
Thanksgiving Dinner	17
Father of American Entomology	19
Superstitions	22
"What Fools These Mortals Be"	24
In Memoriam	25
Philosophy of Pencils	26
Snakes	26
Editorials	29
The Library—At Your Service	33
Teachers College Record	35
Assemblies	37
Alumni News	47
Under the Weather Vane	50



THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XII

NOVEMBER, 1938

No. 2

American Education Week

JOY ELMER MORGAN

American Education Week belongs especially to youth because it looks forward to the future when our schools—good as they now are—shall be far better. We can now foresee a time when every town of any size and every county where there are no sizable towns will have its own community college—a peoples' college supported by the people and responsible only to them.

We celebrate Christmas because it gave us a great religion. We observe the Fourth of July because it gave us a free nation. We magnify the schools during one week each year because through them we develop the finer values of our civilization. American Education Week is a permanent institution. The effort to make the observance of such a week world-wide should be encouraged. Religion, politics, and commerce may divide, but love of childhood expressed in education is a mighty force for unity. What greater contribution could America make to the world than the ideal—a fair start in life for every boy and girl? In the name of this ideal, let every teacher make careful plans for American Education Week and aid in its full and fitting observance.

The theme for American Education Week this year is "Education for Tomorrow's America". We all realize today that we cannot take our democracy for granted—that the individual life cannot be strong and successful if we neglect our civic duties and fail to use our power as citizens to promote the general welfare.

One of the most interesting letters I have had in many a day came in last week from Madras, India, asking for a word of greeting for use in connection with the eighth annual observance of South Indian Education Week, which serves a population of more than forty million people. The reply sent by airmail in Europe will reach Madras in eleven or twelve days. The statement I sent included this, which is useful for any young person eager to make the most of himself:

Education is guided growth. It begins by helping young children acquire simple habits of daily living. It continues to develop these habits and attitudes into the fine character of worthy manhood and womanhood.

The ideal of the American public school—working hand in hand with home, church, and all other positive forces of the community—is to guide human growth into the following sevenfold way of life. The school seeks to prepare every child, regardless of race or condition, to achieve for himself—

- (1) A sound mind in a strong and healthy body
- (2) A home life that is happy, unselfish, and democratic
- (3) The ability to read and write, to think, study, and act.
- (4) The knowledge and skill needed to earn a good living
- (5) The use of free time for worthy activities and pleasures
- (6) An informed citizenship dedicated to the common good
- (7) Fine spiritual character that is trusted and admired.

Editors' Note: This article was especially prepared for the "Tower Light" by Joy Elmer Morgan who is the editor of the "Journal of the National Education Association".



How it Came About

The idea of national sponsorship of American Education Week first originated in 1919 when the American Legion and the National Education Association had conferences to bring about a nationwide festival in which Americans could be reminded of the ideal of self-government by an enlightened group of citizens. Many of the men who were taken for the draft in the World War were found to be illiterate, and many had physical defects which might have been prevented by more intelligent living. For those reasons the leaders felt that it was necessary to make the nation more conscious of its public schools.

In July, 1921 a statement of purpose was written. American Education Week was first officially observed in that year, and it has been an annual observance ever since. It uses the various departments of the school system to acquaint the public with the work which is carried on in the classroom, and encourage cooperation between the home and the school. During that week most schools hold "open-house";—that is, parents may visit the classrooms where their children are at work.

The Physical Fitness Required of a Teacher

M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

DURING the past month several students have been advised to withdraw from the college because of physical disabilities which make it impossible or inadvisable for them to participate in the athletic program which has been assigned them. At this time of year the women students are playing hockey and soccer. Does it mean that a woman student has to be able to play hockey or soccer to continue her residence in the college? Those games are rather strenuous. No more so, it might be argued, than the type of games and exercises which every teacher must teach and supervise with classes of children. However, that is not the situation. If any student is unable to do the more strenuous type of exercises but is able to follow a moderately conservative program of physical education without harm to himself and with sufficient skill to earn a passing grade, he may be granted credit for courses in physical education.

"Why", the students and their parents ask, "must the students take physical education? We know many teachers who do not teach physical education." The question is a natural one, but the reason offered should not apply to the student's case, for it is an indictment of the teachers of whom they speak. The law of Maryland specifically states that physical education must be taught in all public schools of the state. A special section of the law, Section 262, concerns the teaching of physical education. It follows that no applicant will be granted a certificate in elementary education if he cannot teach physical education; hence, no student may be graduated from the teachers college who cannot pursue the courses required.

The Maryland law requires also that teachers be equipped to teach reading, arithmetic, oral and written English, geography, history, community civics, hygiene and sanitation, music and art.

It would likewise follow that a student handicapped in such a way as to be unable to make progress in any of the above mentioned subjects should not be permitted to remain in the college. A student who lisps, stutters, talks baby talk, or has some other speech difficulty, will be unable to teach the language arts and so fails before he starts. A student who has throat affection which prevents him from singing cannot take the courses in music. He cannot graduate without credits in music, he cannot get a teaching appointment without ability to teach music. Poor eyesight which would make the handling of large groups of children

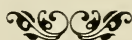
difficult, poor hearing which would prevent the conducting of effective group discussions, crippled hands which make writing or art work impossible or difficult, are all barriers which prevent a student from preparing himself for the teaching profession.

Suppose the school allowed the physically weak students to stay on and even allowed them to graduate. What then? They can not pass the physical examination given by the medical board of the Retirement System and no person may teach in the State of Maryland who does not pass that examination required for acceptance into the Retirement System.

Is it not kinder to themselves, to their parents, to the college, for students to withdraw as soon as some physical inability makes it apparent that they are going to be handicapped? There are other kinds of work that are neither so strenuous nor so highly selective and the student will have time to make his choice of a suitable vocation if he resigns himself at once to the fact that he cannot be a teacher.

Why cannot he remain in the college? The education will benefit him even though he cannot make the credits required for teaching.

The tuition paid by the individual students in the State Teachers College is \$100. Does anybody believe that that is all it costs to educate a student and prepare him for teaching? It costs more than that in other colleges and it does in ours also. The cost per pupil for last year was \$376. In other words, a student of the State Teachers College holds a state scholarship. The state is so interested in having its finest people trained to teach its children that it pays that amount for their training. As security, the student pledges to teach for two years at least and the college guarantees to the school systems of the state, teachers physically, mentally, and emotionally fitted to do the work for which they are trained.



Patches of gold
Taken from the sun;
Scarlet,
From the bright summer flowers
Gradually and skilfully pilfered;
. . . . autumn leaves.

R. C. B.

Putting Rhythm in the A B C's

HAROLD E. MOSER

THE exact expression eludes me, but I recall a recent song hit in which the singer laments that he could do so much better in his school work if only it had as much rhythm as nursery rhymes have. Probably nothing more fundamental than an amusing ditty was intended in this instance, but I am convinced that, educationally, there is a much deeper significance if one will but search for it. A recent class discussion started me pondering upon the idea of how utterly *homo sapiens* is a slave to rhythm. The whole idea sounds a bit as though it were leading to some trick of sophistry, but I assure you that none is intended. Consider . . .

The world into which man is born is basically rhythmical. Even earliest man saw mirrored in the seasons of nature the cycles of his own existence. We still use such expressions as "the early morning" or "the sunset years" of life. Or, extending the analogy to a bit wider field, there is the spring and summer of life in which the fertility of the species is renewed, followed by the barren days of winter which give way eventually to a new spring. Undoubtedly all this had a profound influence upon early man, for in an undisturbed state—i.e., in his natural state—man lives in a condition which is entirely rhythmical. The physiological functions of the body which depend upon the work of the heart, lungs, digestive tract, and the nervous system all follow a fundamental rhythmical pattern. Indeed, we might say that our improved national health has been achieved largely through a basal education in regularity. To early man these fundamental rhythms of nature echoing those of his own kind seemed to solve for him the secrets of his very existence. His religion was built around the Giver of Life, and to further propitiate this deity, a calendar was invented to keep track of the important phases of each new period. It is highly significant that as civilization grew more and more complex man attempted to extend this regular recurrence into other phases of his life. Where nature did not provide rhythms to supply his needs, artificial patterns of periodicity were introduced to supplement nature. Thus the clock did for the day what the calendar was doing for the year. As the problems of civilization became more and more complicated, the applications of periodicity became more and more abstract but they have never been abandoned as a means of attack. Even today we are attempting to solve one of the most urgent problems of our industrial civilization by the creation of new patterns of labor.

With this background in mind one is more than half prepared for the next premise—which is to say, that man's intellectual equipment is rhythmical in its nature. In fact it would be difficult to conceive of it being otherwise than closely related to his physical nature. That various rhythmical patterns give intellectual pleasure is abundantly illustrated in the fields of music and literature. It might not be so well known, however, that other fields of learning are as directly concerned with rhythm as music or literature. Let us begin with one of the most unlikely aspects—logic. The essential attribute of logic is a rigid organization which will actively demonstrate relationships. This brings the term "organization" under our scrutiny. Look at the fragment of outline developed below:

Economic Effects of Advertising

- A. Advertising has helped to build large-scale manufacturing.
 - 1. Development the result of machine methods.
 - 2. Means for mass selling accompanying mass production.
- B. Advertising widens and speeds up demand.
 - 1. Helps bring acceptance for many new products.
 - 2. Works through demonstration of needs product will fill.

Notice the balanced relation of all parts. Do not the sub-topics with each major heading suggest a relationship similar to that which appears when dactylic meter is used in poetry ('— — '— —, etc.)? It is this feeling of *fitness*, beauty in completeness that gives many persons aesthetic pleasure in debate, philosophy, or mathematics. However, whether there is keen pleasure or not, you will notice that a condition of organization which I am now going to call *rhythmical thinking* is an absolute essential for understanding the purpose of the exercise presented. Had the above outline been presented in random order the context would have been meaningless. Notice how well this sentence selected from a recent text in psychology fits into this picture.* "The learner must in any case perceive the problem as a whole or he will not learn it; if the material is so selected that form or plan can be easily perceived, then the problem will be learned more readily."

* Wheeler and Perkins: *Principles of Mental Development*.

Thus, by deduction, we may say that all logic reflects the fundamental quality of the mind which gave it birth. Even devices developed solely as thinking aids, fundamentally unrelated to nature, will reflect this same quality. Number is an excellent example of such a device. Without attempting to develop the disassociation of number with nature, I would have you note that the rhythm of basic number; *i.e.*, counting, is apparent to the youngest child. The uniform pattern soon is understood and counting becomes a part of the thinking equipment. In later manipu-

lations involving higher levels of computation the rhythmical pattern quality is less distinguishable and learning becomes complicated with less definite goals. When viewed in this light it is easy to see why a child frequently reverts to counting when more mature forms of computation should have been used.

If a teacher wishes to utilize to the maximum the advantages of periodicity, what aspects of the lesson will be most highly significant? The organization, certainly, with its attempt to clearly delineate the goal to facilitate learning! The whole question of distribution of practice, periods of rest and recall are vital aspects of learning where rhythm is concerned. And finally, the greatest task for the teacher lies in the elimination of lost motion. Just as the musician develops his theme and excludes all else which contributes to his pattern, just so, the wise teacher knows that there is one route to the goal with thought for nothing else. That's putting rhythm in the A B C's.



Winter's Eve

VIRGINIA WHITE

Today it is November.
And to me that word embodies
The beginning of the end
Of all things beautiful.

Yesterday was October.
And the world was colorful, yet solemn;
Like the last few slanting rays
Of the setting sun, before darkness falls.

Tomorrow will be December.
A cold grey bleakness will settle itself drearily
On a world vainly trying to escape
The destiny of night.

But now it is November,
And we poor mortals shall strive in vain to keep
Forever with us the few remaining fragments,
Of the glory that was summer.

Developing Strong Minds and Able Bodies

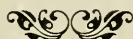
ANNA S. ABERCROMBIE, M.D.

A HINDU philosopher once said: "It is better to walk than to run, to stand than to walk, to sit than to stand, and to lie than to sit". He lived a hundred years and accomplished much. The secret of strength is rest.

It is erroneously believed that a muscle must be reasonably tense before it can come into quick action. The fallacy is proved by the boxer whose striking muscles are soft and relaxed; yet his mind is able to bring them instantly into concerted action so as to exert their maximum force. The best example of efficiency through alternating periods of violent action and complete rest is the heart. The heart of even the most active man rests completely for at least seven hours out of every twenty-four. It takes its rest in minutely divided periods of a fraction of a second each. With the heart, as with other muscles and the mind itself, it is the aggregate periods of rest that count in the building process.

The heart demands periods of rest at regular intervals, no matter what the activity or heart beat may be. When the body is seated or lying down the heart is resting three tenths of every second, working very vigorously four tenths of a second, and working moderately the other three tenths. When one exercises violently, the heart doubles its speed but the resting time remains the same. The heart's natural and normal "rhythm" is $4/10$, $3/10$, $3/10$. The lesson taught is hard work, light work, and rest at regular intervals and in uniform quantities.

Mental strength, like physical strength, is fully dependent upon rest. The essential function of sleep is for the purpose of resting the brain cells. During sleep the brain cells have been filling up to their full capacity of energy. That explains why we are able to think better after a good night's sleep.



Next Steps in Maryland's Educational Program

Résumé of Address by Dr. Albert S. Cook at the Meeting of the
Maryland State Teachers' Association, October 28, 1938

I N 1922 the Maryland equalization plan was put into effect, providing for a school system based on the county unit with county budgets and an assured fund to meet the budgets submitted, a graduated salary schedule, liberal state appropriations on the basis of school enrollment, a

state equalization fund available to all the counties, and teachers' salaries to be not more than 76% of the total budget, exclusive of transportation.

The school system of Maryland is "conservatively progressive". But it must expand to meet the increased demands put upon it by unemployment and the duty of caring for the physically handicapped. This expansion cannot be undertaken without increased financial support. The minimum program calls for such things as an adequate supply of adequately trained teachers; special classes for mentally retarded; addition to the high school curricula; of agriculture, vocational guidance, fine arts, etc.; and a minimum school year of one hundred eighty days for all public schools.

Maryland is fortunate in that the state school laws provide for all important items. An amendment to the Maryland Constitution provides that the properly certified school budget estimate, when submitted to the governor, be included by him in the state budget without further revision. The Budget Bill states that the legislature may not change the budget without first changing the law to give it the authority to do so. Another law provides that additional teachers needed to increased enrollment must be supplied.

Maryland's school program has gradually expanded to meet the demands made on it. In 1923, 845 high school students were transported by the state; in 1938 there were 14,526. With the consolidation of high schools came the need for a richer curriculum, more teachers, and better facilities, naturally increasing the cost. Meeting individual needs has helped to eliminate many failures. For example, in 1922 there were 16,000 over-age colored pupils in the schools; in 1936 there were only 5000. However, this also causes increased expense because the high school enrollment is increased. With this increase has not come a lowering of standards; to the contrary, standardized tests show an improvement. The public has shown increasing interest in night schools and industrial education. In 1934 the enrollment in evening industrial classes was 697; in 1938 it is 2,165. This increase in lay interest must be provided for.

Maryland has attempted to increase the efficiency of her teachers to meet the expanding program by lengthened elementary teacher training, encouragement of summer school and travel experience, and better fitting the teacher to meet the social standards of her community. "These show the need for salary revision *upward*—and I *imply* it!"

done for
TOWER LIGHT EDITORS.



Education Looks Forward : The University Point of View

Résumé of the Speech by Dr. H. C. Byrd

By TOWER LIGHT EDITORS

THE University of Maryland realizes that its growth for the past few years has been coincident with the growth of the public schools of Maryland. It will continue to grow as the public schools grow. Therefore, it is willing to fight shoulder to shoulder to get what the elementary school wants and needs, higher salaries for its teachers.

The one thousand or more entering freshmen this year stood five points higher in the psychological tests and ten points higher in the content tests than other college and university students in the country. Of these, the students from the public high schools from the counties of Maryland stood highest of all.

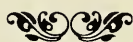
The New England common school plan began the system of education common to all and education from the bottom up. That should be the basis of all educational systems. Here in America students have more chance for advanced education than anywhere else in the world—e.g., in England where the total population is forty million, there are fifty thousand college students. This large student population shows public interest in education. There are more opportunities for advanced education in America and by having such a large student population the leaders in the college and university have opportunity to help shape the destinies of the world. One reason for increased college population is that at sixteen to twenty years of age today people are not as mature as they were years ago. Instead of going out into the wilderness with an axe they must explore the various fields of knowledge.

Some of the requirements of the university are to develop a yardstick for measuring leadership and to develop that leadership; to determine whether or not the youth will become the kind of professional person who is desired by the world as well as his ability to master the academic work. We must remember that human welfare is the ultimate end of education. But until we can attain those goals, we must apply rigidly what standards we have, though they may sometimes be imperfect, and we must educate for intelligent followers as well as intelligent leaders. Intelligent followers should understand the principles of economics and the laws of cause and effect. Today education is too realistic. If it were more practical, we would not have to fear all the "isms" which we do.

Education must serve the society in which it exists, but are we doing this? We don't give enough thought to the kind of world in which the person will have to live. We think too much of the individual instead of

the group with which he must live. We should educate for group life without regimentation. We must teach youth also, that democracy is a valuable possession which must be preserved. In order to protect and preserve our democracy we need a strong national defense and trained mechanics who will be available in time of war.

Education should accept its new responsibilities: a system of education for all which will provide vision and resourcefulness. It should evaluate its procedures in terms of returns to society.



A Fitting Tribute

On Friday, October 28, 1938, as a fitting highlight of the State Teachers Meeting, a testimonial banquet was held in the Calvert Ballroom of the Lord Baltimore Hotel. Dr. Lida Lee Tall, former president of this college, was the guest of honor on this occasion. Besides many of the alumni and the faculty of the State Teachers College, many nationally known educators were present. Some of those unable to attend telegraphed their regrets. The Chi Alpha Sigma, also, was well represented. Dr. Charles Kopp was the toastmaster and Dr. Edward Evenden, Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, was the principal speaker of the evening. His topic was "What the Boys and Girls of America Have a Right to Expect of Their Schools." Among other things Dr. Evenden said that a child should be given unbiased information on controversial questions, and a safe school. Others who paid tribute to Dr. Tall's leadership and her cosmopolitan outlook on life were Dr. Goodykoontz, Miss Compton, Dr. Simpson, Dr. Caldwell, Mr. Broome, Mr. Beirne, and Mr. Fisher. Letitia Shenk, Elmer Bernhardt, and Josef Privette furnished vocal selections. Mr. Middendorf, president of the Te Pa Chi Club, presented Dr. Tall with a basket of flowers. A book containing the names of those who contributed to the seven hundred dollar Lida Lee Tall Fund was given to the honor guest, also.

Those attending the banquet say that it was very significant to see the nation pay sincere tribute to a truly great woman, one whom we have known and loved so well.

On Doters and Education Week

ESTHER BALACHOW

Doters are those proud parents who have fussed over their sons and daughters all their lives and who believe that the aforesaid sons and daughters miss their home and mother.

Doters, upon arriving at school, promptly proceed to kiss the makeup off darling daughter and to weep all over sonny boy's new beer jacket. They are disappointed when son and daughter are not lavish with their affection.

Doters are offended easily. To redeem themselves the offspring must see that mother either is:

- (1) introduced to some important person,
- (2) complimented on her youthful figure or her intelligent "child,"
- (3) or shown around the college grounds by some prominent member of the faculty.

Suggestions one and three are preferred but number two will do in a pinch.

Doters will proceed to show their "miniatures" around the campus despite the fact they have lived at the school at least one or two months.

Doters are those parents who present themselves instead of gifts to soothe the "homesickness" of their youngsters. They heed not that envious gleam in their offspring's eye as they futilely hope to save some of the goodies.

Doters insist upon breaking rules. They believe the rules were made only for the students and that parents are an exception to the rule. Sue or Jack can't be expelled for their parents' mistakes! (If only the "dorm" head could realize that!)

Doters upon returning home will write a letter to the dean. The letter is usually one of these:

1. Parent enjoyed himself, thanks.
2. Parent suggests improvements.
3. Parent is pleased with faculty.
4. Would the dean keep an eye on ——?, thanks.

Doters return home vowing such a hectic week has never occurred in their life time nor will it repeat itself. The college is all right. They must write the dean. It's good to be home. Mary did look peaked. She must be working too hard. Must tell "dorm" head to keep eye on Mary.

All in all, doters are those people who are too fussy, possessive, conceited, motherly, misinterpretive, self centered, and over-wrought. Their "nerves" and their minds insist that the tears their offspring shed were tears of sorrow when they know the tears were of joy! Their case is hopeless!



Thanksgiving Dinner

HARRIETT BUCKINGHAM

IT is a bright, clear, crisp day. The hands on the ancient grandfather's clock in the reception hall show that two hours have passed since noon. A butler steps into the drawing room.

"Dinner is served."

The guests rise and pass into the long, festively decorated dining room, to take their places at the table, heaped high with food, the best that money can buy. At the head sits a portly, middle-aged gentleman. At the foot sits his wife. He earned his money, gave prominence to his family's name. She "came into" her money, did very little, if anything, toward carrying on her family's traditions. He owns a textile mill, deals with his employees on a "man to man" basis, observes no class distinctions. She goes to teas, to Junior League meetings, and observes class distinctions. But definitely, my Dear! The host offers a prayer of grace. Another Thanksgiving Dinner is under way.

* * * *

In another part of the same city, another Thanksgiving Dinner is beginning. The guests are not summoned to dinner by a liveried butler, nor do they pass into a great dining room, to a table spread with viands "fit for a king". There are no guests. Six shining little faces wait joyfully while their mother brings in their Thanksgiving Dinner. They are to have roast beef (a turkey is something beyond their imaginations), mashed potatoes, carrots, peas, and delicious gravy. They have been in the kitchen all the time that the dinner is being prepared, for it is not every day, nay, it is not once every month that they may sit down to a

THE TOWER LIGHT

meal such as this one. Mother takes her place. The round faces are bent solemnly over their plates as the father asks the blessing, and offers thanks for what they have—little that it is—and asks nothing more than a chance to earn his daily bread.

* * * *

What does Thanksgiving Dinner mean to these people? Let us search their faces to glean, if we may, any idea of its significance to them. Let us go back to the mansion.

The host is saying grace. His tone is not affected, as though he were showing what a good Christian he is, nor is it half-hearted or apologetic, as if excusing himself for saying grace. His eyes are closed, as he offers his thanks in a clear, sincere voice. We know at once what this meal means to him. It is no different than a dinner, breakfast, or luncheon of any other day. He is thankful that he has been able to help someone, and asks that he may continue to do so.

But look at his wife. Her head is bowed, but not in prayer, for her eyes are open as she glances furtively around at her guests, wondering how they take this whim of her husband. Not once does she think that, were it not for his hard work she might not be entertaining these guests. She hopes that the dinner will be a "success".

That dark haired young man on the hostess's right! His eyes are also closed and there is an almost imperceptible motion around his mouth. He is a young doctor and realizes that a thorough education in the medical sciences is not the only ingredient in the recipe for a successful career. The hostess goes on around the table and at each place she finds the same thing. Every one of the guests is praying silently. Here is a nurse, there a lawyer; here a teacher, there a civil engineer, and so on around. Instead of finding amused tolerance for her husband's action, she finds that her guests are in accord with it. A light breaks upon her, and slowly the head at the foot of the table is bowed in reverence.

* * * *

Back to the little home at the other end of town. Need we look around the table to see what this dinner means to those seated there? Were we not once children ourselves? Do you remember how each of us told of the thing or things for which we were most thankful, little realizing that one is not thankful alone for the things which please him most, and that Thanksgiving, like Christmas, is a year-round affair? This wife did not have to look around the table to see how her husband's grace was looked upon. She knew, because, you see, she was thankful, too.

* * * *

Thanks have been given and blessings have been asked, and Thanksgiving Dinner is under way. Will the next one be a year from today, or will it be tomorrow?

Father of American Entomology

CATHERINE GRAY

THE Adventures of Thomas Say! Five little words and yet they mean so much. My reader thinks at once, "'Adventures of Thomas Say,' now who on earth is or was Say?" And there is the point. How many of you know who this man was? Do you? *Do You?* *DO YOU?* If you do know, you certainly will want to read this article for a clear insight into the man. If you do not—ah, there is a treat in store for you. So bend over this page and read carefully.

When an eventful day in June, 1820, revealed to the members of Major Stephen Long's "Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains" their first sight of those snow-topped ramparts, piled against the western sky, none of the party dreamed that the loftiest summit of them all would at some time be part of a great national "pleasuring ground." Themselves more than 1,000 miles from civilization, they could not envision a time, less than a century later, when every summer would bring tens of thousands, sightseeing, into these mountain solitudes of bare cliffs and forbidding moraines of monstrous boulders, *their* travels made easy by a network of trails, reached by excellent highways.

Least of all would Thomas Say, official zoologist of Long's Expedition, have believed that, in a Rocky Mountain National Park, years afterward, thronging visitors would study the species of wildlife and fossils which he had diligently collected and classified on the way from St. Louis to the mist-covered ridges.

Before Thomas Say accompanied Major Long, he became associated with many famous men, among whom was William Maclure, the philanthropic patron of education. It was probably his encouragement and that of old W. Bartram, Say's great-uncle, that led Thomas to collect beetles and butterflies, although he was born acquisitive. Instinctively, he excelled in taxonomy and early mastered the Linnaean system of Latin nomenclature for classification of animals.

Though well-versed, as one can see, in zoology, Thomas had but little formal education. Like his father he attended the Friends School, but left at the age of fifteen to apprentice himself to an apothecary.

When he had mastered the art of drug-mixing, the would-be chemist entered into business with a partner, John Speakman. Speakman and Say was a firm name that invited punning. Unfortunately, they were young and inexperienced, endorsing notes and trusting unwisely. It was this that precipitated bankruptcy and depleted Say's family fortune.

Events followed one another swiftly now, and his business venture proved to be a turning point in his life. 1812 found him enlisted in the army, but stationed at a place far from battle. It was also 1812 when

the Academy of Natural Sciences was founded. Thomas was one of the charter members.

As soon as Say's military service ended, he affixed himself, spirit, body and mind to the Academy. Literally he grew up with the institution, working, sleeping and eating at the institute's rooms. According to tradition, he slept on the floor beneath the skeleton of a horse! He was appointed conservator, but as no salaries were paid and his family was his only means of support, the proud young scientist kept his food expenses down to twelve cents a day.

But there was much to be done to make the Academy a going concern; much to keep him from thinking of himself: he explained the institution's purpose to visitors, corresponded with scientists over the world and read and wrote many scientific articles. It was around this time that he planned his famous "American Entomology" in Maclure's home.

Thus, the Institute became a leader in the field of the invertebrates and was chosen to introduce the subject in popular style. Thomas was in charge and how well he succeeded is evidenced by the fact that in 1822 he was unanimously elected as professor of natural history, which included geology, at the University of Pennsylvania. Again there was no salary. Only the fee paid by the students furnished an income. Money counted little, however, with Thomas Say. Science was his life; collecting his ruling passion. When the chance came to study the virgin fields near the Rockies in company with other scientists, it was almost like a fairy tale come true.

Although but thirty-two when he joined Major Long's expedition, Say was a recognized authority on insects and mollusks. His conscientious accuracy, his unflagging enthusiasm for every realm of nature made him an ideal choice for a "field trip" that was to bring back data about natural resources from a vast unstudied region. Two dollars a day was his pay, and during part of the trip every one on the staff was allowed one daily ration at government expense.

After delays, minor adventures, and hardships, the Long party reached the Rockies. They camped on the present site of Denver, but were forced to leave when rations ran low. In its geographic objectives the expedition failed; it did not find the sources of the Red and Platte Rivers. Scientifically, however, its contributions were noteworthy, for Say brought back sixty skins of new animals, nearly five hundred plants and minerals hitherto undescribed; many species of shells and fossils; and last, but not least, thousands of insects.

With what absorption and ecstasy did Thomas pursue those insects! He once confided, "Insects are the great objects of my interest. I hope to be able to renounce everything else to attend to them only." He

vidently found great joy in observing the fearfully and wonderfully made atoms of life with their flashing colors of jewels and the delicacy of orchids. They seemed to live backward, to him, emerging from darkness and apparent death, to take on sprightly physical aspects that often climax in winged freedom.

In other branches of natural science Thomas Say exhibited the same interest and intelligence and carried on the same pioneer research as he did in entomology. "No department of natural sciences was left untouched, and none he touched, unconquered."

The last eight years of Say's life were spent at New Harmony, Indiana. During these years he met his future wife, Miss Lucy Sistaire, on a boat trip. During the long voyage, Thomas Say, perhaps for the first time in his life, had leisure to think of something else besides scientific lore and collecting bugs. This tall, not uncomely young man lisped noticeably and appeared very shy. Apparently, however, he overcame his handicaps for he and Lucy fell in love and, it is said, eloped.

Life at his last home with his wife brought complete satisfaction, for many of his long-standing acquaintances were his colleagues as well as W. Maclure, his most intimate companion. The unspoiled wilderness brought great joy also for it gave the scientist golden opportunities as an instructor in natural sciences to introduce his pupils to the beckoning beauty of that outdoor wonderland.

At the height of his brilliant career, in the midst of the work that he loved so well, Thomas Say died prematurely at the age of forty-seven. Time has added to his fame until today the name of Say is a familiar one among scientists of every land. He lives not only in the field of entomology, but also in that of ornithology. From the standpoint of the national parks, Say is associated in the minds of most people with birds rather than with insects, and in many of these parks today may be heard the notes of the small flycatcher which he discovered in the Rockies. Bonaparte, the ornithologist, honored Say by naming the naturalist's phoebe after him. At New Harmony its "cousin," the eastern Phoebe calls its name in plaintive repetition, as if in perpetual requiem, above the grave of Thomas Say.

Now you know a little something about one of the greatest naturalists of our country. Do you feel that you have wasted your time in reading this article or do you consider it time well spent? Did you like the intimate meeting with a famous man? If so, tell us, and perhaps we can arrange for you to become one of the "inner circle" story tellers about some other famous scientist.



Superstitions

LEE MCCARRIAR

Have you a pet superstition? Do you believe that thirteen is unlucky, that black cats bring bad luck? A few weeks ago Dr. West asked his classes to submit lists of superstitions they had heard. (He tells us that he was not improvident enough to ask them which ones they believed.) Some of these beliefs in the supernatural were quite interesting, enough so to cause us to print them. Perhaps your favorite is included. Only the more unusual ones are given here for the sake of interest.

Miscellaneous Superstitions

1. Sing before breakfast, cry before supper.
2. If a baseball player sees a load of barrels he will be lucky.
3. A tooth placed under your pillow will be replaced by a nickel, sometimes a quarter if you are lucky.
4. If girls pray for rain to cease, it will not; but if boys pray, the rain will cease.
5. A key down your back will stop your nose from bleeding.
6. If your left palm itches, you will receive some money.
7. A spider brings bad luck in the morning; good luck in the evening.
8. Throw a horse shoe over your left shoulder for good luck. (N.B. Look behind you before you throw it.)
9. If the clock strikes more than twelve, it is the sign of a death.
10. It is bad luck for two people to make the same bed.
11. Opals are unlucky. They should never be worn unless the opal is the wearer's birthstone.
12. A diamond wards off lightning.
13. Lighting three cigarettes on a match is bad luck. (*The origin:* During the Boer War (1899-1902) British soldiers started the custom of avoiding three lights from one match. They found it dangerous to light one cigarette at a time, foolhardy to light two, and to light three was sheer suicide. Three lights gave the Boer sharpshooters time to set their sights and fire.)

These two seem to clash somewhat:

1. When blowing out the candles on a birthday cake, the number of candles left lighted after one blow indicates the number of children the blower will have.
2. If one doesn't blow out all the candles on his birthday cake, he will never marry.

Concerning Weather

1. When the moon is bright orange, the next day will be very hot.
2. When there is a hazy ring around the moon, it will rain the next day.

3. If there is rain while the sun is shining, the devil is beating his wife.
4. If there is rain on St. Swithin's Day (July 15), there will be rain for forty days.
5. Whatever day of the month the first snow falls, there will be that number of snows during the year.
6. An orange moon means the end of the world.
7. If the Big Dipper pours into the Little Dipper, there will be rain because the Little Dipper cannot hold as much water as the Big Dipper.
8. A "shooting star" means death.
9. If smoke from a chimney goes straight up, clear weather is ahead.
10. When flies and birds fly close to the ground, there will be a change in the weather.

(Continued next month)



Save Your Pennies for the World's Fair

The sports program of the New York World's Fair 1939, which makes special appeal to the "sand-lot kids" of this country, from whose obscure ranks have risen many of the foremost athletes of America, was made public by Grover A. Whalen, President of the Fair Corporation.

In the fair's program of sports outlined recently, there are to be both outdoor and indoor events with independent competitions staged elsewhere under private management but with the cooperation or sponsorship of the Fair. Such events are to include the All Star Major League baseball game at the Yankee Stadium in July of the next year, the International Police Pistol Tournament and others to be announced later.

Probably the keenest appeal to the sport loving youth of America will be through the Fair's School of Sport, the instructors in which are to be this country's leaders in the fields of Baseball, Football, Track and Field, and Boxing.

In the Academy of Sport there is to be a focal exhibit of sports trophies and other memorabilia of national and international distinction. Flags representing colleges, athletic clubs and similar organizations are to be flown from masts erected on all sides of the roof of the Academy of Sport. Each flag, or pennant, is to be flown from the mast over the front entrance of the Academy on an appropriate date and for one day only. Representatives of colleges or athletic organizations are to be invited to attend a ceremony designating their pennant as "The Flag of the Day," which is to receive a suitable salute.

C. P.

"What Fools These Mortals Be"

HELEN FREITAG

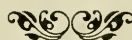
As soon as the name "Puck" is mentioned you probably think of the Sunday comic section and the words, "What fools these mortals be." But recently Puck has been given a new role, for outside a beautiful building in Washington he stands boldly in marble to inform you that you are nearing the entrance of the Folger Shakespeare Library. Who was responsible for such a perpetuation of this famous character, and others created by Shakespeare?

Henry Clay Folger, whose will provided for this library, was born in New York in 1857. After graduating with honors from Amherst College he studied law at Columbia. Upon receiving his degree of L.L.B., he gave all his attention to business. As a result, after many years of association with the Standard Oil Company of New York, he was made president of the organization in 1911. After his retirement from business in 1928, he devoted all his time to furthering his collection of the works of Shakespeare, which he had begun earlier in life, and to the direction of the plans for the Shakespearian building. This work of collecting had been so notable that he had already received in 1914 the degree of Doctor of Letters from his Alma Mater.

In the work of book-collecting, Mr. Folger was greatly aided by his wife, formerly Emily Jordon, whom he married in 1885. Mrs. Folger, a graduate and Master of Arts of Vassar College, saw that all of Mr. Folger's plans were carried through after his death in June 1930.

Upon Mr. Folger's death the Trustees of Amherst College were given the administrative responsibility for the library. With Mrs. Folger's assistance they helped select the staff and install the books which were in safety deposit vaults in New York and Boston. Finally, on April 23, 1932, the three hundred sixty-eighth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, the library was dedicated.

Be sure the next time you visit Washington that you go through this beautiful building and see the reproduction of the Shakespearian "Globe Theatre", the authentic manuscripts, the lovely paintings and tapestries, the old pieces of furniture, lest Puck may say of you, "'What fools these mortals be' who live so close to such an unusual museum and fail to visit it and share the beauty found therein."



In Memoriam - Robert Hooper, Junior

Funeral services for Robert Hooper, Junior, twenty, son of Robert and the late Lelia Smith Hooper were held from his home in Ruxton. Burial was in Druid Ridge Cemetery.

His ancestors included notable people: Rene 'Le Blanc, a French Acadian who settled in Baltimore, Robert Hooper, of Marblehead, Massachusetts, and James Ryder Randall who wrote "Maryland, My Maryland."

Robert attended the Campus school for seven years and then went to Towson High. He was able to spend only one year with us in the college. As a member of Freshman seven, September 1936 to June 1937, Robert Hooper made many friends at Teachers College. His was a life of faithfulness and courage in the things he undertook. His was the "easy going" type of personality.

In the midst of his suffering this summer he was planning a beautiful trip to the hills and streams of the world he loved so well. But his plans were altered on July 31, by the Immortal One and now his will be a journey of eternal beauty.

D. A. V.



I Wonder

J. A. SCHMID

I gaze at the stars, far off in the sky,
Who put them there? I wonder—why?
Oh, how did He arrange them there?
Is He, as I, so full of care?
Does He know all the joys of earth?
The laughter, freedom, health, and mirth?
Or is He a fighter—a striver with me?
Buffeted, fettered, chained, not free?
A gracious god, an honest judge,
Or one, as I, who holds a grudge?
Will He ever stay up there,
Ruling from His astral chair?
So I go from day to day—
Wandering on my toilsome way—
Wandering, wondering — and, hope I,
To find the answers when I die.

Philosophy of Pencils

RUTH PATTON

Did you ever compare your life to a box of lead pencils? I know a man who did, and did it so uniquely that I am taking the liberty of repeating some of his remarks on this strange philosophy.

Every pencil doesn't make a mark. One pencil remains in the box unsharpened. No one ever knows what kind of a mark it might have made, for it continues to be useless and idle to the end of its existence.

There is an ordinary black lead pencil in the box. There is nothing remarkable about it, but it fills its place in the everyday routine of life. It does the work required of it, and receives little recognition or praise. But it would be sorely missed if it were lost from the box.

Next to the black lead pencil there are two soft colored pencils. They are brilliant, gay, pleasing to the eye. But one wears down quickly, and its brightness eventually becomes wearisome. The other gives a soft, comforting glow. It gives warmth and originality to an otherwise dull and colorless page.

One place in the box is held by an indelible pencil, finality written into its very name. Nothing can change the mark it has made. If it has written an inspiration, that inspiration remains. If a mistake has been made, that mistake must remain also.

But the final result does not depend entirely upon what is in the pencil. Outside forces play their part. In the hands of a master, the useless pencil is sharpened, the lead pencil recounts wondrous tales, the colored pencils unfold the secrets of art, and the indelible pencil records only what the world would be poorer for having lost. But in the hands of a fool! The pencils remain in the box or are removed to perform useless or mediocre tasks which would be better left undone.

Some of us will never be taken from the box, some will be grasped by the fool. But in compensation, there is always the possibility of being placed in the hands of a master.



Snakes

VENITA LAMBROS

In general, the modern world hates snakes of any kind. To them the mere word suggests a repulsive wriggling reptile, whose sting is invariably fatal. Every one has at some time or other been warned against these creatures, but has any one cautioned them about the most dangerous reptile in existence, the human snake? No. But he is dangerous! Therefore, I feel it my duty to inform the public of them.

One of the most common of all human snakes is the "gossipina." In the spring and summer this type of reptile is found in profusion hanging over back fences, while in the winter she is met mainly at teas and sewing circles. Her presence may be detected by a faint, steady hum, which, upon close investigation, is found to be caused by the rapid opening and shutting of this creature's mouth. The "gossipina" is mainly of the female species, although males often abound at lodges and bars. However, the female is, as a rule, the more deadly of the two.

Then there is the "plagiarist" or "school teacher's dilemma." The most common haunt of this snake is an ordinary schoolroom. Though he may be found during any season of the year, this variety is most numerous in January and May during examination time. The peculiar characteristic of this reptile is its telescopic vision which enables it to borrow permanently from any one who writes fairly large.

In the business world one may perhaps meet the "sharper." Smooth, buttery words cover his tongue. He moves with much daring and skill in the homes of the newly-rich. In the West he is known as the "cheater" while in New York he is referred to as a "dirty rat."

A complete category of human snakes would fill a large set of encyclopedias. No one, not even St. Patrick, has ever been able to suggest an effective method of ridding the world of these creatures, but if we improve our study habits by doing some research each time we meet such a viper and report our findings to an official publication such as I have done, we may eventually make the *world* safe for the happiness of humanity.



A Domestic Fantasy

NANETTE TROTT

I peered with a sinking heart into the yawning chasm below. Its blackness was forbidding and I knew that unless I could conquer it, it would ruthlessly engulf my shimmering, gossamer world. Hurriedly, but deliberately, I selected my sharp-pointed weapon and began to work, racing against time. Back and forth, in and out I wove, now jumping deep gullies, now winding among broken bars. In my wake I left a meshlike pathway over the dark pit. Faster and faster I raced; the net must be completed before darkness fell. Only one dangerous pitfall was left. It must be enclosed like the rest, and immediately! Panting and breathless I put forth one supreme effort. The chasm began to close, but would my tool stand this grinding labor? Scarcely daring to go on, yet unable to stop, I raced over the silken bars, hurdled the gulf. At last I was triumphant! The hole in the stocking was darned.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

Let Us Give Thanks

What does Thanksgiving mean to you—worship, family dinners, football? Just think! On the last Thursday in November this whole rushing nation pauses to give thanks. It's a beautiful custom, for in those same hearts where joy and frivolity are rampant, there is also a feeling of gratitude. There are many things for which to be thankful—our homes, our friends, our schools, and our freedom from war. Yes, we have much for which to be grateful.

Many of us remember to be thankful for the bigger things in life, but how about the smaller ones? I once read the story of a train crash in which most of the people were killed or injured. One man who was not hurt told a friend that he should always be thankful for not having been killed. Upon inquiry the friend found that the man rode on the same railroad line at least fifty times each year, but until that experience, he hadn't realized that his life had been saved each of those other times too.

If our neighbor is more prosperous than we, does that mean that we should be less thankful? Of course not. Should it not be just as easy for us to share his joys as his sorrows? If everyone were as thankful for his neighbor's prosperity as he is for his own, how much happier we all would be. How much jealousy would be erased!

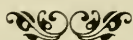
As we have our fun this Thanksgiving, may we try to make it a time of real *thanksgiving* too for the benefits of others as well as our own. And let's make every day a Thanksgiving day.

Tree and Roots

CHARLES LEIB

How much better informed we must be these days! It seems that only an intelligent and far-sighted public opinion can be an effective bulwark against a fast encroaching darkness. Intelligent public opinion is developed by an interchange and evaluation of ideas—of *all* ideas—and by trying to foresee the everchanging pattern of the fabric of history woven of ideas. Understanding the present and sensing the trend of the future involves a knowledge of roots in the past, of developing tendencies from the past, as well as an intimacy with the myriad phases of contemporary development. In a society so complex as ours, where the individualism of earlier days has given way to a high degree of specialization, the increasingly important agents for human understanding are books. Books allow us to *share* ideas with the greatest intellects of all ages. There are outlined in the master works of the past and the mass of various documents of today not yet evaluated by history an unfolding record as

vital and complex as life itself. Books are our extra senses by which we perceive that great part of the world closed to our direct observation. We must, then, I believe, be suspicious of any attempt whatsoever to limit the flow of books or their scope, or to divert the flow into prescribed channels of traditional ideology. For these are the waters which nourish the growth of the democratic society. Truth is the greatest of all weapons: the expression of truth must be limited only by the discrimination of readers and thinkers, never by *Index Expurgatus*.



Will College Mean Anything to You?

Of all the controversial issues which have been focused in the spotlight of public discussion in the last ten years, perhaps none has been the source of more heated controversy, disagreements and name calling than the subject of "What Value is a College Education?" There seem to be as many opinions on this subject as there are individual colleges in the country. This is not to be lamented, however, because successful education could never rest on its laurels. That such interest exists is a healthy sign.

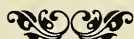
In spite of such a wise disparagement of views, there are three ideas which seem to be held by a great many non-professional people. These are: first, a person is not educated unless he has attended a college; second, all persons who graduate from college are intellectually superior people. Naive and unfounded as these beliefs are, they still seem to be a determining factor in the educational thinking of a great many of the lay people of the country. It is very doubtful if college instructors themselves would subscribe to even one of these beliefs. The college instructor is still confronted constantly by the student who thinks more of getting an "A" in a course than he does of learning anything. The college instructor knows that a great many college students are not quite as mature as they could be. He knows furthermore that a great many of the students in college do not belong there.

It is certainly true however, that exposure to a good college curriculum is a big step toward a broader and richer life, although it is by no means a guarantee of these things. College is a means to an end, not an end in itself.

The latest surveys in the field of college and university training show a very encouraging trend. They show that the present generation of college students do not look upon college as one round of football games and gin parties. More important still, they are aware that a college diploma is in itself not the map that shows the secret way to the "land of milk and honey".

Teachers Colleges also should profit by realizing these things. The

fact that one has been admitted here is not enough to insure one's success in the teaching profession. It is what one does while here and what he does after leaving that will mean the difference between success and failure. As someone has said, "it is not whether you go through college or not, but whether college goes through you". It is a hard-boiled world that you enter. Now is the time to make sure your protection will be adequate. Let's make college the beginning of our knowledge, not the end of it.



On a Liberal Education

"If we were certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would one day depend on the winning or losing of a game of chess, don't you think we'd consider it a primary duty to master the moves and rules? Yet it is a plain and elementary truth that the happiness of everyone of us depends on our knowing the rules and plays in a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages—each man and woman being one of the players in a game all his own. The chess board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. He never overlooks our mistakes and never makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid. The one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

"What I mean by education is learning the rules of the mighty game of life. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws."

Thomas Huxley, *A Liberal Education*.

Compare your theory of liberal education with Huxley's. Do you consider your training a liberal education? What can you do to make it more liberal? Write and express your ideas. We'll consider them and print them.

This is the task of a liberal education: to give a sense of the value of things other than domination, to help to create wise citizens of a free community, and, through the combination of citizenship with liberty in individual creativeness, to enable man to give to human life that splendor which some few have shown that it can achieve.

Pattern for a Friendly Bridge Game

JOHN KOONTZ

"Dealer passes."

"Two hearts."

"Ye Gods, that's a demand bid, pass me."

"Pass, I imagine."

"My dear, I'm not your partner, but I feel I should tell you your partner gave you a demand bid. She bid two hearts. That's just the same as saying, 'Name your best suit.' Of course, it's not in so many words, but dearie—maybe it will help you if I——"

"My deah, you'ah telling all wrong. According to the system I play, it's this way—you——"

"Girls, as partner to this, this creature, I deem it my place to instruct her."

"Oh, my gracious! I didn't know I had done anything wrong. To hear you talk one would think the world had come to an end. You're as bad as Joe when I burn a cake."

"My dear, how hot do you make your oven?"

"I should say about 400°."

That's much too hot, Lamb. I usually start mine off at 400° and then lower after the first raising. Deah, there's all the difference in the world in the texture——"

"Girls, this *is* a bridge game not a course in home economics. As the bidder I demand——"



Oh, Tower Light

HELEN LOUISE KLAUENBERG

You said we all
Must do our part
But I can't even get a start.

There's some technique
In things like this
Though mine is simply "hit and miss".

So if my words
Will only rhyme
Perhaps I'll write a poem next time.

The Library—At Your Service

Fleming, Peter: *One's Company*; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons; 1934.

The first part of this book describes a long run on the Trans-Siberian Railway through Soviet Russia to Manchukuo; the second is an account of a journey into the red provinces of central and southern China. In his introduction, Mr. Fleming plainly states that he lays no claim to being directly instructive, but has only described in some detail what he saw and what he did. However, for the reader this is sufficient; since he is sure to find this a book of high-spirited travel, wittily written and full of shrewd observations. Young Mr. Fleming, for he is only twenty-six, evidently regarded his journey as a delightful adventure into the unknown rather than a compulsory newspaper assignment. His attitude is refreshingly different from most writers of travel books.

His style is remarkably free from any set pattern and his every observation is a humorous one. No matter how trying the situation, he seems always to see and portray its lighter side. At times though, the reader may wonder if this light touch is not intentionally deceptive; he seems to analyze situations and persons with unerring caninness.

If you are a person who is very demanding as to facts and dislike having them presented in any other way than as such, don't bother to read "One's Company." However, if you are more interested in being delightfully entertained and are willing to learn a little in the process, don't fail to read it.

VIRGINIA SPERLEIN

Spring, Howard: *My Son, My Son*; The Viking Press, New York, 1938.

This book is listed as one of the best sellers of the month and rightly so.

Two fathers, Dermot O'Riorden and William Essex, feel that their lives have been inadequate and that they desire their sons to have and to do what they could not.

William Essex, a successful novelist, loves his son so deeply that he cannot see his faults. Instead of reprimanding Oliver, he aids him in his childish, petty crimes. Upon stealing a book from Rory, his best friend, Oliver is aided in his little theft by his father, who hides the book for him. Oliver becomes eighteen. A sudden conflict arises between father and son. They both love the same woman. Being torn between their two desires, she chooses the young, handsome Oliver. He loved her for a time. However, true to his up bringing, he could love only himself permanently. He discards her and her life is ruined. Because of his repulsive pride, he refuses to speak to his father. In one way or another he destroys three people whom his father loves. This son brought only sorrow and unhappiness to his father.

Dermot O'Riorden had two daughters as well as a son. One daughter, Eileen, led an ordinary life, the other Maeve, is a brilliant actress. The son, Rory is inculcated with his father's passionate desire to free Ireland. He devotes his lifetime to this end. Being a good son, he gives his life to the cause of the Irish. His father's desire is fulfilled. He did in his short life the work his father had planned for him.

To what degree does the environment affect an individual? To answer this question, let us study the two sons in the book. Oliver, who was idolized by his father, was given everything he wanted. Yet he became a despicable snob. The other son, Rory, was also loved by his father, but in a more sensible way. He was not given everything and was punished when necessary. In his too brief life, he accomplished something. There seems to be a grave danger in the blind idolatry of one's own children.

Because the book is written in such a simple style, the author shows all the more clearly his powerful portrayal of characters.

This book is destined to a long life in the public's reading mind.

DORIS FEPELSTEIN

From the Faculty

Beauchamp, Wilbur L., Mayfield, John C., and West, Joe Young: *Science Problems*, Book 1; Chicago; Scott, Foresman & Co., 1938.

The latest contribution of a member of our faculty to science education appeared this summer in the form of "Science Problems"; four hundred thirty-two pages of readable text and interest-inciting photographs. The book, although written for Junior High School use, should prove very helpful in the intermediate grades also. "Science Problems" is a fitting answer to the assertion that "science is too hard for children to understand," for it shows that even the molecular theory can be put on a child level.

Unlike those science textbooks which are really unscientific in that they present facts to be learned almost exclusively from the printed page, "Science Problems" provides for the acquisition of useful science concepts through thought-questions and experiments. The experiments described should in themselves be a valuable aid to the teacher. But this is more than a laboratory manual. The expository material is based on common experience and, consequently, holds one's attentive interest. It deals with such unit problems as "How Do Scientists Make Discoveries?"; "How Do Heating and Cooling Change Materials?"; "How Do Magnets Work?"; and "How Are Plants and Animals Alike?"

Dr. West, in collaboration with Messrs. Beauchamp and Mayfield of the University of Chicago, has produced a book that elementary and secondary teachers may well put on their "must list" for selection, for understandable presentation, and for vivid illustration of significant science material.

Teachers College Record

In and About Suites (Sweets)

On October 20, at 10:00 P. M., a supper party was given in honor of Yvonne Belt's birthday at the suite of Misses Tucker, Milhado, and Weems. Out-of-suite guests were Misses Galbreath, Mays, and Coster from Kitchen View and Milk Can Alley and Misses Hoffman and Sadler from the Cobweb Penthouse. Exclusive costumes were worn by the guests. Among them were brilliant blue and red robes; purple, green, and blue pajamas, and brown smocks. Hair ornaments of aluminum and mesh adorned the coiffures of the ladies present. Luscious sweets were consumed by all (except for one sandwich which Millie took to her grandmother).



All You Need Is a Little "Pull"

Friday, Oct. 21, College Dormitory:—One of the social highlights of the week was the taffy pull which was held by the girls—and a few invited boy friends—in the kitchen of the dormitory. The cooking and "pulling" of the taffy proved to be as pleasant a task as the actual eating. Everyone seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion, and, despite one disaster—Johnson's burned taffy—the program went off smoothly as planned. If rumors are to be believed, the students are anxiously waiting their next "taffy pull".

E. J.



More Fun

K. PAULA

"Goodness, surely all these girls can't be getting light cuts!" said the Hall Book Table.

"Of course not!" said the little pencil, "there's a Y. W. Social tonight!" And sure enough, there was!

The games started at once! The girls were divided into groups of fours and each group was given an apple and a knife. Then for some fine team work; first the apple must be pared, then cut in half, next quartered and seeded—and then the enforced rule, "Eat the apple and whistle." My, what vicious chewing and such feeble whistles! You really did deserve the prize though, Peg.

Another game—one with initials and adjectives. Do you recognize these samples: Ruthless Darling; Magnanimous Gawky Magpie?

And then—Cookies and cider—and an apple apiece!

A bell! Another good time in the Dorm was ended.

Scavengers All

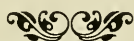
It was as dark and quiet as a tomb and suddenly the cry, "Scavenger Hunt" was on the air!

Scavenger Hunt? What fun! What excitement! Who would win? What did we have to find? There was a rush of feet to the foyer, and everyone got his list of articles.

Then the chase began. Upstairs and downstairs, girls dashed from the third floor to the foyer, and back to the third floor again. The hunt led to Richmond Hall for firewood and books, and back to the basement for tin cups and brooms. There was a rush to the pool room door, and after the raid was over, a poor, dazzled, bewildered boy was minus his shoe and billiard ball. Poor boy! Such wild actions for young ladies! A red haired girl suddenly found everyone tearing at her head. The rooms and closets of Newell Hall were frantically raided for Cheesits, black buttons, and pink paper bags. What excitement! Bright eyes, red cheeks, flying hair, and laughter floated from the housetop.

Finally a victor's shout was heard above the fray. Weary and foot-sore girls made their way back to the foyer to be refreshed by punch and cookies.

P.S.—The winning team was ? ? ? ? ? Huttie's.



Natural History Group

M. H.

"Paula, let's get a drink of spring water." So we lured her away while Dr. Dowell "made" her a birthday party with cakes, cider, and funny little presents. Even the birds joined us in singing "Happy Birthday to You" out along Gunpowder River near Prettyboy.

This was the climax of our trip. To those of us who had never seen Prettyboy Dam, it was a marvelous place. Just a view of the rainbows in the fountain and the water spilling over the dam was worth the hundred seventy-four steps down and the hundred seventy-four steps back up again.

Oh, yes, we got a few scratches too, when we walked along the river. But the scratches will soon be gone, and the N.H.G. will always remember the good time at Prettyboy.

Freshmen theme song or worst pun of the month: Wiedefeld better without those entrance exams.

Assemblies

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1938.

Mr. George Shriver:

Miss Van Bibber, in Thursday's Open Forum Assembly, introduced an interesting speaker, Mr. George Shriver, who has recently returned from India. Mr. Shriver gave a vivid account of the life of the Indian native, informing us first of the incredible density of population. India as a nation, although progressing very slowly, is heading in a direction for better conditions in social, economic, and political lines.

Existing conditions do not permit India to take a place among the more cultured nations of today. Ignorance, illiteracy, and poor administration are gradually being removed through the efforts of traveling missionaries and other people interested in the social welfare of the race as a whole. Being a missionary himself, Mr. Shriver has long been in contact with these conditions. From his account one may assume that the case of India is not altogether hopeless and with ample time and proper supervision, the now ignorant masses may well be enducated to some acceptable degree of culture.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1938.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton:

With forty years of experience in and around the theatre, Mr. Hamilton, presented by Mrs. Stapleton, reviewed for us, in a most informal fashion, Robert L. Sherwood's play "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Within the first few minutes the speaker became the one magnetic force in the room, attracting the attention of each and every one of the students. He recreated a great number of the scenes from the play in such a dramatic manner that every one in the audience felt as though he had suddenly discovered the real Abe Lincoln.

The speaker's informal but effective presentation was only excelled by his ready source of wit, appropriately exhibited throughout his talk. His account was not merely well chosen words with the flowery decoration of the usual theatre-goer type, but a concrete point of view, well substantiated, in just commendation of Sherwood's play.

Mr. Hamilton was convincing beyond any point of doubt as proved by the scores of theatre dates made before he had even finished speaking. The new play at Ford's became the general topic of conversation among both students and faculty alike.

THE TOWER LIGHT

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1938.

Dr. North:

Dr. North opened his talk with a discussion of an article in Harper's Magazine entitled, "A New Design for Education." In this article was the report of a test given to college students of all types of colleges. Students tested were college sophomores of engineering courses, A.B. courses, B.S. courses, and teacher training courses. Sad to note was that the teacher training students came out lower than any of the other students.

The talk continued on a pleasanter note, however, when Dr. North informed us of the advantages and protection that we as students in a teachers college enjoy in the State of Maryland. These advantages are: a high degree of selectivity, tenure of office, helpful supervision, protection against political influences, and a retirement pension. We owe these protections, he said, to those teachers who have come before us. In closing, he reminded us of our duty to posterity by saying, "To whom much is given, of him much shall be required."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1938.

Miss Jessie Snow:

This being Miss Snow's first lecture of the season, she had a great wealth of material to give us concerning the position of the League of Nations with reference to the various crises that have arisen since its formation. She described in detail the gradual rise and development of the League from its beginning in 1919 up until 1931, when it was proved to be a mere figurehead. During the next few years several events took place which brought to light the utter helplessness of the League as an adjustment bureau of national and international disputes. To right such conditions as existed in the Sino-Japanese conflict, the slaughtering of the Ethiopians by the Italians, the Spanish civil war, or in the most recent of the horrors, the China-Japanese struggle, the League of Nations has done almost nothing. Small nations have been simply devoured by the larger aggressor ones.

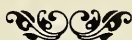
Miss Snow feels that the evident lack of sympathetic understanding, the real basis for brotherly love, has given rise to a condition which is seemingly impossible for any human or group of humans to undo. Due to her position in world politics and her wide vision she described conditions to be a great deal worse than most of us thought.

However, Miss Snow was certain that with a reformed League of Nations built upon the foundations of the existing democracies, we may hope to have in the not so distant future, with the help of God, a Golden Age of fair play, justice, and universal mutual understanding.

The Open Forum

In view of the interest aroused by the "open forums" during last year, the forum committee has once again begun its yearly activities. As you all know, this group is a part of the League of Young Voters, whose purpose is to hear non-partisan discussions of the topics of the day, and to give students the opportunity both to speak and to hear worthwhile speakers.

The next forum planned by the group is a discussion of "Education for Tomorrow's America" to be held on November 10. Miss Bersch, aided by several students, will give the informative portion of the program. Then, *you* will have the opportunity to give your views on this most important problem. Of course, you all as prospective teachers and as citizens are interested in how the children of the next generation are to be educated. You have some opinions as to what education should be like, so why not come and tell us about them at the next open forum?



Registration

MADELINE CABELL

First the tower, next the clock,
Then you're tagged as one of the flock.
Direction sheets—sit down and read,
Then to the first table proceed.
Sign that and fill this out,
At last continue on your route.
Fees, cards, and handbooks, too,
Last, but not least, the Glee Club crew.
"Are you musical? Can you sing?"
"Then to Miss Weyforth and let your voice ring."
A glance at the sheet to see what's next,
"Section adviser," says the text.
More questions to answer, this one and that,
Now for a confidential chat.
Finished at last.—
Registration but a memory past.
Down the steps and out the door,
Now take a glance—just one more,
And then a groan as you say with a sigh,
"Might have been fun; but oh my—!"

The Faculty

It seems as if Dr. Wiedefeld has always been *here*. Her contagious smile, her pointed speech, her attractive manner, her sense of humor makes her able to grasp easily and rapidly the many intricacies of the complex life of the college. She spent the greater part of the summer getting ready for the opening of the college, and getting settled in her new home, "Glen Esk".

Virginia, not New Mexico, called Miss Bersch this year and the rustic swains were happy to find her once more in their midst.

Dr. Dowell studied at the University of California, having had a scholarship granted her by the National Committee for Blindness.

Dr. Tansil attained the goal she had set for herself. She passed the "orals" with credit, found her dissertation acceptable to the professors at Teachers College, Columbia University, and is now trying out her findings on Patsy.

Miss Barkley, Miss Cook, Miss Weyforth and Miss MacDonald studied at Teachers College, New York. It has been reported that Miss Barkley and Miss Cook had to go later to Cape *Porpoise*, Maine, to blow off.

Miss Munn spent her holiday at Twin Falls, Idaho, visiting friends and in seeing the sight at Yellowstone.

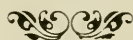
Some members of the faculty went on cruises. Mrs. Stapleton and family went to Miami, Florida; Mrs. Debaugh to Havana and some of the northern countries of South America.

"They" say that Miss Woodward entertained her section of the Senior Class at her cottage in Wiscasset, Maine. Dr. Lynch enjoyed her lovely garden with its profusion of flowers, fish pond and out-door fire places.

Miss Birdsong entertained the faculty at breakfast in her garden, then went to Little Switzerland in North Carolina for a rest. Some say she has not recovered as yet.

These are fond and relaxing memories of the summer vacation, but when one calls the roll of the faculty they all answer "Here".

ECHO.



More Faculty News

Week-end trips seem to be in order, probably inspired by the mild autumn weather. Miss Grogan spent a colorful week-end driving along "Skyline" and climbing the Appalachian Trails.

Miss Agnes Carlton spent the first week-end in October in Atlantic City.

Orchestras that Sing

LEON L. LERNER

It is said that when Arturo Toscanini conducts, there is no more alert, no more responsive group of people any place on earth. Why? Maestro Toscanini is so dynamic a leader, so alert and alive, that he compels attention from the various sections of his orchestra. And so, they react to him, giving every ounce of effort of which they are humanly capable. In short, there is established between the two, conductor and orchestra, an invisible bond of understanding, so that one flick of a finger, one little change of expression, one move of the baton, will carry potent, understandable messages.

Often, this is the case with groups of singing people, as well as with groups of singing instruments. When a glee club has achieved this state of silent comprehension, of quiet cooperation, more than likely that group will rank high in its ability to deliver excellent presentations, just as the symphonies and the songs that Mr. Toscanini presents are always exceptionally excellent. The case with a glee club is even more difficult than is that of an orchestra. Here, in the one instance there are human elements which enter into consideration, for the instrument which goes to make up this "singing" orchestra is human; in the other instance, that instrument is perfect to start with, perfectly pitched and set in tone, in quality, in range. Not so with the voice.

Those of us who have fallen in love with music appreciate the fact that the final presentation of a singing society, like an orchestra, is good only because numberless rehearsals previous to the presentation have taken place. It is said of men like Kreisler and Rachmaninoff that they practice over and over and over, day after day, the same passages in order to achieve perfection, and that only in such a manner do they, and can they, reach perfection. How like an artist is a glee club. It will never learn to sing well without tiring, lengthy, yet not unwelcome rehearsals; it will never be able to create a thing of beauty without having remodeled and remolded the artistic object before it.

With this in mind, the Glee Club is tackling three lovely pieces, which will be presented publicly at some future time. These are, "Deep River," a negro spiritual, "O Soldier, Soldier," an English folk song, and the popular prayer from "Hansel and Gretel."

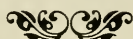


Mr. Johnson

Edward Johnson, of Junior 7, may well be called the "Irish tenor" of State Teachers College. Upon several occasions, Mr. Johnson has pre-

sented groups of songs before the school body, solo and in men's quartets.

He has had valuable experience outside of school to help him in his singing. Mr. Johnson is a member of the Cavalry Baptist Church choir; he has sung with LeRoy Kaiser's Orchestra; he has given innumerable recitals for local private groups and organizations. Recently, Mr. Johnson was offered a singing place at station W C B M, but, of course, has had to decline the offer. He is one of the most active and enthusiastic members of the Glee Club, and is well known for his participation in that organization's "small-group" singing.



Orchestra Notes

The orchestra picnic was a timely event. It acquainted the new members with the old ones, and brought the old to know each other better. The treasure hunt with its chasing up and down hills and along the stream whipped up a jolly spirit and hearty appetite so much needed when one sits down to supper. An old fashioned country supper—food cooked over the fire—a few songs (we didn't take our instruments) and the party was over.

We hope you enjoyed our assembly program. We don't like to experiment on you, but when we do, we're pretty certain our experiment is going to work.

If you liked the assembly, you enjoyed (those of you present) our program at the Polytechnic Friday, October 28th. It is a fact worth noting that the "big three" composers of music are on our list.

The Program

Overture "Titus"	Mozart
Country Dance in C	Beethoven
Turkish March	Beethoven
In Elizabethan Days	Kramer
String Quartet	
Sonata—No. 4	Handel
Phaon	Johnson



Athletic Association Dance

The A. A. dance this year will be held on November 11, at college. The "downbeat" will fall on the stroke of nine and will continue until one. Billy Antrim and his orchestra has been secured. This is one affair that all real "rugcutters" and "jitterbugs" can't afford to miss.

Keeping Emily Posted

"No, I'm not coming to the dance. I don't like the idea of the receiving line. You can't have a good time here."

You've heard it; we all have. But why will people make such remarks? We think that one of the main reasons is that they don't feel quite sure of what to do "in good society", and naturally try to avoid a situation in which they will feel uncomfortable.

If we know what to do, however, we can have a good time at the most formal occasion. So let's answer some of the questions that trouble us.

1. How shall I introduce myself and my escort (or my "escorted")?
 - a. Your name is Sally Smith; your escort, Tom Jones, is not a Towson student. You approach the head of the receiving line. You feel fairly certain that the faculty member does not remember your name.

"Dr. W—, I am Sally Smith (not *Miss Smith*). May I present—Mr. Jones?"

- b. Your name is Bob Brown and you are escorting Mary Green, not a Towson student. You are known to the head of the receiving line.

"Dr. W—, may I present Miss Green?"

- c. If you get a bad start by saying, "Miss Green, may I——"; you can come out unruffled by adding, "—introduce you to Dr. W—?"

2. How shall I introduce an outside couple whom I am sponsoring?

You have introduced yourself and your escort. You now introduce your friend, Miss Zilch.

"And this is Miss Zilch." Miss Zilch introduces her own escort.

3. How shall I introduce the girl friend or boy friend to fellow students?
 - a. Her name is Jane. You want her to meet Dick.

"Dick, this is Jane Johnson."

- b. His name is Bud. You want him to meet Jean and Jack.

"Bud, I'd like you to meet Jean Austin; and this is Jack Horner—Bud Wilson."

4. What shall I say when I'm introduced?
 - a. If the introduction is formal, almost invariably,

"How do you do."

5. When shall I shake hands?

Gentlemen always shake hands when introduced to each other. It is a woman's privilege to decide whether or not she will shake hands. But it is discourteous to refuse an offered hand.

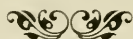
6. How may I keep from emerging from the receiving line with a name I wouldn't recognize, or without a name at all?

Speak very distinctly and audibly. If your name, despite your

precaution, does get lost, you may reinforce it along the way. But don't be finicky about it.

7. What shall I do if I make a mistake?

Don't let it upset your evening. Remember, you're out to have a good time. Simply be natural—and you'll be at your best.



Do You Have a Style ?

Do you know what your clothes express about you? They tell whether you are slovenly or careful, whether you lack ambition or whether you are in love with life and eager to do things. They tell on you—in a language of their own. That's why it's important to plan your clothes with reference to your personality and the things you want told.

Discover your style! Learn about yourself! Perhaps some of the better known movie actresses will guide your "style investigation."

The athletic type, a good model for the college girl, is well represented by Annabella, a vivacious import from France. Sport clothes—chic sweaters, sport shoes—these suit the love of muscular freedom. Evening clothes too, are designed along tailored lines which suggest the grace of a trained body.

Kay Francis is a splendid example of the sophisticated woman of the world. She dresses to show her superior reserve and her tastes. She carries herself with distinction and poise. This type shows wisdom by adhering to perfection, moderation, and smart simplicity.

The role of ingenue is fulfilled by Anne Shirley, petite, youthful, trusting. Of all people, this type may indulge in ruffles, dainty materials, little ribbons tied around the head, delicate jewelry. "Debby" hats and saddle shoes (which occasionally need cleaning) have no place in the life of the ingenue.

Finally, there's the romantic model. Loretta Young and Madeleine Carroll are your distinguished examples here. The whole array of chiffons, laces, georgettes, and silks are their materials. Severely tailored suits may be beautiful, but are not suited to use. Fussiness is avoided. Then, too, the colors are never strong or of decided contrast.

What is *your* type? Are your clothes an expression of demureness or sophistication, or are they a pleasant combination of both? No matter what style you may choose to develop, do it well. If your style is to be a princess, let the world make no mistake about it. Be sure you aren't taken as one of her attendants.

From Good Taste in Dress—F. W. McFarland.

So What

W. NORRIS WEIS

Ah, at last, dear readers (all three of you), I greet you again. Returning to you after a term of student teaching, a hot and hard summer, a streptococci infection, and a mental attack of "unititis", I shall do my best to keep you informed concerning the things which are announced in assemblies.

For the sake of the new additions to the college, I shall take but a few lines in which to introduce the column to them—Freshmen, "So What" attempts to see all and tell all that goes on around the school which no one else thinks valuable copy. Therefore, meet "So What"!

Daffynitions Department

(The author invites every one to send in his best "daffynition". This is to be a contest. The persons sending in the best contributions which are accepted will receive either a 1939 Buick, a trip to Bermuda, an extra term of student-teaching, or twenty-nine cents in cash. The judges' decision will be final.)

Corpuscle: An officer of low rank in the army.

Red corpuscle: An officer of low rank in the Russian army.

Vegetarian: An animal doctor.

Science—Placards or notes on doors, windows, etc., as "No Smoking".

Things We Would Like to Know

1. Who is the beautiful Freshman girl who sat on the floor by the window in Newell Hall foyer during the singing on Induction Day? (R.S.V.P.)
2. Is F. T., Jr., blind or does he call it love?
3. Does a Big Ben wake you up every morning, Nancy?
4. Two Sophomore girls want to know who the handsome (sigh), sad-eyed boy in Jr. 7 is.
5. Why are the men students not allowed to eat in the men's room where we have always eaten?
6. Where did Mac get the info. used in *So What* last month?

In Mrs. Stapleton's Class

Mrs. S.: "What and where did the first theatrical group start in Baltimore?"

Bright Frosh: "At the Valencia."

Mrs. S.: "Why do you say that?"

B. F.: "It's over the Century, isn't it?"

Mrs. S. fainted!

A Word from the Weis

To Miss D. K. and Messrs. O'Neill and Tiemeyer:

A kiss is a peculiar proposition;
Of no use to one, yet absolutely blissful to two.
The small child gets it for nothing,
The young man has to steal it.

May a word to the wise from Weis be sufficient!

College Pick-ups

A package came for the College. The deliverer came up to a Freshman boy and remarked, "Can you tell me anything concerning this package? the name's obliterated."

"Sorry", said the boy, "my name's "O'Neill."

I have been told that if anyone gives me enough rope, I'll have a box of cigars.

Next Issue

I warn you that in next issue, I shall have for the College's general information, a list of current Freshmen romances. To anyone interested in contributing, I pledge immunity. So, to you, my many readers (That's what he thinks—Ed. Note), I say, so long 'til next December.

And as a parting shot, remember girls, the weight to a man's heart is about 118 pounds.



Sho' Nuff

You know you can't mail a letter in the telephone booth, Bob. (Post office, Get it?)

Wonder why we dormitory girls didn't see Tobacco Road—during the week? Maybe we're too young.

Telescopes have several uses. Right, Joe?

Shock and Calder left in a hurry Monday night. No wonder—they had their backs to the wall.

Watch your step, Barker. There's a contender for the "campused" record. So far so good, Grace Ellen.

What's the trouble, Paula? Stuck in the 'myer?

Tootie, what could you tell us about Madolyn that we'd like to know?

OLD WIVES' TALES.

I had a wooden whistle and it wooden whistle, so I got a steel whistle and it steel wooden whistle. So I got a tin whistle, and now I tin whistle.

I. Fixit.

Alumni News

MARRIAGES

Miss Elizabeth Norton Van Sant to the Rev. C. L. Robson.

Miss Margaret E. Ijams to Charles J. Owens.

Miss Van Sant graduated from the college in 1928 and Miss Ijams in 1934.

Four Alumni Meetings

Dorchester County

On September 27, thirty-three of our alumni met at the home of Mrs. Granville Hooper in Cambridge, to organize a Dorchester County Alumni Unit. Dr. Dowell and Miss Scarborough were guests.

The following officers were elected: Mrs. Granville Hooper, County Chairman; Miss Evelyn Johnson, County Vice Chairman; Miss Jeanette Carmine, County Sec-Treasurer; Miss Lois Willing, East New Market; Mrs. Harry B. Smith, Hurlock; Mrs. Alan Webb, Vienna; Mrs. Lillian Brummette, Dorchester representatives.

The important details of the Testimonial Dinner for Dr. Lida Lee Tall and of the Educational Fund to be presented to her, were discussed, and resulted in the pledging of an initial contribution and a pledge to increase the amount later. Another endeavor for the unit is to correct and enlarge the alumni mailing list for their county. A most enjoyable social time with delicious refreshments followed the business meeting. The next meeting in January will be largely a social gathering. A letter of recent date from the County Chairman reports wide interest in the organization and many additional members. The youngest unit bids fair to outgrow many of her older sisters. A challenge? Yes!

Baltimore City Unit

The Executive Board of the Baltimore City Alumni Unit met at the home of Miss Katherine McHale, Oct. 3, at 8:00 P. M., to make plans for the year.

The unit will attend the Lida Lee Tall Testimonial Dinner in lieu of the usual fall meeting and will contribute toward the Lida Lee Tall Educational Fund. This group contribution will no doubt be considerably increased by individual gifts from the three hundred members. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

In January there will be a Luncheon meeting at the home of Miss McHale, the president.

Washington County Unit

The regular Fall business meeting of the Washington County Alumni Unit was held October 10, in Hagerstown. Election of the officers

resulted as follows: Miss Innes Boyer, chairman; Miss Madeline Diffendal, vice-chairman; Miss Jane Wilson, secretary; Miss Mary Horst, treasurer; Miss Helen Widmyer, chairman of the Finance Committee. This capable group, too, will participate by contributing to the Lida Lee Tall Educational Fund and many members expect to attend the dinner given in honor of Dr. Tall.

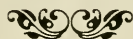
Anne Arundel County Unit

The Alumni of Anne Arundel County met on October 24, at 8 P. M. at the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Conrad Stoll. There were fifty-four present. Dr. Wiedefeld, who organized the unit, many years ago, was the guest speaker. She spoke in a most interesting way of some of the outstanding problems of the college, and offered suggestions for worthwhile work for the unit. The point which received most emphasis was that all alumni should search for boys and girls who will make good teachers and should encourage them to come to Teachers College. Other guests present were Mr. George Fox, Supt. of A. A. Co. schools and Mrs. Fox; Miss Margaret Coe, President of the General Alumni Association; Mrs. Albert Groshans, Mrs. Grason Hartley, Mrs. Daniel Carroll, Mrs. Charles Lynch, and Miss Mary H. Scarborough.

General plans for the year were made with special emphasis on ways and means for securing the contribution pledged for the Lida Lee Tall Educational Fund. Mrs. Paul Parker, President of the Unit, presided.

Mr. Stoll, the host, entertained the group with a musical program of well known songs. Bountiful and delicious refreshments were served, the preparation of which was under the supervision of Mrs. George Linthicum, Home Economics Instructor for the County.

The next general meeting will be in the spring. Indications point to a happy and successful year.



Soliloquy

M. L. B.

I saw the sun go down at last,
Finished, its journey across the sky.
I wondered how my life would look
When it came my turn to die.

Had the sunrise of my life portrayed
The glories of future hours?
Had the beauty of all those heart'ning rays
Been lost in thunder showers?

At the noon-tide had an iron will
Beat, mercilessly, on my friends,
Or later, had I lost such heat
As the sun, when daytime ends?

At the close of life, I hope I may
Leave deeds, like the rays of the sun,
That will brighten a weary soul at night
In pride of a task well done.

But, till then, I must work with a will
And live the days as they come;
For it's the day as a whole that really counts
Not just a few hours of sun.



"Snicks"

Referee Menton blows his whistle. Cox gets the jump from Melvin of Hopkins. The ball goes to Stottlemeyer who opens a passing attack that ends in a brilliantly arched shot by Dan Austerlitz.

Yes, basketball, the king of winter sports is here. Look over your schedule. Arrange your time so as to be able to take advantage of Towson's basketball program. To the ladies there are the electives while the men can think of their varsity, junior varsity, or class teams. Although the city juniors headed by Mr. Austerlitz will be practice teaching during the second nine weeks, Towson will put a capable team on the floor. Good men like Solly Cohen, Bob Cox, "One Shot" Stottlemeyer, "Zip Levin," Sam Sokolow, Sid Miller, Stanley Waxman, Stan Sussman, and the versatile "Windy Gordon" will be on hand from last year's varsity squad. "Legs" Russell, Manny Hyman, Jerry Kolker, and your truly may advance from the junior varsity ranks.

Milton "Hank" Brill, former Baltimore Polytechnic star and Y. M. C. A. luminary, heads the list of newcomers.

The soccer team this year to date has been very successful, having beaten Elizabethtown, Western Maryland, Frostburg, University of Virginia, and Blue Ridge College.

WPA Executive—If we don't figure a way to spend that one hundred and twenty million dollars, we lose our jobs.

Secretary—How about a bridge over the Mississippi—Lengthwise.

Under the Weather Vane

November 6th to 12th is Education Week—a time set aside for interpreting to the public the needs, aims, and achievements of schools. Parents are invited to visit the schools of the nation.

In the Campus School every week is Education Week and every day is Education Day. The parents are encouraged to come whenever they can. Realizing that the fathers usually cannot come during the regular school day, George Washington's Birthday, February 22nd is set aside as Fathers' Visiting Day. The response to the plan has been almost overwhelming. On this day, from seventy-five to one hundred fathers join their children in the regular school activities for one whole day.

Several organizations connected with the school carry on a continuous educative program. The Child Study Group meets every Wednesday to discuss with competent speakers the problems of child development and child guidance. The Te-Pa-Chi Club which meets every month brings to the parents and teachers speakers who help them to guide children more wisely. Then, too, each grade teacher meets with the mothers of the children in her grade at least twice a year. Some of the topics discussed in these meetings this fall were: "What We Do With Numbers in the Second Grade", "How Parents Can Help Children at Home", "The Importance of Rest and Sleep in the First Grade Child", and "Preparing the Seventh Grade for High School".

November 16—Dr. Thomas Alexander C. Rennie, Associate in Psychiatry, Phipps Clinic, Johns Hopkins Hospital. "The Wholesome Personality."

March 1—Miss Nellie W. Birdsong, Department of Psychology, State Teachers College. "Sex Education."

March 8—Dr. Campbell Goodwin, Associate in Pediatrics, Johns Hopkins Hospital; Associate Professor, University of Maryland. "Preparing the Child for Adolescence."

March 15—Miss Irene M. Steele, Principal of the Campus Elementary School, State Teachers College. "Current School Problems."

March 22—Dr. Manfred Guttmacher, Chief Medical Officer to Supreme Bench, Baltimore City. "The Overprivileged Child."

March 29—Mrs. Bernice A. Brouwer, Department of Art, State Teachers College. Miss Hazel MacDonald, Department of Music, State Teachers College. "Music and Art in the Elementary School Curriculum."

April 12—Dr. Lida Lee Tall, Former President of the State Teachers College. "Education for Parenthood."

Miss Nellie W. Birdsong, Leader
Mrs. Rudolph Michel, Chairman.

The children in the first and second grade rooms have been taking advantage of the warm sunshiny autumn days to become acquainted with the campus and glen. They have made a number of excursions to learn the names of the various school and college buildings, to inspect the farm, to see the pigs, and to enjoy lunch and play in the glen. They are looking forward to visiting the Administration Building, and the Dormitory.

A Storm

The wind is prowling 'round the house,
When all inside is still as a mouse.
The lightning flashes and the thunder crashes,
While the wind prowls 'round the house.

MARTCHEN MIHM
Grade 4

Ambush

It happened once in Quebec and once on the road. When we were in Quebec, we went down into the lower town to see the narrowest street in North America. Mother asked a little French boy to show it to us. Suddenly around a corner popped about twenty French children and all the English they knew was, "One penny please", but they certainly did know that.

Again when we were on the road Mother saw two French children in a dog cart and got out of the car to take their pictures. Suddenly, and without warning, about fifty French children jumped out of a ditch all shouting at once, "One penny please". Mother got the picture at the cost of fifty cents.

JOHN R. SUTTON
Seventh Grade

Wet Paint

Wet paint seems to hold a fascination for all people, young and old. They are drawn to it, like filings to a magnet. That irresistible sign, "Wet Paint", proclaims the presence of the sinister mixture and compels you to examine the freshly coated surface with your finger-tip. Even if you see this liquid being applied, there is always the chance of its being quick-drying. But everybody, sooner or later in life, will come across some paint of the wet variety.

If you want an account of my personal experience, I am not lacking in such. Once, as I watched my father mix some of the fluid, he cautioned me to watch out for the painted porch posts. As I was leaning against one of them, I naturally became alarmed. I looked, and woe to me, the whole back of my shirt and pants was covered with bright yellow paint!

DAVID HOOVER
Seventh Grade

Limericks

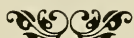
One of the reading groups in the Sixth Grade has been working on a unit of humorous stories and poetry. In connection with this reading they wrote some limericks of their own. Below are just two of many which were written.

There was a young laddie named Barney
Who lived on the banks of Killarney
He made a mistake
Fell into the lake
And no more was seen of Barney.

JANE STRICKLEN

There once was a girl named Ann
Who kept her clothes spic and span
Until one day at school
She fell into a pool
And horrors, the colors all ran!

JEAN RITTER



Conversation Piece

MILDRED BOONE

"How do you like New York?" asked Kitty. "We find it rather boring in the summer. There are so many small-town outsiders gaping at the wonders of Manhattan."

Edna, a "small-town outsider," got the intended dig. "I like it well enough but of course the people are difficult to understand. One thing that particularly interests me is your fashion world. I design clothes, you know."

"Do you really?"

"Yes, it's my only interest."

"Did you design the dress you have on?"

"Yes."

Kitty, surveying her from head to foot, "My dear, you really should buy your clothes."

"Perhaps you would tell me where you buy yours. I'm especially fond of your hat."

"I'm glad you recognize taste. I do all my shopping at Saks on Fifth Avenue. Now if you dressed yourself according to the styles they set, you wouldn't look so frightfully provincial. However, I'm glad you like my hat."

"I should. You see, it's a copy from one of the plates I submitted to Saks. I should have told you, they buy all my style plates."

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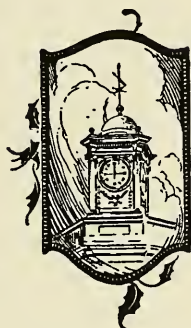


TOWER LIGHT



DECEMBER, 1938

THE TOWER LIGHT



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C O N T E N T S



	PAGE
'The Science of the Star	3
Baltimore's Christmas Gardens	4
Why?	5
Poems	8
Christmas 1938	10
Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas	11
Rosie Columbus	21
The Bayberry Candle	23
I Was Not There	24
Toys in the School	25
To Grandmother's House We Go	26
Mastering Skills and Knowledge.....	27
Editorials	29
The Library—At Your Service.....	31
Teachers College Record.....	35
Assemblies	38
Alumni News	47
Sports	40
Echoes of Book Week 1938	52
Advertisements	55
<i>Cartoon on page 54</i>	MIRIAM KOLODNER
<i>Cover Photograph</i>	BERNICE BROUWER

THE TOWER LIGHT

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No. 3

The Science of the Star

E. A. F.

"For we have seen his star in the east . . ." Matthew 2:2

WHAT was this brilliant, mysterious star which led the Magi to Bethlehem, and of which we are reminded in song, story, and Christmas decoration?

The Fels Planetarium in Philadelphia, as well as other planetaria throughout the world, represents as a Christmas feature the skies as they appeared at the time of the birth of Christ. That, you say, would be showing the position of the stars of 1938 years ago.

But Christ was not born 1938 years ago. He was born at least 1942 years ago. There are two good reasons for this assertion. One is that Christ was born during the reign of King Herod. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says Herod died shortly after an eclipse of the moon. The only eclipse that could fit is the one of March 13, 4 B.C., so evidently the Nativity was earlier than that.—The other reason is that Dionysius, Abbot of Rome during the sixth century, made a slight error when he adjusted the calendar in terms of B.C. and A.D. He accepted the tradition that Christ was born in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of the Roman Emperor Augustus, which he called 1 B.C. But Augustus had reigned four years previously simply as Octavius, before calling himself Augustus, while Dionysius mistakenly took the assuming of the title as the beginning of the reign.

Knowing now that Christ was born earlier than 4 B.C., we may begin to conjecture about the nature of the star.—In the year 7 B.C. the planets Jupiter and Saturn drew into conjunction—that is, they appeared very close together. Mars joined them early in 6 B.C., and the three bright planets shining almost as one in the western heavens must indeed have made a striking astronomical spectacle. Such a conjunction occurs only once every hundred years, and only once every eight hundred years in the Constellation of Pisces, as it did in 76 B.C. The astronomer Johann Kepler left a record of his observations of the conjunction of 1604, and it was he who first suggested that this brilliant grouping may have been the "Star of Bethlehem."

The Bible says, "We have seen his star in the *east*." This at first may seem a contradiction, since the planets appeared in the western sky.

But the Wise Men were in the East, so we may interpret, "We in the East have seen his star." And the Wise Men, really astrologers, may have been watching the rise of the planets in the East. Assuredly they were studying them as they slowly moved closer and closer together. But why should they be led to Bethlehem? One of the planets in the group was Saturn, which they believed to have special significance for the Hebrews. The grouping of the planets was in the constellation of Pisces, a symbol of the Jewish nation. So their reasoning is quite understandable: "Surely this portends some great event in Jewish history; what could be more important than the arrival of their long-foretold King?"—From Jerusalem, where their search for the new-born King had led them, the brilliant "star," moving slowly to the West, would appear to lead in the direction of Bethlehem.

There is another acceptable explanation of the Star of Bethlehem, and that is that it was a nova. Novae, or "new stars," are very faint stars which temporarily become much brighter. The Nova of 1572 was so bright that it was visible in broad daylight, then faded slowly so that now it has been lost. The twentieth century has also had a number of novae which rose from obscurity to first magnitude and disappeared as strangely as they had come.—Chinese records tell of a star which appeared and vanished about the time of the Birth of Christ. So this hypothesis is quite logical.

Or was the Star neither a conjunction of planets, nor a nova, but a comet blazing across the sky?

Whatever we think of the Star of Bethlehem scientifically, the significant thing is that it is a symbol of Christmas as we sing,

"O, Star of wonder, Star of Night,
Star with royal beauty bright.
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light."



Baltimore's Christmas Gardens

CARROLL DULANEY

The various foreign cultures that make up Maryland met and mingled in Baltimore. And this was true also of Christmas customs.

In Southern Maryland and on the Eastern Shore old English and Southern Christmas customs prevail, so Christmas gardens were almost unknown throughout these sections in the old days. But Baltimore, with its mixed population, has had Christmas gardens as far back as I

can remember, which is much farther back than I like to admit publicly.

It is said that the gentle St. Francis of Assisi originated the Christmas garden to illustrate the story of the Nativity. Groups to tell the story of the Babe of Bethlehem were placed beneath the Christmas trees of Western Europe in the Eighteenth Century, and the custom was brought to this country by the Moravians, who settled at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. There the garden was known as a "putz."

The so-called Pennsylvania Dutch found Baltimore a profitable market in the days before the War between the States. York and Belair roads re-echoed the rumble and roar of an endless stream of lumbering Conestoga wagons, drawn by big horses and filled with farm products. And they also brought us the Christmas garden idea, which was taken up first by the large German population of Baltimore and then spread to those of other racial groups.

I can recall a time when well-to-do Baltimoreans had two Christmas gardens, one showing scenes of the Nativity and the other depicting more worldly activities, such as armies marching to war.

Today the Christmas garden idea has spread all over Maryland and found fertile soil in other States. Every Baltimore store has one, and almost every store window.

But the traditon, I believe, is best preserved in two Fire Engine Houses, one at North Avenue and Bond Street, and the other at Mount Royal and Guilford Avenues. There you will find Christmas gardens done in the best Baltimore manner. And long may they flourish!

Note: Mr. Dulaney of the *Baltimore News-Post* wrote this article especially for the TOWER LIGHT.



Why?

BARBARA HAILE

PETER, clad in ragged cotton garments which threatened to fall apart with every motion of his tired young body, trudged homeward down the railroad tracks. The cause of his dejected appearance could be traced to his conflicting thoughts, which despite his manly struggle made tears come. Christmas was less than two weeks away, and Peter did not know what to give his pretty young teacher, Miss Marie Wilson. Next to his patient and hard-working mother, Peter loved Miss Wilson with all the strength of his hungry heart. It was no new situation not to have even one meagre penny, but this time it hurt. Only money could buy a present, as Peter realized only too well.

Suddenly Peter made a sharp turn from the railroad. Outlined against the gray and misty sky before him was a two-room shack. Covered with tar paper, it was old and dilapidated. One of the two windows was broken, and had a rag stuffed in it. It was dark. That meant that Peter's mother wasn't home. Once inside the bare but neat room, Peter opened a can of beans and made some black coffee. Then, sitting on his stool, and still absorbed in thinking of ways and means to get a present that would please Miss Wilson, Peter idly began to whittle with a broken knife on an old block of wood.

Presently the door opened. A slight woman, who must have been very pretty in her youth, entered. Her wavy brown hair was already tinged with gray, and her eyes and mouth gave one's heart a wrench, so pained and sad were they. On seeing Peter she determinedly thrust back her shoulders, and with a poor attempt at gaiety called out;

"And how did you get along at school today, Peter? What story do you have about your pretty new teacher? I must say that soon you'll be having me jealous of Miss Wilson! I must see her once and learn how——. Now, Peter, one hug is enough; you take my breath away. Here, child, let's settle it with a kiss.

"Why, Peter, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, Mother, nothing—really!"

"Oh, why didn't you tell me," his mother said reproachfully, "you've been crying! What is the matter dear? Has that bully of a 'Mike' been picking on you again?"

A burst of pent-up sobs answered her. The first reference to his teacher had started the tears, and his mother's sympathy had opened the gates. Very gently Mrs. Linville patted Peter on the back, and quietly waited until he should be able to talk. Soon everything was quiet.

"Come, Peter, let's eat; then talk. I'm starved! I was so busy working today that I didn't get a chance to eat my lunch. Oh, by the way, here is some news that ought to cheer you. Mr. Collins, the lawyer, stopped in this morning and he admired your little dog that you whittled. He liked it so much that he wanted to know if you would consider making one for his daughter. Peter, here is a real chance for you to do yourself proud!"

Peter's interest was aroused by this story. Gradually he forgot his troubles, and by the time he was washing dishes he was whistling. After doing some cleaning and his lessons, Peter gratefully sought the refuge of his bed for he was so very tired. Yet somehow, sleep would not come. The first thing he knew, he found himself thinking, thinking, and thinking about his problem. For an hour he lay there, tossing and turning and worrying. Suddenly he sat up. Why not? If Mr. Collins liked his whittling, maybe Miss Wilson would too! And, with an overwhelming realization, Peter knew that this would be just the thing. And best of all, it would

cost him absolutely nothing. When Peter's mother came to kiss him good-night, she knew by the peaceful smile on his lips and by his deep breathing that everything was all right again.

The next morning the boy was up much earlier than usual. He went as fast as he could singing lustily to the lumber yard, and there spent some time trying to find a small scrap of wood that would suit his needs. Finally, he saw, over in a corner with a small pile of chips and nails, a rectangular chunk of pine. Peter snatched it. Then he went home, and hid it until he should have time to work on it.

Every day of school seemed very long to Peter. He was the first to dash out-doors and home. It seemed no sacrifice to abandon games and play in order that he might whittle away at that block of wood. He wanted his gift to please his teacher and to be worthy of her.

Peter decided that he would make a canoe. This would be unique, and yet useful in that his teacher could keep things in it. For many nights he lay awake planning every detail, and every spare minute during the day he worked feverishly, struggling to make as perfect a gift as possible.

Six more days, five, four—the blisters that rose on his palms were mere nothings—three, two—it was all for *her*—one, and on the Eve of Christmas Peter finished it. Exalted, he fussed and fussed with some plain white paper and red string, trying to express the whole poetry of his young soul in the wrapping of a Christmas gift.

In the early evening, Peter bore his package eagerly to the school-room for the Christmas tree. He watched the cotton-whiskered Santa Claus distribute gift after gift. The two or three that came to him gave him only brief thrills of pleasure. When he saw *the* gift at last being taken down, he knew his big moment was at hand. Quietly with rapidly beating heart, he slipped over near his teacher, but taking pains that she should not see him.

All at once a terrible thought assailed Peter. What if she should laugh?

What happened was a million times worse. Peter hadn't realized how his dirty hands in wrapping and tying had left their marks on the white paper.

She slipped the package unopened into her bag. And in a low voice—but not so low that Peter's eager ears failed to hear her—she said with tolerant despair to the girl nearest her:

"What a dirty little mess these kids can make of a Christmas package."

Hot tears spilled into Peter's eyes and a great lump rose in his throat as he slipped quietly away, sick at heart—ashamed and not quite understanding why. It was Peter's first disillusionment—his first taste of the world's unwitting cruelty to the innocent.

Assurance

NANCY METZGER

When threats of war rage on this earth,
When prayers seem to have lost their worth,
When tired brain can scheme no more,
When times are not as they were before,
There is a Joy, a Hope—Eternal.

Autumn's Discretion

E. M. B.

Autumn
Subtle old woman,
Extravagantly splashing pigments
 Corn shocks
 Squatting idly,
 Casting rugged blots against the blue.
 Dishevelled hourglass contours
 Fading into the wrinkled earth.
 Pumpkins
 Distorted balls of orange.
 Spotching the somber brown..
 Leaves
 Flaunting in vivid masses
 On bony trees,
 Then
 Unfolding a carpet of crunchy crispness.
 Colors
 Ultimately fading
 Leaving her palette cold and barren.
Autumn
Shrewd old woman,
Stealthily, silently passing on. .

The Mantle of White

M. M. WILSON

Each season it seems 'tis God's pleasure
To sprinkle the fields with snow
So that the earth's deep rifts and scars
Will be healed, and will not show.
A mantle of white lies over the trees
The birch and the pine tree too,
With a soft white coverlet 'round their feet
Snatching the gnarls from view.
It's wonderful what a healing power
Is given those small white sparks
Or they may be dashed by the winter winds
Leaving trees broken and stark.
But whatever it be, we cannot change
The snow nor the wind nor rain
For the Lord in His heaven rules us all
And the world is His domain..



Moment of Song

EDITH A. SPAHR

What must I thank my Father for?
Valuable things, score on score,
And one of these is eyes, to see
Your smiling eyes when you look at me.
Then what must I say on bended knee?
"Thank you, God, so good to me"
Who gave me ears that listen so
For a simple word of praise, so low.
For what must I sing to heaven high?
Whenever you, my friend, go by?
For lips to speak, and words to say,
To tell the world your every way.
What have I to be thankful for?
Shelter, and food, but oh—~~for~~ more!
Sun, sky, and wind; yes, ~~all these things~~ these things too.
But most of all, ~~love like yours.~~ for friends like you.

Christmas 1938

ONE OF OUR ALUMNI

From the earliest time I can remember, Christmas has been the high point of the year to me. At first it was the excitement of the toys, the glittering tree, the school entertainment. Later, Christmas came to symbolize family affections, and the holiness of birth, music. Whatever sorrow has come, or loneliness, the beauty of Christmas has not been destroyed.

This year finds me teaching in a neighborhood where filth, disease, poverty, are the common boundaries of life. I have seen and learned many things that are not lovely. And yet surprisingly I find that I am coming to believe more strongly in some of the ideals which "ran empty" the first years of teaching.

I am frequently being told that there is no use in trying to keep better the people of my school community; that most of them are the same shiftless sort as their parents before them, and that their children will settle in the same ways of life. I suppose there is some truth in that. I believed it for quite a while. But I can't quite believe it now. You see, I like my children—I like them an *awful* lot, and I'm too stubborn to believe that they are going to grow up to be nothing but drags on society. I have ego enough to think that I have some power to help, direct, encourage (call it what you will), those whom I teach.

I have become impatient many times with the stupidity of these children. I have seen their homes, the bareness, filth, and the people they call their families. I have been appalled by the stench of their unwashed bodies, and the blasphemy of their language. I have been discouraged and disgusted when, more than once, a mother has sold the food I provided for her children to buy liquor for herself.

If I cannot add a shading of meaning and beauty to life for these children so that the pattern they create will be a *little* better than the pattern which produced them, then the security, the love, and the beauty which has surrounded me and sustained me all my life were horribly wasted.

This Christmas is different. For the first time in my life I feel that I have something to give that is wanted and needed. I pray with all the earnestness I know, that I may *give*.



“Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas—”

Nadolig L lawen a Blwyddn Newydd dda

JOHN OWENS

CHRISTMAS in Wales is not unlike the English celebration. Many weeks before the great event the Welsh women are busy in their kitchens making mince meat of suet, apples, currants, citron, spices, and cider mixed thoroughly together. This delicious mixture is then placed in crocks to be used for Christmas pies and tarts.

When the plum puddings are prepared everyone in the household must stir the ingredients three times with a spoon to bring good luck. The mixture is tied in a square linen cloth or placed in earthenware bowls, which are covered with a cloth in such a manner as to form a handle. For approximately ten hours the puddings are steamed or boiled over the fireplace in highly polished iron boilers. When the puddings are done the stained cloths are replaced with clean ones and the desserts are stored in the pantry for the following year.

The week of the great holiday has come! Through the towns the women with Welsh flannel shawls over their shoulders hurry from store to store buying their Christmas groceries with which they make more delicacies. Welsh cheese cakes, cookies, tarts, and fruit cakes are always exchanged with the neighbors.

Small shops are gayly decorated and display their wares in unique fashion. In the butcher shops, meats garnished with parsley are hung in windows on large steel bars and pig's head is displayed with an orange or an apple in its mouth.

Together the men and boys gather holly, cedar, and crow's foot and hang the greens over the mantle and behind the pictures; the mistletoe is hung in the doorway. Since pine and fir trees are not abundant, artificial trees or greens are generally used, but in the churches and public halls the gentry give large trees from their estates for decorations.

Once more our attention is turned to the women working busily in the homes. While the children are shining brass candlesticks and andirons, the women are working industriously in the kitchen. A very old custom is to make faggots at this time since the hogs are killed during the cold weather. Faggots are made of the heart and liver of the pig mixed with onions and sage and rolled into small balls which are wrapped with the caul fat or apron of the pig. Baked faggots are served throughout the week with boiled peas and mashed potatoes.

Christmas Eve has come! Stockings hung by the children above the fireplace are filled with nuts, fruits, and candies. Gifts are exchanged by the Welsh only within the family..

Late in the evening come the carolers carrying lighted lanterns. One of the carolers masquerades as a horse and gallops inside a home. Then with one caroler inside and one outside they answer each other in original verse. For possibly five or ten minutes this goes on and the whole group is rewarded by the master of the house with bright new pennies. Musicians playing at the home of the gentry usually receive one half crown to aid in the support of the band.

Each village has its local bard who composes songs and verse, some of which are:

Christmas is coming
The geese are getting fat
Please put a penny in the old man's hat
If you haven't got a penny
A ha' penny will do,
If you haven't got a ha' penny
God bless you.

or

I wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year
A pocket full of money
And a cellar full of beer.
The roads are very dirty
My shoes are very thin
But I've got a little pocket
To put my money in.

On Christmas Day, the Welsh go to church and greet their friends with *Nadolig lawen* a *Blwyddn Newydd dda*, which means Happy Christmas and a Good New Year.



Christmas Lasts a Month in Czechoslovakia

HELEN PICEK

Dec. Sixth—*Den Svate'ho Mikula'se*. Suddenly the sound of a bell pierces the stillness of the cold night air. Saint Nicholas has arrived! Mother hastens to the door and admits a white sheeted form followed by two other figures; one clad as an angel, the other as a devil. The white sheeted figure, St. Nicholas, cordially greets the elderly members of the family and gradually brings the conversation to the discussion of the discipline of the youngsters. Jencek fearfully observes the huge whip carried by the devil, for he remembers the time when he stole those plums from the neighbors' tree. Marnka meanwhile is saying her prayers over

and over again to herself. She must kneel at the feet of St. Nicholas and pray; therefore, she must say her prayers effectively so as to receive the angel's blessing and win St. Nicholas' favor. Tonight she will hang her stocking with goodies when he passes by at midnight.

Dec. 24—*Stedry Vecer*. Everyone is seated around a huge table, all covered with fruit, nuts, many fish dishes, tea, and wine. Everyone is exceedingly hungry, for had they not fasted all day, so that they might see the golden pig? Father has just cut the Christmas twist and has given the first slice to mother to put away till next year, for a piece of the Christmas twist in the home means good luck. Grandmother and father have cut an apple in half. The core of father's apple is in the shape of a star. That means that he will live to see the next Christmas. Grandmother's, alas, has a cross-like appearance. Bravely she brushes away a tear. This is to be her last Christmas on earth.

Abruptly the meal is interrupted by the sound of a bell. The children scamper to the living room to behold a most beautiful sight. There in the center of the room, stands a huge fir tree, lighted by many tiny candles, and covered with gilded nuts, apples, oranges, pears, hearts, and animal and human figures made either of gingerbread or candy. Some of the candy ones are even filled with punch. The only non-eatable ornaments are the paper chains and the huge silver star at the top of the tree. Beneath the tree is the Bethlehem scene, around which the gifts are placed. These gifts do not bear the name of the doner. Oh, no! The Christ Child has given them. It was He who had set up the beautiful scene, while we ate.

When the children are safely tucked in bed, the grown ups play cards for nuts. The youths meanwhile go out and shake the lilac bushes, or observe from what direction a dog barks; for it is from that direction that their love will come. All attend the Midnight Services, where they join in the singing of hymns and prayers of "Peace on Earth, Good Will To Men."

December 26—the spirit of good will pervades the atmosphere, devoted as it is to poor unfortunate children, who form groups and go from house to house, singing the "Koledu." For their efforts they are rewarded by gifts of candies, nuts, fruits, and a piece of the Christmas Twist.

January 6 is the final day of the holidays and is dedicated to the Three Kings. Three altar boys, dressed like the Three Kings, go from one door to another singing Christmas Carols. When they are given a gold piece they will write with chalk the initials of the Three Kings above the door (K-M-B). This lettering lasts till the following year. This day marks the first time since Christmas Eve that the children have been allowed to eat any sweets off the tree; so they are correspondingly happy.

Yule-Tide in Italy

MARIE FARAINO

"O'er mournful lands and bare, without a sound,
Gently, in broadening flakes, descends the snow
In velvet layers. Beneath its pallid glow,
Silent, immaculate, all earth is bound."

—*Edmondo de Amicis.*

Italy! the land of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Raphael, Michelangelo, and a host of other shining lights in literature and art!

Can we imagine any one of them as a boy watching eagerly for Christmas to arrive; saving up money for weeks to purchase some coveted dainty of the season; rushing through crowded streets on Christmas Eve to view the Bambino and if possible to kiss its pretty bare toe? How strange it all seems! Yet boys to-day probably do many of the same things they did long ago during the observance of this holy season in historic, artistic Italy.

In November, while flowers are yet in bloom, preparations are begun for the coming festivities. The principal streets are full of carriages, the shops are full of the choicest wares, and it is to be hoped that the pocketbooks are overflowing in order to purchase the beautiful articles displayed.

During the "Novena," or eight days preceding Christmas, in some provinces shepherds go from house to house inquiring if Christmas is to be kept there. If it is, they leave a wooden spoon to mark the place, and later bring their bagpipes or other musical instruments to play and sing before these dwellings.

It is expected that those who have a "presepio" are ready by this time to receive guests to pray before it and strolling musicians to sing before it, for the "presepio" is the principal feature of an Italian Christmas. It is made as expensive as its owner can afford, and sometimes much more so. It is a miniature representation of the birthplace of Christ, showing the Holy Family,—Joseph, Mary, and the Infant represented by a doll who is brought in later and solemnly deposited in the manger. There are angels and other figures several inches high, carved usually in sycamore wood, prettily colored and introduced to please the owner's taste. The whole is artistically arranged to represent the scene at Bethlehem which the season commemorates. When the festivities cease, the "presepio" is taken apart and carefully stored away for use another year.

The Ceppo, or Yule-log is lighted at two o'clock the day previous to Christmas. During the twenty-four hours preceding Christmas Eve a rigid fast is observed with no Christmas cheer in the atmosphere, for the

season is strictly one of religion. At early twilight candles are lighted around the "presepio" and the children recite before it poems suitable for the occasion. Then follows the banquet, made as elaborate as possible. The menu varies in different parts of the country, but everywhere fish forms an important part of the food. In many places a capon stuffed with chestnuts is considered indispensable, and sometime the family purse is stretched to its utmost to provide this luxury. Macaroni is of course the ever-present dish on all occasions throughout the country, and various sweetmeats are abundantly provided.

There is no evergreen used in either church or home trimmings, but flowers, natural or artificial, are substituted. Soon after nine o'clock, young and old leave their home for some church in which the Christmas Eve services begin by ten o'clock.

Every Roman Catholic Church is crowded on Holy Night with men, women, and children anxious to see the procession of Church officials in their beautiful robes, who carry the "Bambino" about the church for the worshipers to behold and kiss. The larger the church generally the more beautiful the sight. At two o'clock on Christmas morning the Shepherd's Hymn is chanted, and at five o'clock the first high mass is held.

At the close of the service at St. Peter's, the Pope is carried out of the church, blessing the multitude as he passes.

Christmas in Greece

VENETA LAMBROS

"Merry Christmas!" the joyous greeting of our holiday season in America, is replaced in Greece by "Eti Palla ta Christnena!" meaning "many years." In Greece Christmas is purely a religious holiday. Gifts are exchanged not at this time but on New Year's Day. Christmas is the one day when everybody goes to church and in most cases to midnight mass. The majority of Greek folk belong to the Greek Orthodox Church. At midnight mass the highest forms of ritual are performed. There are special prayers, chants, music, decorations, and offerings. The priests don their best vestments and jeweled stoles. Fragrant incense of thyme is burned in the church and each person holds a lighted candle.

On Christmas evening the people gather in some hall or private home where they sing folk songs and dance "Kalamatiana" and "Tsamika"—special Christmas dances. The formation of these is a semi-circle with a head man who does the figures and leads the rest of the circle. In the large cities the people have Christmas trees but they also do not exchange presents. Instead, they hang small favors or souvenirs on the tree which the hosts give to all their visitors during the day. Christmas carols similar to ours are sung during the day. In many cases they are sung by large choirs for charitable purposes.

Great preparations are made inside the home for Christmas just as is done in America. The Greeks clean their houses, buy new clothes. They prepare elaborate dinners much like ours, consisting of turkey, chicken, pork or lamb, and vegetables. However, the food is fixed in a different style. There is a national cake on this day much like our traditional fruit cake. It is made from selected flour and filled with sesame seeds, walnuts, raisins, and jelly. The top is decorated with canes made of dough.

New Year's Day is celebrated with more merriment—gifts are exchanged and parties are held. A special cake for this holiday is baked. In the cake are put a few coins—one of them a silver one. When the cake is cut, the person receiving the silver coin is the lucky one of the New Year. "Agios Basiliss" is the most familiar song on this day.

While Christmas is considered the most sacred holiday of the year, it is not celebrated with the merriment, fun, and gift giving of the New Year or with the joy of Easter.

"Wesalego Alleluia"

ELIZABETH ZENTZ

On the pavements lay pools of light from the windows of the house on the corner. Clear, golden, friendly light! Shadows misshapen with wreaths and garlands passed in an endless procession behind the drawn curtains. An odor so tantalizing as to be almost unbearable was the reward of any passer-by lucky enough to find the door open, for there was warmth and laughter and love and an ecstasy of anticipation in that house. It was Christmas Eve!

Soon the fitful candle-light shone gently over the circle of joyous faces visible above the gleaming expanse of the very best white table cloth. The centerpiece of polished fruits garnished with nuts and branches of laurel and fir, was flanked by myriads of burning candles. The china had been rubbed to a high luster, and the silver reflected the twinkling candle flames in its burnished depths. The meal had just begun. The old grandmother rose slowly, taking a paten of oplatek in her hands. Breaking a piece, she gave it to her son, saying,

"Eat, my son. And may the well-being and the happiness of all the years find your heart tonight."

Her son took the wafer, which was made of flour and water, marked with the design of a rude wooden crib. After kissing his mother's hand, he ate his portion. He passed the oplatek to his wife, who ate her share with the same wish between them. She in turn offered the paten to her daughters while the room resounded with the good wishes given and received. At the conclusion of the age-old ceremony, the dinner was

served by the grandmother. Such an array of good things to eat! Soup of plums and noodles, shrimp crisply fried, gravy with mushrooms and green pepper, fish set in jelly-moulds, puddings of rice and plums, cakes lacquered with melted sugar and decorated with tiny candles, and Angel-Food made of moon seeds and currants. Eat it on Christmas Eve, and all your wishes will come true. After the wine and sweets had almost miraculously disappeared, the grandmother started an old Polish carol. In an instant, the whole family joined in and sang to their heart's content—or at least until the candles sputtered and threatened to go out.

After the table had been cleared, there were more carols, and then the family went together to the midnight service at the church of their choice. On the way home, groups of young people gathered together to visit their friends and wish them all a Merry Christmas. For it *was* Christmas Day! And lo and behold! Father Christmas had paid his long awaited visit. The Christmas tree was fairly groaning under the burden of candies, figs, and dates, to say nothing of the glittering balls and shimmering tinsel. The floor beneath was carpeted with packages of the most mysterious sizes and shapes, while the once limp stockings were stretched nearly out of all bounds by their bulging contents.

So the holiday ran its gauntlet of family visits and dinners, parties and fun; and the new year found the house swept and garnished for its yearly blessing, while the family looked forward to another Christmas, another opportunity to say, "Wesalego Alleluia—Merry Christmas!"



Christmas in Germany

IRMA SENNHENN

On Saint Nickolas Day, December the sixth, German children go about in a state of joyful anticipation. Their excitement is due to the fact that on this day, Pelznickel, Santa Claus's helper, visits all homes in which there are children.

He approaches ringing a bell, and is seen to be a huge man bundled up in a great coat. Were it not for his enormous moustache he might be said to have some resemblance to one of the villagers. He enters the house carrying a huge pack, and in a deep voice asks the children if they have been obedient and studious throughout the year.

His eyes twinkle at their eager affirmatives and he assures the children that their goodness will be amply rewarded on Christmas morning. Then reaching into his pack, he draws forth heaps of nuts, prunes, and apples, which he flings helter skelter upon the floor. Instantly the youngsters scramble madly for the treasures, and Pelznickel departs laughing.

On Christmas Eve, the children are sent to bed early, and the elder members of the family busy themselves with the trimming of the Christmas tree. Christmas balls are seldom used. Instead gilded walnuts, candies, brightly colored pictures of saints, and little jumping jacks adorn the boughs.

Their work being finished, the parents sit down to a meal of salted herring, black bread, and beer. The Germans believe that such a meal, eaten at the exact hour when the Christ Child was born, will bring health and good luck throughout the year. The salt is the most important item for assuring good luck. Even the cattle are given salt on Christmas Eve.

At midnight, a blast from the night-watchman's trumpet is borne across the cold, still air, and his voice is heard proclaiming the hour, a signal for the grownups to journey across the crisp, creaking snow, to the little church standing under the frosty stars. There they sing Christmas songs and worship the Christ Child while the Christmas bells ring out.

Early the next morning, the children hurry downstairs to see if Pelznickel is a man of his word. They are confronted by the Christmas tree in all its glory, and are overjoyed by the sight of the presents beneath it.

Later in the day, the Christmas goodies are brought out. There are hot spiced wines, various kinds of cookies, and a huge fruit cake.

Outside all is cold and white and very still, but within, the tooting of little tin horns, the shrill piping of whistles, and the shouts of merry laughter testify to the fact that Christmas cheer indeed prevails.



German Christmas Cookies

Did you ever see a carved wooden mold brought from Germany many years ago, used in the making of "springerle" or anise seed cookies? In case you'd like to spend some of your holiday moments in the kitchen, here's one of the versions of the recipe for which such molds are used:

Springerle

1 lb. flour	butter size of a walnut
4 large eggs	2 level tsp. baking powder
1 lb. sugar	anise seed

Sift the flour and the sugar. Then stir the butter, sugar, eggs and baking powder (which has been dissolved in a little milk) for fifteen minutes—longer if your patience holds out. Add as much flour as will make a stiff dough. Roll out the dough until it is about half as thick as your

medium-sized finger. Sprinkle the dough with flour and press the patterns into it (use your ingenuity if you haven't a mold as described); then cut the dough into rectangles. Place the cookies on a board covered with anise seed and keep them in a dry place over night. The next morning you may bake them in a moderate oven until they are a delicious light yellow color.

Here's a version of another favorite:

Pfeffer-Nuesse

4 eggs	2 tsp. baking powder
3 cups flour	1 cup nuts (pecans are good)
4 tsp. cinnamon	2 tsp. cloves
2 cups sugar	2 tbs. butter
	2 nutmegs

Use your culinary skill in making a stiff mixture of the ingredients. Roll the mixture into little balls and bake in a moderate oven.

This is delicious if you can resist sampling all the ingredients:

Lebkuchen

1 lb. brown sugar	1½ tsp. cooking soda
¼ gal. black molasses	1 tbs. each of cinnamon, cloves, and allspice
¼ lb. butter	Grated rind of 1 orange and 2 lemons
¼ lb. citron	½ lb. of flour to start
¼ glass whiskey	
1½ lb. nuts	

Mix the flour, spices, grated rinds, and nuts.

Heat the molasses to a boil, melt in the butter and sugar. When the mixture has cooled add the whiskey and soda (no pun intended) and pour these liquids over the dry part, mixing quickly, and adding flour to make a good stiff dough. Let all of this stand overnight in the mixing bowl. The next morning add flour to roll out the dough, cut in the desired shapes, bake, and ice.

Note: The Staff welcomes samples of your experiences with these recipes.



An art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella." This is encouraging to visitors.

(Best Stories of the World—Masson.)

Druids, England and Us

CATHERINE GRAY

Things I never knew about the Druids:

The Druids were very clever business men. They even took advantage of the Yuletide. Twelve days before Christmas—according to religious law—the priests consecrated fires in their temples. On the same date every household extinguished its fire. If the villagers wanted heat for the holidays, they had to come to the temple and *buy* a fire brand from the Druids. It was just too bad if a stiff wind or a hard rain came up as you were hurrying home with your winter's fire.

On the eve of Christmas the Druids sent youths from house to house to distribute mistletoe *free of charge*. I say "free of charge" because the mistletoe distribution had no connection with the fact that the people who got these little gifts were expected to contribute handsomely to the temple. Yes, sir, the Druids certainly had something there. Did you know about it?



Where is God in Time of War?

LOIS RUTH BARBE

Does He know that men have died?
Can He see the red blood tide?
Will He hear the hearts that cried?
Where is God in time of war?

Does He know that children cry for bread?
Can He see each mother's dread?
Will He hear each prayer that's said?
Where is God in time of war?

Does He know the dark despair?
Can He see the shell torn air?
Will He hear each whispered prayer?
Where is God in time of war?

Does He know that Christmas's here?
Can He see the Christ draw near?
Will He hear, Oh will He hear?
Where is God in time of war?

Rosie Columbus

CATHERINE GRAY

THE wind shrieked down the mountain side and chased the snow through the valley. The giant Ozarks, made still greater by layers of ice, towered majestically and mystically over the tiny huts in the valley. On its sharp sides cabins were scattered like toys beneath a Christmas tree. It did not look like Christmas, 1899, in this desolate village. In fact, it is doubtful if anyone here knew it was Christmas. Near the top of one of the mountains, a cabin nestled, the best hut in the village. Tackett had worked hard on it. He had gathered the logs himself and, with his wife's help, had built his house. Later he had found the worse cracks in its sides and had stuffed them with rags and tar. Scraps of tin—tin, mind you, not the sod and mud used by the villagers—scraps of tin were used for his roof. The inside looked just as grand as the outside, his neighbors claimed. Tackett had made a table, three chairs, and a huge bed. His wife had made coverlets of rags for the bed and had a table cloth to use when people came to see them.

Pictures of this grandeur passed through a worn woman's mind as she tried to warm herself and her infant by a small fire. The cave was her home. Her great-grandfather, a miner, had found it after a cave-in of one of the mine-shafts and in it he had lived, he and his children and their children. Whimpering sounds came from her mouth as she looked around her cheerless "home" and then glanced down at the wonderful cabin on the side of the Ozarks. The child that she strove to warm would live as she lived and the child's young ones, too. "Oh, God, when?"

There was no way out.

McKinley, assassinated—no one in the Ozarks knew it.

The gas-buggy rolled down 5th Avenue—no one in the Ozarks cared.

The slide-movies entertained thousands—no one in the Ozarks saw them.

The wind sliced through the valley. The snow whirled down the mountain. On its barren sides cabins were scattered like toys beneath a Christmas tree. It did not look like Christmas, 1914. It is doubtful if any of the inhabitants of the village knew it was Christmas. Near the top of a mountain was a cabin—not just a hut like the other cabins—but a palace with a tin roof, and log sides stuffed with rags and tar. Tackett was so fortunate. He and his wife and son were "wealthy." His wife even had a tin tub to wash clothes in. If you do not believe it, there it is on the side of the cabin.

These were the visions of splendor that passed through another worn woman's mind as she pressed her infant child closer in an effort to warm it. The fire of sticks did not seem to give much heat, but then it is hard to heat a cave. Her great-great-grandfather had found it after a cave-in of one of the mines. He had lived in it, he and his children and their children. Come to think of it, the home had not been used long. Most of the women died before they were 20. Malnutrition and exposure the village doctor had called the causes of their deaths. The woman looked dully at her infant girl and then at the young man who had just gone into the cabin. A hard-working miner, her husband had told her. "That young feller," he had said, "mines twice the coal that the old 'uns do. Just wait, he'll get to the top."

He'll get to the top. But what of her little golden-haired darling—where would she go? Her husband looked up from his crouching position by the fire and put his arm around his wife. "Don't worry, Lee, some day we'll live in a cabin like that."

* * *

The cave changed not at all by 1923. Lee Columbus had reached the age of 22 and would probably live to the ripe old age of 30. Her husband still worked the mines, but he did not seem to get as much coal out as he should. Age told, in the mining business. Fleming Tackett secretly put part of his coal loads into his friend's cart. He pitied the older man, his wife and their golden-haired child. Perhaps someday they would get out of their cave. Perhaps. But how? How? That was the question that ran through Lee's mind as she watched Rosie play with her rag doll. Lee did not have the heart to make the child carry the water and wash the clothes as her neighbors' children did. Rosie was not strong. She needed the sunlight and the brisk fresh air that swept down the mountain. That cave had almost taken the golden girl's life. That cave! Tears of frustration leapt to the mother's eyes as she bent over the tin tub Fleming had given her for washing. She scrubbed harder to keep the tears back. Joe did not like to see her cry. But that cave—one opening through which sunshine and fresh air must go and from which the smoke from the fire, foul air and rotten odors must come. There was constant fear that some day the cave-in that had created the hole would close it some night, forever. Then what? ? ?

Lee straightened painfully and brushed a strand of once golden hair back with a soapy hand. Bubbles drifted from the tub and floated toward Rosie. The child dropped her doll to catch them and chased them down the mountain side. The tired woman looked after her and smiled wanly. So sweet, so gentle—just as she had been once. She looked at herself in the huge bubbles. Her hair was pulled back into a knot. Wisps of it

strayed down over her wrinkled brow and played over a worn cheek. Her faded blue eyes shifted from the tub to Tackett's cabin. "Two windows and a door, a regular fireplace and a chimney to let the smoke out. If only—Oh, God, show me a way out," she sighed.

(To be continued in January issue.)



The Bayberry Candle

PAUL MASSICOT

It is the time of holly, evergreen, and bayberry candles. Do you have your bayberry candle for Christmas? Legend says that if you light a bayberry candle on Christmas day and it burns for its complete length, you will have money all year round. But be careful! If your candle goes out, you won't have any money all year.

Professor Kalm, a Swedish naturalist, came to America in the year 1748, and left with us an account of the bayberry wax which is used in making candles. The plant, a bush or shrub, is found in large quantities on our eastern coast. It thrives particularly well in a wet soil in the neighborhood of the sea. The berries are greyish green and grow in clusters. They are about the size of holly berries and ripen in the autumn and are then gathered.

They are thrown into a pot full of boiling water. Their fat melts out and floats to the top where it is skimmed off. As soon as the tallow is congealed, it looks like common wax, but has a dirty green color. It is melted over and refined and acquires a fine, transparent green color. Candles made from bayberry do not bend easily, nor melt in warm temperatures as common candles do. They burn slower and better, and do not cause any smoke, but give off a fragrant smell when extinguished.

A rather interesting story is told about one of the bayberry candles used by an early colonist in New England. It was then the custom to place a small amount of gunpowder at the base of the candle. When the candle had burned down its full length, the gunpowder exploded, telling the colonist that all would be well for another year. A certain colonial woman had lighted her candle, and had just finished the Christmas feast, when a group of hostile Indians entered her cabin. Just as the Indians were about to attack the colonist, the candle burned to the gunpowder and it exploded, frightening the Indians away.

This Christmas get your bayberry candle; light it, enjoy its friendly fire and sweet scent. May it burn to its very end!

I was not There

J. A. S.

I was not there when she was born,
But somehow I recall,
A mist, a hush, a mystic air,
That hovered over all.

The Gods reared back and hushed the throngs,
The cherub voices loud proclaimed.
The sky gave forth a mighty sigh
And down to us she came.

The world has changed its face since then,
Its orders disarranged.
But she is constant — a fixed star
Unspoiled, angelic; yea, unchanged.

To me she brought a mighty gift —
A mighty cross to bear.
And yet, I'd not go home again
If she would not be there.

CHRISTMAS SEALS



**Help to Protect
Your Home from
Tuberculosis**

The Red Cross is an international organization. Its purposes are to render volunteer aid to sick and wounded in time of war, and to answer emergency calls caused by unforeseen calamities such as fire and flood. It furnishes relief in time of peace and tries to prevent the causes of misfortune. In this last category we may classify the appeal for money to be raised by the Christmas seals for the Maryland Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. How shall we answer that appeal?

Toys in the School

BETTY SMILEY

So often have we heard, "Make the children's interests the center of your teaching." At this time of year every child's thoughts are of toys he would like to have for Christmas. Every shop window is filled with shiny horns, colorful balls, lifelike dolls and big red drums waiting to "rat-a-tat". But what has all this to do with the schoolroom where children are sent to learn, not play? How can a teacher of small children use this interest as a theme for teaching?

There are many scientific principles behind the operation of even the simplest toys. Can you remember wondering, as a child, why a ball bounced, why your new doll said "mamma" just like a real baby, or why brother's little boat stayed on top the water in the bathtub? A wise teacher will use these "whys and wherefores" as problems to be solved in science lessons.

Toys are not only valuable as science material but can be used to develop ideas of safety and health. The teacher should guide the children in learning how they should take care of toys, where they should keep them, and where they should play at home and school.

In arithmetic toys can be used as "materials for gaining number experiences". In the first grade where vocabulary building is a specific objective, the children can soon learn that one doll is larger than another and the number of marbles in this group is greater than the number in that group. Toys and pictures of toys can be used as a means of teaching group concepts and addition combinations.

One can readily see how a study of toys can be integrated with music and literature. Songs such as "The Big Drum" and stories like "In the Toyshop" are available.

In art there are innumerable activities. Although some children may want to draw pictures of toys, most of them will want to participate in the construction of toys. They may for the first time learn how to use tools as well as how to work with others. Playing with the finished products will provide physical activities.

These are only some of the uses of toys as educational materials, but they should help to answer the question so often asked, "What place can toys have in the schoolroom?"

To Grandmother's House We Go

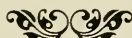
DONALD FOSTER

"'Twas grand having Bill and Mary and the kids out today wasn't it, Paw? It was fine to see the children playing in the snow and coming in to get warm."

"'Twouldn't seem like home this time of the year if they weren't here, would it, Maw? The kids had a wonderful time, but I doubt if their joy was any greater than ours."

I wonder why so many people enjoy visiting their grandparents at this season. Perhaps it is the smell of the delicious pumpkin and mince pies that are being made. Perhaps it is the fun they have cutting out the cookies and baking them. Perhaps it is the tasty and inviting dinner that Ma and Grandma have prepared, to which they look forward. Perhaps in the evening, after the dinner is over, it is the quiet satisfaction of sitting in the kitchen beside the old stove which has a dull red glow, and under the kerosene lamp which sheds its soft light, and listening to Grandpa tell stories. Perhaps these things draw them.

But I wonder if it doesn't go a little deeper than that. I wonder if there isn't something in the fact that they went to see Grandma and Grandpa for themselves alone. I wonder if it isn't the spirit of Christmas that these old people show all year round, that makes them so attractive. I wonder, if at Christmas time, they don't think of that Great Gift, whose birth they are commemorating and in whose spirit they are trying to live. I wonder.



Have You Heard These ?

"If" and "when" were planted and "nothing" grew up.

It's all right to have a train of thoughts if you have a terminal.

Some folks would rather lose a friend than an argument.

Don't worry because the tide is going out—it always comes back.

Men honor results; God honors efforts.

When the Lord made women and sprinkled them with a little curiosity, the top must have fallen off the shaker.

No wonder there's a lot of knowledge in the colleges; the freshmen always take a little in and the seniors never take any away.

Mastering Skills and Knowledges

M. T. GOEDEKE

Not so long ago the curriculum of the school consisted principally of the three R's: reading, writing, and arithmetic. They were the goals of learning! The whole emphasis in education was formerly placed on the mastery of the three R's. These subjects were taught as unrelated drill units which consumed most of the day. They were taught with little reference to life interests or actual pupil needs. Drill, even in the first grade, was presented in a very mechanical fashion and children were forced to read or do arithmetic before the words or numbers meant anything to them.

In the modern school of today there is a different situation—skills are acquired as essential tools, not as the end result. How are they acquired? We answer: through projects in which the child is interested and which give rise to situations in which the learning will actually be needed. Much more emphasis is placed on the practical side of drill. The new program provides for readiness by making sure that children have reached an appropriate stage of preparation and adjustment for learning. Besides, we introduce this program more gradually as well as more informally and it does not require the memorization of useless facts. For example, instead of perhaps a thousand facts to learn in the third grade arithmetic, children now concentrate on 200 or 300 at the most. The modern school recognizes the child's need of direct instruction in order to acquire efficiency in skills. Formerly the only question asked was, "How far has the child gone in reading or arithmetic?" Now we ask, "How well can he use the newly acquired skills? Does he enjoy reading? Can he write rapidly enough for practical purposes? Is his arithmetic computation efficient enough to be of practical use?"

To sum the whole situation up, modern teaching has shifted the emphasis from learning the three R's, in the old sense, to "growing-up" in terms of learning. The modern school sets up conditions that will provide the best possible pupil growth in various skills and techniques, which will function in the child's daily living.



Signs Spotted

Jefferson, Texas: "Dr. Ruel Slaughter—Clinic Hospital."

New Concord, Ohio: "Mock Funeral Home."

Petersburg, Virginia: "No parking, not even Buicks."

THE TOWER LIGHT

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Do You Keep It?

K. C. F.

The streets are filled with specks of humanity covered by variously shaped bundles, each particle trying to push all the others aside in an effort to get the choice selections at the gift counter of some popular department store. Young and old, rich and poor, there they are—each hurrying to get there first. Apparently, prosperity has finally rounded the proverbial corner. In the home practically every radio program is principally concerned with urging you to buy—Ye Olde Time Fruit Cake, or Bonnie Best Chocolate Candy, or genuine imported European Wine, or any of the infinite list of wares advertised over the air. Very frequently the doorbell announces someone who wants to sell Christmas cards, beautifully decorated with Scotty dogs, kittens, etc. Such is Christmas in a land where the dollar is king.

Let us consider some Christmases which have passed. On that first Christmas night twenty centuries ago all was serene and quiet—a very fitting setting for the birth of the Prince of Peace. Then, did the Wise Men shout and clamor when they laid their gifts at His feet? No, reverent was that scene, too. As time went on, different nations established their own customs for celebrating Christmas. That is only to be expected, for do they not have different ways of dressing and of eating? But regardless of our creed or our nationality, shall we let the original meaning of Christmas be obscured in the din of a money-mad world?



Holiday Dictionary 1938

RENA KLEIN

"Peace on earth, good will toward men." This idealistic motto has symbolized the holiday season since the beginning of history. But today the world seems to have forgotten the meaning of peace and good will. What *is* peace? What *is* good will?

Is peace merely a technical term? Does it mean that so long as a war has not been formally declared peace reigns despite wholesale killing and so-called "blood purges."

The answer is evident. We do *not* have peace, for peace is security, rest, tranquillity. It implies freedom from public and private broils. It implies quiet in the world to do important and creative work. This is the peace of which we dream but which we do not have.

Is good will the persecution of scattered and helpless minorities? Is it characterized by confiscation, intolerance, and terror?

Again the reply is clear. At present "good will" is a term to be glibly lollod on the tongue with "fruit cake" and "Christmas turkey." But in reality good will is mutual friendship, cooperation. It is kindly feeling, benevolence. It connotes a world community, the brotherhood of man. Here, too, we are faced with disillusionment.

Are the true definitions of peace and good will obsolete and outmoded? Has this technical age robbed us of even the meanings of our ideals? These are the things which we must decide; and having made our decision, we must make certain that this decision provides that our descendants will know the true meaning of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

A Christmas Thought

C. PARKER

Although Christmas is still some time away, the air is already filled with Christmas cheer. It can be sensed in the atmosphere of the downtown stores; in conversations among people gathered in groups; and in that certain intangible quality which one inevitably associates with Christmas.

Regardless of everyday vicissitudes, and the petty annoyances of the "workaday" world, the Christmas season finds everyone in a holiday mood, ready to celebrate in the traditional manner—the Yuletide spirit is still firmly implanted in the hearts of men.

We should pause here for a few reflections. That the Christmas spirit still exists and that Christmas is yet celebrated, is little less than wonderful; and is probably the greatest tribute that can be paid Christianity. The Christian faith has been under heavy fire for a long time, a bombardment which has increased in intensity the last twenty or thirty years. Its very existence has been threatened—so much so, that in *two* countries the church has ceased to exist. A faith less lofty in its ideal; less enobling in its aims; and less appealing in its beauty, could not have survived.

We, as members of the Christian World, should realize that Christianity has been a prime mover in raising man from a brutish existence to the status he now enjoys; and that Christianity represents a conception of the Creator on a plane never before equaled by man in his long struggle to obtain a civilized life.

Realizing these facts, all of us should make every effort to celebrate the forthcoming season in the "spirit" as well as the flesh, and try to spread Christmas over the entire year—not just for ten or twelve days. The whole world needs to practice the Golden Rule every day.

The Library—At Your Service

THE library staff, believing that the Christmas season is primarily enjoyed by children and that "grown-ups" should contribute as much as possible to their happiness, has this month reviewed some of the newer children's books which might make welcome gifts. No attempt has been made to include Christmas stories alone, and, therefore, a variety of subjects will be found. However, every one is sure to prove delightful to the young reader.

Mitchell, Lucy Sprague: *Another Here and Now Story Book*; N. Y., E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc.; 1937.

"Another Here and Now Story Book" is a collection of stories and poems for the pre-school child. The stories are classified according to the age of the child to whom the stories are to be read; the age levels range from stories for two year olds to stories for six year olds.

The stories have the quality of sense, motor, and emotional experiences rather than mere content. The brightly colored illustrations also bring out these qualities. The books were written by teachers in schools that stand for careful study of children; the pictures were done by Rosalie Slocum who holds that paintings for smaller children should be determined by their needs and experiences. Each age division of the stories is supplemented by personality sketches of the children of that particular age; these are written for the adults who are to read the stories to the children.

Harper, Wilhelmina: *Merry Christmas to You*; N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1936.

Merry Christmas to You will make any child or teacher happy for it contains some Christmas stories that are new and delightfully different from those that are told traditionally. Just the names of the authors make the reader expect good tales: some who have written these stories are—Eugene Field, Selma Lagerlof, Frank R. Stockton, and others. There are stories of foreign origin, stories for the very young, stories about animals, and one story even has a giant. Many of the tales are illustrated with black and white sketches and the book is bound in a cerise colored cover engraved with gold letters and with a pine branch, candle, and gift box, symbolic of Christmas, in one corner. The purpose of the author, to implant in the child some spirit of Christmas, has been adequately fulfilled, and, appropriately, the last story is "Merry Christmas to You."

Harper, Wilhelmina: *Ghosts and Goblins*; N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc.; 1936.

In her foreword the author makes the following statement: "The compiler has not only endeavored to meet the continuous demand on the part of the young people for stories of the mysterious and unusual, but as in her other editorial work of this nature, the object has been to lead boys and girls to some of the best books by outstanding authors through the medium of the subject in which they are most interested." Undoubtedly, this anthology of "ghost" stories fulfills her objectives. The stories included here are not found in any other collections and represent the old folk tales and legends of many nationalities as retold by famous modern authors. Besides these delightful stories there are several equally enchanting children's poems by prominent poets. Sprinkled generously through the book are black and white illustrations which add much to the readers' enjoyment. This collection is sure to prove helpful to parents and teachers since it provides excellent material for the year round story hour. Young people will also welcome it, because it presents a type of reading which is very popular with them.

Atwater, Richard & Florence: *Mr. Popper's Penguins*; Boston, Little, Brown and Co.; 1938.

What would you do if you suddenly became the owner of a penguin? If you would like some information on how to tend penguins, read this story. It is about a very quaint man named Mr. Popper who had as his pets not one penguin but twelve. The numerous adventures that Mr. Popper had with his troupe of pets are highly amusing and keep the reader entertained. On one occasion the penguins are taken to the theatre to put on their famous act. The pandemonium that reigns during the other acts on the stage is due to the unannounced appearance of the queer birds who come out to watch the other performances.

The book is written on about the level of a fourth grade child. The Atwaters' style is simple, direct, and humorous. There are many black and white sketches throughout the book that are very attractive and original. The cover of the book is of a gray material upon which Mr. Popper and his twelve pets are stamped in blue.

If you are looking for a highly amusing child's book, this is a fine selection.

Tolkien, J. R. R.: *The Hobbit*; N. Y., Houghton, Mifflin Co.; 1938.

Mr. Bibbo Baggins, the hero of this delightful imaginative tale, is a very well to do hobbit. What is a hobbit? Well, according to the author, they are little people, somewhat resembling dwarves (without beards) whose chief characteristics are an intense fondness for food and an un-

failing good nature. Now the Bagginses had lived in the same neighborhood for a long time; people considered them very respectable, not only because they were very rich, but because they never had any adventures nor did anything unexpected. However, this book reveals how a Baggins finally had a thrilling adventure and found himself saying and doing very unlooked for things.

His story is delightfully written in a manner suitable for older children to read and reveals a subtle humor which is sure to bring many chuckles of enjoyment. Accompanying the text are many beautifully colored pictures and also a few black and white prints.

This is undoubtedly one of the highest types of children's literature since it is both entertaining and well-written.



Can Discussion Muzzle the Guns?

Condensation of an article by JOHN W. STUDEBAKER

Mr. Studebaker compares Paul Revere's ride with the spread of news concerning the recent international crisis. Roosevelt's plea for peace went around the world and was a part of world public opinion in less time than it would have taken Paul Revere to ride one hundred miles. Radio enabled people in America to hear European leaders speak and the mobs shout. Wireless brought pictures for the newspapers.

"Literally, we stood on the brink of war." Historical background and contemporary commentators further helped Americans to gain a clearer conception of European affairs.

Mr. Studebaker says that it is the responsibility of education to keep the discussion going and to prepare for better use of the press and radio in organized education in the future. He thinks that no class should have been denied the privilege of hearing important news flashes, irrespective of classroom schedules. Commercial broadcasts were continually interrupted; certainly a day's schedule might have been, for history was being made. The loudspeaker may become just as important an article of classroom furniture as a map or a blackboard.

Even though this particular crisis may be over, the destiny of the world is by no means settled. It is one of the duties of education to educate people to understand each other better in order to bring about a better feeling between nations. Americans have freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Why not use them to bring about a rule of reason instead of the rule of blustering bravado which now prevails in many countries? "The shortest road to peace is the one that really gets there."

A "Picklement"

"Dear Friend:

In reply to your request to send a check, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it almost impossible. My shattered financial condition is due to federal laws, county laws, corporation laws, liquor law, mothers-in-law, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, and outlaws.

Through these laws I am compelled to pay a business tax, amusement tax, head tax, school tax, gas tax, light tax, water tax, and excise tax. Even my brain is taxed. I am required to get a business license, car license, truck license, not to mention dog license and marriage license.

I am required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life; to women's relief, the unemployed relief, and the gold digger's relief. Also to every hospital and charitable institution in the city, including the Red Cross, Black Cross, Purple Cross and Double Cross.

For my own safety I am required to carry life insurance, property insurance, liability insurance, burglar insurance, accident insurance, business insurance, earthquake insurance, tornado insurance, unemployment insurance, old age insurance, and fire insurance.

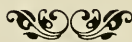
My business is so governed that it is no easy matter for me to find out who owns it. I am inspected, expected, suspected, disrespected, rejected, examined, re-examined, informed, reformed, required, summoned, fined, commanded and compelled until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire, or hope of the human race.

Simply because I refuse to donate to something or other, I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, held down, and robbed until I am almost ruined.

I can tell you honestly that except for the miracle that happened I could not enclose this check. The wolf that comes to many doors nowadays left her puppies in my kitchen. I sold them and here is the money.

Yours faithfully,

"HARASSED."



Under the Christmas mistletoe
A homely co-ed stood,
And stood and stood and stood
And stood, and stood and stood
AND STOOD!

Teachers College Record

Days may come and days may go,
But nevermore may come the chance
To trip her light fantastic toe
In the crowd at the TOWER LIGHT dance.

DON'T FORGET THE TOWER LIGHT DANCE—January 6, 1939



N. H. G.--Future

"Maine in the summer—Bird sanctuaries—Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if *we* could be the lucky ones who get to go!"

This followed a surprise announcement by Dr. Dowell. Haven Kolb, Class of '35, has given us a scholarship fund to enable one or two of our members to go to the Audubon Nature Camp this next summer for several weeks. He enjoyed it so when he got the scholarship that he decided to perpetuate it. Each of us is still hoping to be one of the lucky ones to go.



N. H. G.--Past

"Oh, there's *another* monkey!"

"Are you insinuating . . .?"

"Why, no, of course not; I wasn't even thinking of you."

This is probably a typical conversation in front of the monkey cage in Druid Hill Park. At any rate it was one of ours, which, of course, no one took seriously.

This mocking mood left us, though, when we got to the Maryland House. For who can view all the old Indian relics without a feeling of awe? In turn this feeling left us and we no longer felt like "way back when" as we examined the birds. Seeing these common birds of Maryland also gave us knowledge (we hope) that we can very readily apply at the present and in the future. (Ask someone who is taking Science 302.)



The man who boasts of having "an open mind" often mistakes a vacancy for an opening.



The above photograph shows Ellen Meyer, of the Freshman Class, with her mother, Mrs. Louis F. Meyer, in a typical "mother-daughter scene" at the Freshmen Mothers' Week End.

(Photograph published by permission of the *News-Post*)

Freshmen Mothers' Week End

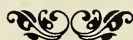
MARY MARGUERITE WILSON

There was an unusual feeling of excitement in the air and boys and girls hurried to and fro, apparently preparing the foyer for some special occasion. In the "dorm" there was an extra amount of scrubbing and polishing. The corridors echoed and reverberated with laughter and happy voices. Then the guests began to arrive; slowly at first and then in numbers. Finally the great moment came, dinner with the visitors; it was Freshmen Mothers' Week-end at last. After dinner all went to Richmond Hall parlor for a Sing Song and solos by several students. Immediately after the Sing-Song a program was presented in the Auditorium by the Carol Lynn Dancers. This was a most beautiful and exciting program, made more mystical and fantastic by the lighting.

The next morning dawned wet and dreary, but even the elements could not dim the enthusiasm that prevailed. Off went a crowd to tour Baltimore and Loch Raven. After returning and having lunch there were conferences and a meeting of the faculty and mothers. Then a tea was held in the Foyer at which all the mothers met the teachers individually. There was a quick change and again it was time for dinner. The dining room was bathed in the mellow light of candles and the orchestra was seated in the balcony ready to entertain the diners with fine music. The enjoyable interlude ended all too soon, but in the foyer things had been rearranged and all were whirled into a musical program of singing, playing and dancing. In this, the Glee Club, Girls' Chorus, a double trio and a string quartette participated. Then the Mummies presented a one-act play entitled "Wisdom Teeth". The program ended with folk dancing, by members of the upper classes and the singing of "Alma Mater." It was a very tired but happy group that drifted up to bed after the festivities.

Sunday morning the foyer and corridors were unusually quiet, but one look at the hall book answered the asked question. All were at church. As noon approached automobiles began to fill the drive and students by two's and three's returned to the "dorm." Eager greetings were exchanged as the fathers met their children, for today they were to have dinner at the school.

Dinner over, Freshmen Mothers' Week-end was finished for 1938. But the friendliness and cooperation fostered by it remains.



Assemblies

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1938.

Mr. John Denues:

Mr. John Denues, Director of Music in the Baltimore Public Schools, spoke about their music course of study. There has been more improvement in teaching music, he said, in the last twenty years, than in the preceding one hundred years. This has been due to the newer philosophy of teaching that the child is the center of the school.

Mr. Denues decried such earlier theories of music teaching as: "The main objective is teaching the child to read music," and "Growth in music depends upon a knowledge of technical facts." The newer course of study stresses rhythmic development.

The monotone difficulty was then discussed. Monotones, Mr. Denues said, are in three groups—high monotones, low monotones, and monotones who have no tone at all. He told some of his experiences with monotones to prove that it is not impossible to teach them to sing.

The most meaningful statement of his talk was: "The most important thing to a child is sound," and on this fact effective teaching depends.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1938.

Dr. L. C. Marshall:

The proximity of election day prompted Dr. Marshall to speak on civic responsibilities. He said that there had been no new civic responsibilities for thousands of years. Dr. Marshall then discussed the evolution of learning and culture of man, which brought group living and which in turn, makes possible richer human personalities.

Although there have been no new civic responsibilities, the speaker said there had been many changes in these obligations during the course of the years. At the present time the state has taken over many of the civic duties that were once heaped on the individual. Institutions such as schools, colleges, libraries, museums and other centers of learning figure largely in these changes.

Dr. Marshall stated a problem which he said was facing the world today: "Will democracies find means of coordination soon enough to save democracy?" He said that effective ways of coordination must be found. Specialization in one field is not a type of coordination, in fact in many cases such as medicine, law, and even government, specialists have prevented us from approaching coordination. Because of this threat to democracy the professor of economics said that we must be more alert in assuming our civic responsibilities.

THE TOWER LIGHT

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1938.

Dr. Ivan McDougale:

We were very fortunate in this assembly to have as our speaker a man who probably knows more about the housing problems in Baltimore than anyone else in this vicinity. Having worked in various positions, Dr. McDougale finally found to his greatest liking that work which deals with the social and economic troubles of large groups of people. Recently he has specialized on the housing conditions of needy cities, making an intensive study of the necessary changes to be made, the proposed solutions to the problems and the possible financial support.

Dr. McDougale assured us that most of the old houses in Baltimore are built far better than those in any other part of the country. However, the houses have depreciated and have been misused to such an extent that we have today a number of whole sections which are condemned, thus creating a need for new houses of a more durable, efficient type.

The first offer of government aid was refused by the business men of our city. Had the W. P. A. grant been accepted when first offered the blighted areas of the city would have been, by this time, immeasurably improved. Despite this lost opportunity, there did come a solution to the financial question. In conjunction with the Wagner-Steagall Act sufficient funds were raised with the necessary security to permit the housing authorities to go ahead with their plans for slum clearance.

As the speaker described the program, there will be four blocks of houses where there were originally five. The extra block will be used to the best advantage, either for playgrounds, parking spaces, or in special cases, for low cost housing.

Being a statistician, Dr. McDougale presented us with an unusually impressive picture of present conditions, with facts and figures no one could possibly question. We may gather from his talk that the housing program, making for the clearance of the slums in our city, is well under way.



Sunday Afternoon Tea

Dr. Dowell was a gracious hostess at her North Charles Street apartment on Sunday afternoon, November twentieth. The fourteen guests were members and "ex-members" of Dr. Dowell's advisory section, Junior Four.

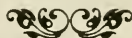
This was more than a pleasant tea: It was a reunion with some from the "original Freshman Four" and a student teaching "send-off" for the present members. These two enjoyable hours of conversation and fellowship now serve as another happy memory in the long series of social experiences uniting this college group.

Ghosts Walk

EDITH ANN SPAHR

An air of mystery shrouded the dormitory. Outside it was dark, and rainy, and dreary; but inside—ah! True, the lights were turned a little low, and there was a hint of something subdued in the air—but the victrola wailed loudly as usual, and the ping pong table was in use. There was a clatter of feet, an exclamation, and a stifled giggle—then four or five figures descended the stairs. Strange—they were all in costume. There was a colonial lady, a gypsy, a baby, and a lady of the Civil War era. From opposite directions emerged others in costume and soon the foyer was in the full possession of costumed strangers. A girl wearing a Robin Hood hat gave directions and everyone trooped to the smoking room. Once in, it seemed one must stay, for the lights were turned out and a murder story was related. The brains, eyes, hands, and bones of a dead man were passed from person to person. The door opened only once; a white robed, skeleton headed figure slipped inside and took up a silent vigil. The murder sequence was followed by a tone poem, to which the ghost grimly nodded approval. But when the lights were turned on, the mystery figure had vanished. The party goes returned to the foyer, only to find the ghost awaiting them. The baby, disturbed by the stern sentinel threw its rattle at it, but the spectre never showed it had been hit. A circle was formed; A grand march commenced, the judges made choices, and the command "Unmask" was shouted. The sweet colonial lass, Mary Marguerite Wilson, won distinction for the prettiest costume. The funniest was worn by Angela (Bugs) Matthai who was the baby. The most original?—The ghost, of course, no less a distinguished person than Miss Greer.

No party is quite complete without refreshments and after several "paper and pencil" games, cider and cup cakes were served. It seemed that dancing would make the party quite complete, but no! There was something more in store! A line was formed. Everyone was instructed to take hands and hold on tight. And then—off! What a chase! Up stairs, past dark rooms, through narrow corridors, around corners from which ghosts slapped out with wet towels and moaned woefully, over the beds on the sleeping porch, and finally down stairs and back to the foyer. Who would have thought Richmond Hall to be the haunted house of the campus? No one? Well, "We Know Now."



A clue is something a detective finds when he can't find the criminal.



Carols for Christmas

L. L. L.

Christmas is rich in tradition. For two thousand years there have been gathered about this holiday, and this holy day, manifold, rich collections of songs and doings, beliefs, and stories. Manifestly, in every part of the earth at this time of the year, there is some form of celebration. It is as though the whole world pauses in its everyday life and living and stops to drink in a peculiar, vitalizing kind of beauty. For to celebrate Christmas is to absorb an indescribable, un-named joy, spirit, air. You will find that it is contagious, permeating the atmosphere to the very core of one's existence. This, in short, is Christmas.

The Glee Club has elected to sing for the occasion appropriate selections, as beautiful Christmas music as has hitherto been presented. Among these is a song that was written nearly 400 years ago, the familiar, "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," by Praetorius. Franz Bornschein, of Baltimore's Peabody Conservatory has set to music a lovely poem of Lizette Woodworth Reese, and this will also be sung. The program, in part, follows:

Glee Club

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming.....	Praetorius
The Christ of the Snow.....	Hungarian Carol
Gesu Bambino	Yon

Small Group

A Christmas Folk Song... Lizette Woodworth Reese, Franz Bornschein

Girls' Chorus

Bring a Torch, Jeanette Isabella.....	French Carol
Sleep, Holy Child	French Carol

A broadcast of Christmas music has been arranged and will be presented through one of the local broadcasting stations during Christmas week.

From the Orchestra

Practices

Brass ensemble each morning of the week collectively and individually.

String quartet each week.

To the freshmen—The music or otherwise from the south end of the hall is produced by this group.

Two student violinists; i.e., they are qualifying for the orchestra seats (doing nicely).

Events (Past and Present)

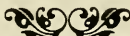
Freshmen Mothers' Week-end. The music was played while the mothers and children dined.

The string quartet played at a tea on November tenth and at the Freshmen Mothers' week-end. At the beginning of the second nine weeks the second cellist will become a regular (Readers will interpret as "has become").

Worth noting—The second nine weeks the entire orchestra will be present for rehearsals (It happens that some member of the orchestra is *always* practicing teaching).

One of the movements of a sonata by Handel will be played by the writer after the Thanksgiving holidays.

On Armistice day the solemnity of that occasion was made possible by the dignified performance of the *Ave Maria* by Arcadelt, played by the brass ensemble.



Each care drives a nail in
Our coffin, no doubt,
But each merry laugh again
Drives it out.

There were two ghostesses
Sitting on two postesses,

Eating bread and toastesses,
Weren't they beastesses
To make such feastesses.

The sun is low to say the least
Although it is well-red;
Yet, since it rises in the Yeast,
It should be well bred.

GELETT BURGESS

(from *Book of Nonsense Verse—Reed.*)

So What

W. NORRIS WEIS

Student teaching or no student teaching, the TOWER LIGHT must go to press. Therefore as I write this at 1:45 A.M., you may be sure that it is for you, dear reader, only you. So—here we go again:

Daffynitions

Did you like our new department? Well no wonder you didn't write in and get in the contest! So for the sake of you, my dim friend, I shall repeat at length the rules and regulations of the game. (That's what he thinks. This costs \$2.60 per page. Please see November issue page 45.—Ed. note.)

squab—an Indian woman, generally married to a brave

half-breed—a person with only one nostril; may have a cold

acoustic—an implement used by the boys at M. S. T. C. to shoot billiards

torso—a collection of clothes made by a bride-to-be just before the wedding date.

Things We Want for Christmas

1. One free Monday afternoon.
2. A key to Miss Woodward's exam.
3. At least not more than two nine o'clock classes.
4. At least one A on the February report.
5. One more cafeteria. (Don't you think so girls?)

Things Faculty Members Should Get from Santa

1. Miss Joslin: One kindergarten for the Campus School.
2. Mr. Moser: One bushel of nice, red, round, rosy, rotund apples.
3. Mr. Walther: An appreciative audience for his puns. (Also a cup of coffee for his puns.)
4. Dr. West: A few more pins and pennants to be worn at the next Navy-Notre Dame football game.
5. Miss Weyforth: Two Monday afternoons per week 'til June.
6. Miss Munn: A new fly swatter.

Romance List (As promised)

'Tis rumored that Old Dan Cupid has hit

1. Mary Wilson and Joe Hillyard.
2. Margaret Evans and Jack Hart.
3. Budgie Burgan and Kenny Hammer.
4. Shirley Mumford and George Wentz.

THE TOWER LIGHT

5. Alice Crane and John Shock.
 6. Yvonne Belt vs. Bobby O'Neill.
 7. Norma Gambrill and John Chilcoat.
 8. Marty Brill and "you know."
- Thanks a million, Peg.

Faculty Joke

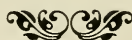
Mr. Walther: If you listen very closely you can hear the waves whisper as they pass the Statue of Liberty. They keep saying over and over, "statue liberty?" (get it?)

Note: When I told it at a Y.M.C.A. banquet, no one laughed. What shall I do, Mr. Walther? R. S. V. P.

Things We'd Like to Know

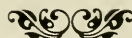
1. Why is that Dorm column SHO' NUFF constantly picking on our boy, B. O'N.?
2. Why Phelps dashed into the TOWER LIGHT office shouting for the unprinted news.
3. Why student teaching continues during the holidays.
4. Why so many people took so long to recognize who the handsome (sigh) sad-eyed boy of Jr. 7 was.
5. How the T. L. deadline creeps up on us like it does.
6. Why don't those criticizing the T. L. come to the staff meeting and suggest some improvement. Don't forget that

Knockers never work
and
Workers never knock.



Winter

Now is the happy season of the year,
When I can lift my hat and unappalled,
Salute the countryside as peer to peer—
So many trees and fields, like me,
are bald.



Just Wondering

I wonder:

How much better the college would be if

1. A law were made to make girls have an even margin all around their dresses if they want their slips to show.
2. A law were passed to make the students talk so much before they enter the library that after they're once in, they'll be quiet.
3. A law made all fellows gentlemen, and all girls ladies.
4. A law were passed to remove the white lamp post in the driveway near the South corner of the "ad" building. Some have found it isn't flexible, especially when it's slippery out.

We wonder:

What would happen if on Wednesday music assemblies:

1. Everyone responded energetically to the signal to rise.
2. Everyone would stop beating time for Miss Weyforth.
3. If a certain line in a college song would be left strictly to the feminine part of the singers.
4. If the "Arkansas Traveler" suddenly hit a smooth road with no detours.
5. If everyone sang.

Things for Mr. Fixit to wonder about:

1. Will you please remove the person who parks behind ——— in subject No. 101 and extends his feet under the seat of his chair?
2. Will you please remove the person who forcibly sits next to yours truly in assembly and makes pleasant remarks about what is taking place?
3. Will you please find a suitable answer for something like this:
Student: Why are some teachers classed as "cranks?"
Mr. Walther: They own Model T Fords and have used cranks just once too often.



"Now It Can Be Told"

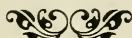
DORM REPORTER

1. Dietz so. It's Early Over town now!
2. Stottlemeyer "rose" to the occasion; ask Miss Pitts.
3. Graveyards on Sunday evenings!
What a place for a rendezvous!
What do you say Dave and Joe?

4. Johnny Shock is still running on "A.C." current.
5. Milhado said he Calder up the other night and it's Hall over now!
6. Says Coffman, "Wilde ever understand?"

THESE SENIORS!

1. Dot. Anthony is still Rushing around.
2. Hazel Moxley likes to watch the Foardes go by on Friday nights.
3. Evelyn Scarff is as Foxy as ever.
4. Dot Hoopes' favorite song is "When it's *Sleepy Time Down South.*"
5. Virgil is trying to cultivate a southern accent—so her friends say.
6. Dotty Brandt, why will you always remember the week end of Nov. 11th?
7. Now that Carpenter is Student Teaching, she would like to have a big "Ben"—but there's no cooperation from the roommate.
8. Windy doesn't seem quite so Tucker'd out now that Student Teaching's over.
9. Eldridge is becoming Keener every day.
10. Have you found your Ideals, yet—Jane and Kitty?
11. Is it the work of the Socials that attracts Lippert?



Sho' Nuff

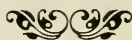
We don't need a gymnasium—we have a skating rink. See Kitty for further details.

Mice going, Alma and Virginia. Trap 'em up again.'

The student council held a round-up in October. Most of the people caught in the net were those unfortunates who failed to have their alarm clocks set for 10:29 P.M.

Congratulations, Miss Greer! We didn't know Fanny Farmer had so many recipes for one dish.

A very appropriate birthday party, Bugs, but why choose the basement kitchen?



What is a comet?

A star with a tail.

Name one.

Mickey Mouse.

Alumni News

Marriages:

Miss Ella Maureen Jarboe to George Forbes Dowling.

Miss Eileen O'Toole to Spencer Wayne Parker.

Birth—a son—to Edward MacCubbin '35

Alumni outstanding in athletics:

We noticed in the Sunday *Sun* that a number of our graduates have continued their interests in athletics and are outstanding members of Baltimore Field-Hockey Teams. They are:

Elsie Hudak.

Anne Granofsky.

Fairfax Schone.

Helen Knox.



Cecil County Alumni Meeting

The 1938 meeting of the Cecil County Unit of the State Teachers' College at Towson was held Saturday November 12, in Elkton. Twenty-one members and guests were present. It was decided to take as our project for the coming year the compiling of a list of Cecil County graduates of M. S. T. C.

In order to do this as quickly and as correctly as possible the county was divided into districts with a chairman. Each chairman is to receive one of the present lists of graduates, check the information on it and add as much new information as possible.

The following divisions were made:

Chesapeake City	Miss Mary Buckworth
Elkton	Miss Susan Dean
Rising Sun—Calvert	Miss Helen Scott
Fair Hill	Miss Ida Kemble
Perryville	Miss Ann Sadowsky
North East	Miss Estelle Wood

The chairmen are to meet with the President and Secretary of the Unit in January and compile the new list.



Why, she is so dumb that she thinks a crowbar is a place for birds to drink.

Champs

HENRY N. STECKLER

Coach Minnegan was right when he said the formation of the Maryland Collegiate League would promote better soccer.

By winning from Western Maryland, Frostburg, Blue Ridge, Salisbury, and Maryland, and being tied by Hopkins, Towson won the championship. We are recognized for the first time by an official body. Oddly enough, although scored upon in exhibition games, the team's goal could not be dented in league competition. I owe the team an apology for a forecast in a previous issue.

Many of the squad have played their last games for Teachers College. They deserve much praise. The work of "Ace" Massicot and Windy Gordon was outstanding on the attack. "Ace" was not only adept at shooting but was a good feeder. Gordon in my opinion was the team's best shot. Goedeke's height and swiftness made him an impenetrable barrier for opposing players. He and Captain Cox gave Towson one of their best defenses in recent years. Robinson, Bennett, Willy Cox, McConnell, and Foster played exceptionally well.

Such men as Lauenstein, Calder, Shock, Wilde, and Stottlemeyer played fine ball, but they still have another season in which to show their class. Jack Hart, our center half, is worthy of all the praise he has received.

This year's freshman crop was unusually strong. I believe the success of our 1939 soccer team will rest in their hands. May the coming season bring us another championship!

"Snicks"

H. N. STECKLER

Following the pre-season practice tilt staged by some of our basketball players with the Y.M.H.A. varsity, many comments were made concerning the score. The 12-10 score in favor of our hosts was unusually low for a basketball game. Perhaps you may wonder when and where the lowest scoring game occurred. According to our record hounds, it was played in 1930, when Georgetown, Illinois, in a state district tournament, made a foul goal in the first period and then stalled along to defeat the homer team 1-0.

This game introduced by Dr. James Naismith in 1891 at Springfield (Mass.) College will bring more customers to its ticket booths than its sister sports, football and baseball. It is calculated that 50,000 teams will lure estimated audiences of 80,000 Americans.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Basketball is not just an American game. Around the globe in places like Mexico, Poland, Egypt, and Hawaii some 20 million athletes representing nearly 60 nations will dribble and pass and shoot for the basket in roughly the same manner the game's first players did forty-seven years ago.

Strangely enough, professional basketball has always been in slight disrepute. There have been too many gipsy athletes who will play for \$5 to \$8 a night. There has never been a strong central governing body to throw out these tramps and establish minimum salaries. The pro teams have also been hampered by the lack of playing arenas. I think most basketball fans still prefer the college brand. The old college spirit invariably makes a close game a roaring and often semi-riotous affair from start to finish.

Before giving you State Teachers schedule perhaps you would like to know some of the highlights and oddities of the game.

In 1920 the New York Celtics signed Nat Holman, present coach at the College of the City of New York, and allegedly paid him \$500 a week.

In Holland the court is twice that of the American one.

Barney Sedran, considered the leading player of all time by many experts stood only 5 ft. 4 in. and weighed 115 lbs.

Gilbert Reichert center for one of the House of David teams which annually barnstorm the country is 8 ft. tall, weighs 290 lbs., and wears size 22 basketball shoes.

In 1903 the Buffalo Germans, a professional outfit, swamped Hobart College 134-0.

The record for consecutive victories goes to Passaic, New Jersey, High School. Through 1921-25 they ran through 159 straight games before losing.

In schools for the deaf, such as Gallaudet, basketball is the favorite sport. We have two games with them this year.

By a system of bells basketball has been played at the Alabama School for the Blind for the past six years.

Barney Ain, of New York has conducted more than 7,000 games during the past 19 years.

Basketball has been played on skates and on horseback at Madison Square Garden.

At Arcadia University in Nova Scotia the referee watches the game from a balcony vantage point. An assistant on the floor throws up the ball and executes his boss's commands.

The Chinese are red-hot basketball fans. In 1931 the National Tournament at Peiping drew an average of 23,000 persons per game.

I do not yet know the complete schedule. Here are a few of the games.

*Sat., Dec. 10—Western Maryland at Towson.

*Fri., Dec. 16—Elizabethtown at Elizabethtown.

Tues., Dec. 20—Johns Hopkins at Homewood.

Sat., Jan. 7—Washington College at Chestertown.

Fri., Jan. 13—Gallaudet at Towson.

Tues., Jan. 17—Wilson T. C. at Washington.

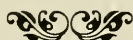
*Tues., Feb. 7—Johns Hopkins at Towson.

Fri., Feb. 10—Elizabethtown at Towson.

Sat., Feb. 18—St. John's at Annapolis.

Wed., Feb. 22—Wilson T. C. at Towson.

Were you at the game last year when the traffic cop in the first row who had dozed off suddenly jumped out on the floor and started directing traffic when the referee let out a long blast on his whistle?



Teachers's Pets

The difference between a king and a president is that a king is the son of his father, but a president isn't.

There were no wars in Greece, as the mountains were so high they couldn't climb over to see what their neighbors were doing.

Nero was a cruel tyrant who would torture his poor subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

The cold at the North Pole is so great that the towns there are not inhabited.

The Triple Alliance is Faith, Hope and Charity.

The Bastille was a place of refinement for prisoners.

A haberdasher is a man who washes out harbours.

Ammonium dichloride is poisonous and should therefore be used only by the teacher.

Three ways of preventing forest fires:

1. Locomotives passing through a forest must not burn fuel.
2. Trees must be cut down so as to leave no stumps.
3. Never use a camp fire unless you are sure it is out.

Fashion News

In the first issue a list of articles of clothing that are absolute necessities to all college co-eds was given. We are pleased to find how many students followed the suggestion that sweaters and skirts are certainly the favorites for all. They are so comfy and can be worn in so many different combinations. Saddle shoes and socks are also indispensable. Some very unusual jewelry has been noted. Milady's hair styles have been very pleasing too. There is nothing backward about the S. T. C. girls when it comes to trying new hair-dresses.

Now we become a little personal and mention some of the most outstanding styles:

—M. W.'s choice of skirts and sweaters is just too perfect.

—A. P. has some darling skirts. The colors she wears always blend so nicely.

—I. S.'s antique locket is lovely.

—J. L.'s smart pin carrying out the theme of horsemanship is very smart.

—All those curls on top are certainly becoming to the fair miss in Senior 7.

—L. Z. is another one whose hair always looks grand. How do you do it?

—K. J.'s upward trend looked adorable. Fix your hair that way more often, Kassie.

Speaking of clothes, we must not forget the boys, for they too dress quite up to fashion. We noticed a few outstanding elements in men's clothing too that simply have to be mentioned:

—The new freshman president's snappy reversible coat and pork pie. Right there, Mr. H.

—N. W.'s new pin stripe suit. Quite professional looking.

—B. O'N.'s sporty shoes. They are "in the groove," Bob.

—J. H.'s herringbone suit is getting many a jealous eye cast upon it.

—J. S.'s bush coat is right up to fashion.

—H. R.'s socks can be heard all through the corridors.

—C. H. always looks so neat and spotless. That is a real credit to anyone's appearance.

—J. O.'s tweeds combine professionalism and the man-about-town air.

This isn't all we saw on the campus, but it's all for this month. See if your initials will be next among those of the stylists of S. T. C.

Echoes of Book Week 1938

The boys and girls of the Campus School had a good time during National Book Week. Books, always a part of their life, demanded even more than usual attention, especially the recreational and pleasure type of book.

Beginning on Monday, and lasting through the week there was an excellent and attractive display of books in the school. This exhibit had been planned for and arranged by the students of the Children's Literature classes in the college. The books were very generously lent by several of the book shops and department stores in Baltimore. Students and upper grade children acted as custodians, so it was possible to keep the exhibit open from nine until four each day of the week.

Children, parents, teachers, and students visited and enjoyed the books. The exclamations uttered by children when they found an old friend or made a new one in the book world were interesting to hear. Parents were especially appreciative of this opportunity to see many new books, and some new and attractive editions of old ones, and to begin to plan their Christmas book lists here in a quiet setting away from the bustle and din of the shopping district.

On Friday, the theme of the weekly assembly was "The Land of Story Books". The playlet written and acted by the pupils of the fourth grade under the direction of Miss Gladys Hughes brought to life many favorite characters from well known books. Each of the other grades contributed to the play with brief dramatizations or characterizations of their book friends.

A number of the pupils of the Campus School participated in a contest arranged by the Remington Putnam Book Company.

Following are two entries:

Dear Father,

Have you ever read a good book and said to yourself, "Gee, I wish all books were as good as this one?" Well, you don't always find good books, but as you grow older you hear about books which people recommend greatly, telling everybody how good they are. As you hear about such exceedingly good books, you have a desire to read and own them.

Now it happens that Christmas is near, and it's time to make wishes. So, I would like to have the following two books which I saw in the Pratt Library and which appealed to me:

1. The Odyssey by Homer.
2. Robin Hood.

THE TOWER LIGHT

I have read "The Odyssey" but I would like to have it for my own so that I could read it again whenever I want. My favorite reading is Greek Mythology, and last summer when I was in Europe I saw many Greek things which came back to me from "The Odyssey."

I would like to have "Robin Hood" because I have just seen the movie and what boy wouldn't like to have the book about all those adventures?

Yours truly,

DONALD ELLIOTT (Grade Five).

Dear Mother and Daddy,

There are a few special books that I would like very much to receive for Christmas this year. My first choice is "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. I have read "Tom Sawyer" and loved it, and I feel sure I would enjoy reading "Huckleberry Finn." Also it will fit in with our reading unit in class.

Another book that I enjoyed reading and would like to own is Louisa Alcott's "Eight Cousins." If I could, I would like to own all of her books, but if I could only have one, I believe that I would choose this book because I like Rose herself so much.

There are so many good books for girls now that it is difficult to choose, but as far as I know now these are the two books that I would most like to receive for Christmas.

Lovingly yours,

ANN BARNETT (Grade Seven).



Parody on Coleridge's Ancient Mariner

NANCY METZGER

The pages flew, the notes were few,
The cramming followed free;
The night was the first she ever worked
To pass that test with a "B."

The eyes were heavy, the lids drooped down,—
T'was late as late could be;
And then the lids drooped finally
To depths of a sandman's sea.

At almost nine the morning next,
She dragged herself to class
Only to find the words she'd crammed,
Crowding to fore en masse.

A Word to the Wise

Mrs. Zoole—I think I should have named my little boy "Flannel."

Mrs. Kulper—Why?

Mrs. Zoole—Because he shrinks from washing.

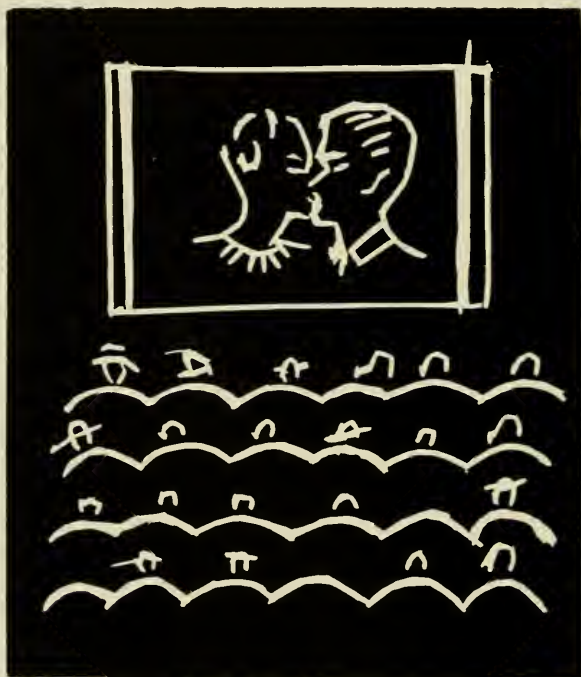
(*Pathfinder.*)

Brain Buster

A farmer has only enough feed for his mules to last a certain number of days. If he were to sell 75 mules, his feed would last 20 days longer. On the other hand, if he were to buy 100 mules his feed would last 15 days less. How many mules has he, and how long will his feed supply last?

(Answer next month.)

from Pathfinder.



Biology prof at movies:—Huh! Kisses! Bah! Just another germ session!

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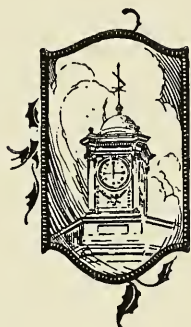
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TOWERLIGHT
JANUARY 1939

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

JANUARY, 1939

C O N T E N T S



	PAGE
Cover Design..... M. M. Wilson	
Why I Teach	4
Educating for Peace.....	5
For a Modern Utopia	6
Nightfall	8
S. T. C. Was Good, Too.....	8
Rosie Columbus	9
Why So Much Ado About Doctors and Medicine?.....	12
Wisdom of the Spirit.....	13
How to Attract Birds to Your Garden.....	15
Jazz Time	16
Superstitions	17
Save for the New York World's Fair.....	18
Knell of Autumn	19
Examinations—à la française	20
Gone With the Wind	21
I've Been Thinking	22
Community Helpers	23
Christmas in Many Lands	24
Murr'lan Glossary	24
Editorials	27
Star Snow	29
The Library—At Your Service.....	30
Teachers College Record	31
Alumni News	44
Roland Park Children Write.....	45
Advertisements	51

Why I Teach

LOUIS BURTON WOODWARD

Because I would be young in soul and mind
Though years must pass and age my life constrain,
And I have found no way to lag behind
The fleeting years, save by the magic chain
That binds me, youthful, to the youth I love,
I teach.

Because I would be wise and wisdom find
From millions gone before whose torch I pass,
Still burning bright to light the paths that wind
So steep and rugged, for each lad and lass
Slow-climbing to the unrevealed above,
I teach.

Because in passing on the living flame
That ever brighter burns the ages through,
I have done service that is worth the name
Can I but say, "The flame of knowledge grew
A little brighter in the hands I taught,"
I teach.

Because I know that when life's end I reach
And thence pass through the gate so wide and deep
To what I do not know, save what men TEACH,
That the remembrance of me men will keep
Is what I've done; and what I have is naught,
I teach.

THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XII

JANUARY, 1939

No. 4

Educating for Peace

LIDA LEE TALL

THE address entitled "In Such a Day as This" delivered by Dr. Sizoo, pastor of the Collegiate Church of New York, to the assembled National Education Association last June and published in the December number of the Association's Journal, might well form the introduction to any study which seeks both to formulate a procedure for educating the youth of our nation to believe in world peace through democracy, and to actively participate in achieving world understanding.

We cannot think peace and leave out democracy. Democracy is a spirit, a way of living which finds expression in one's own personal democratic practices, in the attitude of the state, and in the attitude of the nation. We cannot take it for granted as some of us do. The home and school must make an effort to promote it.

In the home democracy demands that adults must be evolved who are fit for children to live with. When one father said after watching his five children in their various stages of development that there was no need to develop children but there was great need for parents to develop themselves, he struck the keynote so often silent in the home. It is only in the homes where high ideals exist, where parents set up and participate in the tenets of right living, that the abiding principle—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and the positive acceptance of responsibility "I am my brother's keeper" will function so that the members of a family live together in peace, love, and understanding. It is only when such mutual respect and deference are not developed that there is necessity for sons and daughters to find relief in the streets and youth clubs.

While the home prepares the way with intelligent sharing among the small group within its walls, the school and community present many social situations in which the home learned principles may be applied. The classroom, the playground, the movies, the church, and the street are all areas in which the children think, act, make judgments, and grow. In response to the charge of Mr. Richard Welling, Chairman of the National Self Government Committee of New York, that schools have not turned out a public minded, democratic group, it may be said that in the last analysis the teachers themselves must first catch the idea of citizenship,

of education for democracy and peace in the College of Education they attend. Only when the teacher herself ceases to take democracy for granted can she vitalize it for the children by securing their participation in such functional activities as: debates on vital public questions; e.g., crime in the local community; health work in tuberculosis and syphilis; radio talks by students to make citizens problem minded; school elections conducted by students according to proper form; attendance at the hearings of Boards of Estimates and City Councils; the editing of an extracurricular journal; and a host of other equally worthwhile undertakings.

If the home and school will develop functional living for peace and democracy, the state and the nation will be shaped accordingly. Let us parents and teachers carefully order our opinions and philosophy so that we may adequately train our youth to trust democracy. Thus only we can fight the advance of the lurid beacons which seem to overshadow democracy's emanations, and throw the dazzling spotlight of truth upon the losses of liberalism, personal liberty, and the freedom of the individual.

Gerald Johnson in the October 20th edition of the *Evening Sun* tells us he is fighting for democracy "not on the Rhine and not on the sea, but in Harlan County, Kentucky, along Tobacco Road, in the hop fields of California, and in the slums of Baltimore. Defeat it everywhere by making America worth defending by the poorest as well as by the richest men in the country, and we need never worry about dictators in this country, though Hitler sweeps through to Bagdad, and establishes a despotism to last for generations."

Jane Addams once said, "That person is the most cultured who *knows* and *understands* the greatest number of people", an idea which the Indians expressed in a prayer—"Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins." Let us then have faith that democracy will lead to the consequent peace and happiness of man and strive to live by true democratic principles remembering that the Kingdom of God lies within ourselves, starting with family life, reaching out into broader community life while the child is in school, and leading on into public life after high school and college.

For a Modern Utopia

J. A. S.

"Nations have passed away and left no traces,
And History gives the naked cause of it—
One simple, single reason in all cases;
They fell because they were not fit."

—Rudyard Kipling.

THE TOWER LIGHT

There are four ways in which a nation must be fit to meet the world—physically, socially, intellectually, and emotionally. To be fit in two or three ways is not enough to merit success; to be fit in all ways does not guarantee success; to fail to be fit emotionally insures failure.

This seems to be a general truth well known by national leaders, past and present. They know that they must grow strong bodies to work and to bear arms; therefore, we find them stressing games and physical training. They have, we see, fostered practice of healthful rules for living. They encourage outdoor exercise, frugality, and the simpler life, even though it may be in some drab uniform. Then, too, we find them careful to control social attitudes. They maintain living conditions on a level (usually a very low one) that will prevent dissatisfaction among their people and will keep the public morale on a plane high enough to challenge other nations. They are careful to make their followers believe that they have something that is worthwhile—something obtained by sacrifice and worth further sacrifice. Education is another instrument used extensively in building national pride. The leaders who hold popularity, and the governments that survive are always well backed by glamorous patriotism and living traditions,—propagated and ingrained in the children in the nation's classrooms. Dictators play on emotional frenzy in order to hold popularity and hold power. But what they fail to perceive is that the same education, these same social standards, this very morale, and this emotional frenzy will ultimately cause the destruction of individual and state.

It is unfortunate that the life of a state depends so largely on national pride—that the masses must have some ideals for which they are willing to fight, some cohesive force such as patriotism to knit them together, some flag whose waving will stir their emotions. This national pride which is the most foolish of all pride—the destroyer of Judea, Greece, and Rome—is an emotional unbalance resulting from the fusion of the old phenomena of patriotism and nationality. It is a swsinging of nervous tension and, as the pendulum, dangerous when swung too far in any direction. The leader must swing it high to mount his pedestal and then attempt to control the back swing. The failure to control the back swing, (and failure is the rule), results in one of three things: the destruction of the leader, the attack of some minority group inside the state, or some attempt at extra-territorial expansion. It is fortunate that there is, in an ideal, a remedy for this sort of thing. It is unfortunate that it has been used so infrequently.

To establish this ideal—to give it birth and foster its growth—is the task which the schools must shoulder and must accomplish if they are to further individual, national and international welfare. It is difficult, yet

necessary to combine the teachings of Christ and the Scriptures, with emotional balance, and sound reason; to create, then maintain safe and sane emotional balance. It is only through rational outlook on all men as brothers and the obliteration of exaggerated nationalism and nationalistic practices that a true Christian spirit shall inherit the earth. Then Noels will be sung in sincerity and reality all the days of the year—not falsely and hopefully during the last days in December.

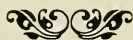


Nightfall

SHIRLIE DIAMOND

I felt the evening's cool palm upon my temple,
And the sense that the coming darkness
Would enfold me in the secure privacy of peace.

I lingered to study the shadows,
Etched as if by the magic touch of Rembrandt,
An evening landscape—seen by the dusky moon.



S. T. C. Was Good Too !

Didn't you enjoy all the Christmas decorations which decked both the "ad" building and the dormitory? All the dorm wondered when Santa had been around, for we hadn't heard his reindeer. When we came over to the "ad" building, Santa had been there, too. Trees in the auditorium, wreaths in the halls and office windows—Christmas spirit everywhere. We are grateful to all of those who helped Saint Nick decorate. Good taste and Christmas cheer were appropriately combined throughout.

Rosie Columbus

(Continued from the December issue)

CATHERINE GRAY

SUDDENLY she took her hands from the water and walked to Fleming's cabin. As she looked at the best house in the Ozarks, there suddenly seemed a way out of the cave and her miserable existence. She had married when she was eleven. Joe had been forty. Rosie was nine; Fleming thirty-four. She rubbed a wet hand lovingly on the rough logs of the cabin door, ignoring the splinters that ran into her hands. Her head sagged pitifully.

"Lee, don't you feel well?" Tackett's voice had startled her. She wiped her hands on her apron.

"Why Fleming, you—you frightened me. No, I feel all right. I was," she breathed in deeply, and lied bravely, "I was just looking at the 'Golden River' down there in the valley." She pointed to the thin stream several hundred feet below.

"The water looks like the gold in Rosie's hair," Tackett mused. Suddenly a childish treble rang down the hill breaking their reverie.

"Oh, Joe's up now, I better put the coffee on, then you two can go."

Fleming nodded and turned to watch the slight woman hurry to her cave. His eyes softened as Rosie ran down the hill from play. He pushed the cabin door open and went back to his breakfast. Before he had seen Lee standing at the door, he had been all right. Now he was lonely. His parents were dead and he lived by himself. No laughing voice greeted him, no one made his coffee for him. Tack glanced around the cabin. It was too large for him. With a little work, he and Columbus could add another room. Their combined wages—enthusiasm surged through him, only to die quickly. How could it be managed?

"How could it be managed?" Joe asked Lee. "It does not seem fair to Rosie or Fleming. Would they be happy married?" Lee helped him into his coat and shook her head. "I don't know." They both turned to watch Rosie playing with the rag doll Fleming had given her. "I don't know," Lee repeated: "Rosie would have a decent home and Tack would have someone to do his housework."

Joe nodded and went to meet his friend on the trail. The two men walked towards the mine, up an old, rough path. Silence permeated the air. Suddenly the younger man put his hand on his neighbor's shoulder.

"Joe, it isn't fair. You have a family and I have—," he floundered painfully. "Well, the cabin is large and with a little work——"

"Tack, what are you getting at?"

"Look, Joe, I'll marry Rosie. You know I'd do anything for her." Once started, words bubbled from his lips. "Lee can do the housework. You and I can pool our money, get Rosie some clothes and send her to the village school."

Tears sprang to the other man's eyes. No words would come. He could only thump Fleming's arm and pull him up the path.

It was a happy day when the second room was added to Tackett's cabin. Last Saturday a marrying parson had married Rosie and Tack. That very afternoon with the combined pay of the two men, Lee had bought the child a dress, a hat, a pair of socks and, wonder of wonders, a pair of shoes. Rosie could hardly walk to school the following Monday. Joe had smiled proudly and happily as he watched Rosie limp to the village and school. Lee had laughed for the first time. With Rosie safely in school, they all set to work moving. Tackett was sweeping vigorously and as a result sent them all gasping for fresh air. Happiness was theirs.

All at once Rosie's voice sobbed up the hill. Other older voices replied angrily. The three started from their work. Anxiously they ran to meet the voices. An irate village "holy man" rushed up the hill. He shook his crooked stick at Fleming. "Thou most wicked tool of Satan, flee lest God bring His wrath down upon thee for that which thou hast done."

Tackett stared, stunned. Rosie's parents rushed to get their struggling child from two villagers who held her. Her golden hair was covered with dust. Her socks were torn; her legs were webbed with scratches. "Rosie!" the agonized mother screamed. "What have you done to her?" she moaned to the people.

The villagers pulled the child back as she tried to get to her mother, and a fat old woman pushed Lee away. "You have no right to her. You are not a fit mother."

Joe and Fleming started forward, but were overpowered and held by their infuriated neighbors.

"Lynch him. Hang Tackett from the nearest cottonwood. Put the child in the county home."

The once peaceful mountainside was overrun with struggling humanity. Rosie sobbed brokenly as the neighbors dragged her from her parents' sight. Lee and Joe wrenched at their captors to no avail. More people came. The air was torn with the repeated cries, "Lynch Tackett."

Joe recovered his senses first. Struggling through the mob, he reached Fleming. "Run for it. We will be all right. It's you they're after. Git."

"No, they have Rosie. I won't leave her. I won't leave you."

"You'll be no help to us dead, boy. What will Rosie have then? Run for it, for her sake."

THE TOWER LIGHT

Fleming bit his lip in doubt. Added voices convinced him. There was only one thing to do.

It was a quarter of an hour before the mob realized that their chief captive had escaped them. Posses were organized on the spot. Bloodhounds were sent for. Shot guns were passed out. Frustrated voices gained volume with "If we can't get him, at least we got his house. Burn it. Burn it."

Shouts of agreement rent the sky and fire brands blazed at the side of the cabin.

Lee, her dress torn, her hair stringing across her face, struck vainly at the red streaks that were climbing up the cabin. Her dreams were going up in smoke. The mob had taken Rosie, driven Fleming into the mountains and now—. Joe caught her just in time to save her from the trampling feet.

* * * *

Quiet. Silence greeted the dawn. Rosy fingers grasped black clouds and they vanished silently. Silence. Silence found smoking embers on the sharp sides of the giant Ozarks. Crude furniture was scattered between the hole in the mountain and a pile of grey ashes. The same silence brooded over a tired man, his clothes torn, his skin ripped by thorns, his clothes damp with perspiration as he slept fitfully in a coal shaft. Silence. Silence hung over the village too. But some inconsiderate persons were disturbing that silence. The slight noises seemed to come from a two-story granite building with short, thick bars in its windows. On one side of the building a child moaned, sighed and cried into a damp pillow. She rolled and cried one word, "Mother."

On the other side a worn woman stared with blank eyes at a gray ceiling. Sometimes she ran to the corner of her little room, screaming, "Fire, fire, it's burning me. Help, Help." Sometimes she laughed and pointed at nothing, "There he goes. You will never find him." Sometimes she rocked an imaginary baby and crooned over it.

Towards the back of the building, silence was broken by a man's footsteps as he walked up and down, up and down, up and down—in silence.



Farmer Jabber—I've got a freak on my farm. It's a two-legged calf.

Farmer Corntasel—Yes, I know. He came over to call on my daughter last night.

Why So Much Ado About Doctors and Medicine ?

EDWARD JOHNSON

Almost any day one may pick up the newspaper and see where there have been several severe accidents, murders, suicides, deaths from diseases, etc. On the other hand he may also see in that same paper where a doctor or several doctors have saved a number of lives through the invention of some new serum or medicine. What does this show? It pictures clearly the fact that although there are many deaths in this country from accidents, etc., there are just as many saved through the efforts of the doctors and their medicines. In the past decade, the average life of an individual has been increased by almost 20 years! This has been possible mainly through the efforts of self-sacrificing doctors—and inquisitive people. That is why we see so much written on this subject today. The present-day populace is not content to sit back and see itself dwindle down to nothingness merely because it has not the needed curiosity and brains with which to formulate and carry out a step which would preserve it and improve it as well. The people of today want to know—they want to see why this disease does this to them and why that one does that to them. The result is that here is much printed material available for this class of people. With a public of this sort to serve, the members of the medical profession have found that they could not rest on past achievements. They have taken a great stride ahead in their field in an effort to keep ahead not only of the many diseases with which they contend, but also the people who have these diseases! The journalistic minds of the nation have seen that the people are clamoring for reading material which will aid them in gaining knowledge of medical diseases and their treatments and causes, with the result that the field of literature is well stocked with articles of that nature. The people of America are slowly awakening to the fact that the cure of disease is not the job of the doctor alone, but the duty of every citizen of the country. Just as the spirit of cooperation has increased in the economic world, so has it at last begun to live in the medical world. No longer must a doctor struggle over a new serum and try to make it work—in spite of the people! Countless thousands have offered themselves as human guinea pigs in order that some new experiment might be proved by the masters of medicine. So, we find our magazines and books replete with medical articles—all trying to aid, if only a little, in the supplying of the public's demand for some knowledge. In an effort to aid in this work, the editors of the magazines have condensed many articles into simple everyday English which will be comprehensible to all who read them.

Wisdom of the Spirit

MAY LOVE

HE plodded down the steps from the church as the church bells pealed the hour of midnight mass. The air was chill and crisp, and a silent whirl of snow flakes brushed his face. The imprint of his shoes made silhouettes in the white fleece that covered the ground.

It was perfect. Christmas Eve. He thought of the monastery. Candles and people, church bells and snowflakes—perfect. Here it was, the giant face of the world in black and white, but that wasn't important, the spirit was important. That feeling again, that slow and steady calm that lifted his mind from his body. Good will toward men. Perhaps that was it. That calm—like the quiet sureness of a monastery. But then no one must know. He would walk, walk through the city; that would change his emotions, then no one would suspect.

He neared the lights, the bright windows filled with toys; the fierce rush of crowds, gay, laughing. Shining ribbons and colored papers, tinsel and toys—that was Christmas. Why not shepherds and wise men; a manger and candles? There was more of Christmas in that. Funny thing for a doctor to think of, wasn't it? Friends and joyous greetings—that wasn't what he wanted; only the calm, the escape like St. Benedictine's. No more patients, operating rooms, or charity calls; but peace.

He would go home now. Life—far better—no, not death—that was not for him to do—not death, but the coolness of Hope. Sleigh bells from the road, a sweeping breath of air. That strange calm as though he were not here at all. He smiled; the ticket? Yes, it was there in his pocket, and the train only five blocks from home. He looked down the street. He had planned it for months. It must work, and no one must suspect.

He turned deliberately. Home—yes—but not for long. Just so they wouldn't suspect. Life had borne down heavily, but left that single spark that burned out care and sorrow. It had been too much; too much sorrow, too much sickness, too many debts, he could stand it no longer. The perfect time.

What was that? Bells? Yes, bells. Like the toll of bells calling the monks at St. Benedictine's. The ticket's still there. Yes, bells—bells and snow; wise men and candles; a slow, sonorous Ave Maria—the carolers perhaps; no, the monastery—Ave Maria—snow, whirling, whirling, the brain, the body, whirling. Christmas Eve and peace—peace on earth. Peace, when millions were suffering, and his hands capable.

But, no, he had to get away from that. Home now, home, and they

mustn't know. He'd think about something else. Get his mind off this. That new patient; it was an interesting case. He must act as though nothing were wrong; perhaps he should wait a few days. Well, he'd see—a few days wouldn't matter, not for an eternity of peace, but he must think of something else. Sledding, the children would like that. What fun they had. He turned and walked up the path to the house. He cleared his throat and whistled. That seemed funny too.

He went in. The warm fire; the brightly lighted tree, packages gay with ribbon and colored paper. Then the children running to him. What delight to be had from the small things in life! These days would pass quickly. Yes, quickly.

He counted them as they passed. Sometimes he forgot about the monastery—sometimes when he was playing with the children, or friends came in and there was a surge of life again. Other people did it. Other people worked day by day, other doctors too, and still they enjoyed life. A purpose to fulfill—perhaps. After all he was here; he should do all he could. But sometimes it was so maddening, so futile. That calm again—St. Benedictine's. Yes, it was so easy. New Year's Eve already. The week had seemed short. He couldn't wait any longer. He had planned it for so long. He couldn't be a coward to himself, he would go to-day—and be a coward to humanity. Yes, that's what it was. But it had been long enough. He would go for a walk. Slip over to see Jim perhaps, then they would not suspect. He wrapped warmly. It was still cold and snowing. He looked at the trees, the lights, the fire in the hearth, the children. Good-bye. No, they didn't suspect.

He walked out into the snow. New Year's Eve. It had been Christmas Eve before, the last time he had been alone like this. He could always think better when he was alone and out of doors. He looked at his hands, doctor's hands; then he put them in his pocket again and felt the ticket.

He walked two, three, four blocks. One block more and he would turn—right to the train station—left to that short cut home. Yes, the way he used to go home every night. He walked on. He heard the bells again, not monastery bells these—New Year's bells. New Year—a new life. Life, that's what they rang. Life and a call to service. But peace and solitude. What was it? Wisdom of the spirit. Was this wisdom? Escape—Wisdom? A doctor shouldn't think so. Life and service—that was the wisdom of the spirit. He too had thought so once, but he had changed.

He had ten minutes to make his train. Peace and solitude. Life and service. The bells pealed louder. Life. He turned to the left and walked deliberately, the torn ticket lying on the snow-covered ground

How to Attract Birds to Your Garden

"In summer all of us enjoy working in our gardens, and we are fascinated by the bird life in them; but when winter comes, too many of us settle comfortably indoors and forget the pleasure afforded by the cheery song of our feathered friends of the summer season.

One of the greater joys to be experienced in the winter-time garden is that of attracting bird life. Although it is generally believed that only a few birds remain in this area during the winter months, there are, in fact, many which can be attracted to the garden near our homes if we but give them consideration.

Suet sticks, feeders, and shrub borders are all that are needed to attract the little chickadees, nuthatches, creepers, downy woodpeckers, cardinals, the beautiful but pugnacious jays, and juncos or "snow birds."

If your home is close enough to an open field with sufficient shelter nearby, even the bob white may be attracted.

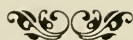
Suet sticks may be hung from a small branch of a tree where they will attract climbing birds. One of the advantages of the suet stick is that it is not easy for the larger and more quarrelsome blue jays, starlings, and English sparrows to use, for there are no places for them to perch. Any of the Bird Craft feeders appeal to the birds. Feeders may be open or protected or in combination, having receptacles for both seed and suet. Feeders may also be placed on a trolley and moved nearer the house as desired. Juncos, song sparrows, cardinals, and jays will use any of the open type feeders when filled with the proper combination of seed. There is also the bungalow style of feeder which when covered with snow is most picturesque. Then there is the window feeder which may be placed on the window sill so everyone in the home may enjoy the "close-up" visits of our feathered friends.

In ordering seed be sure that a special mixture pleasing to all birds is available. For example, cardinals like nothing better than sunflower seed; the smaller birds enjoy tid-bits of wheat, millet, and even the small grains of rape.

In previous issues of *THE FOUR SEASONS*, articles have been published describing the various types of berry-bearing trees and shrubs which birds like. To balance their diet, birds need a happy combination of a well planted border of berry-bearing shrubs and advantageously-placed feeders filled with the proper seeds; these will form an attractive lure for all our winter time birds, and prove a joy to the house owner as well.

All the feeders mentioned are designed by that well known ornithologist, W. Bryant Tyrell, and will be found practical and beautifully naturalistic.

Towson Nurseries offers a wide range of bird feeders and a complete selection of berry-bearing trees and shrubs. For further information call Tuxedo 1751, Towson 460 or write THE FOUR SEASONS, care Towson Nurseries, Inc., Towson, Maryland."



Jazz Time

VIRGINIA ROOP

The speedometer rises from 40 to 50, to 60, to 80, and still we press the accelerator. Can't drive contentedly behind the other fellow! Pass him! Beat the light! Out-distance the traffic officer! To us driving is a grim business—never can we go fast enough. Every year Death swings his scythe along the highway taking his toll from humanity; we buy next year's car—it can do ninety.

Thousands of tourists rush annually over the United States in a vain attempt to see America. A ten minute stop at spots of interest—then on to the next tourist camp. Do they enjoy the trip? They say so; but they never remember it. The scenery rushes by them; they can see it on the postal cards they send back home. Tour the West in three weeks, and see only dust clouds and unfolding road.

Pleasure is our goal. We can't find it: we seek it too persistently. Can't sit through a movie! Can't drink! Can't stay sober! Can't play cards without becoming ill tempered! We dance all night and sleep all day. There are books, but we haven't time to read them. "Something new!" we cry. Society gives it to us and still we demand. What is wrong with us? We can't laugh; we're too tense and we can't stop to relax.

Where is the nation's hearthstone? There is no home, only a house sheltering groups of complete strangers. They haven't time to get acquainted. Father has dinner with the boss; Ann has a date; Tom rushes to the crowd on the corner; Mother has her clubs. There are no common ties and interests, so naturally divorces occur. Why this restlessness? We are propelled by the dominant urge to find comfort and peace.

The pulse beat of the nation throbs in the dance band. Couples twist and turn grotesquely in an effort to keep time. Groups come and go—looking for something new and different. America rushes madly onward never knowing why, never caring how. Where is she going?

Superstitions

(Continued from November issue)

1. Rain before seven;
Clear before eleven.
2. "When clouds appear like hills and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers."
3. If the new crescent moon has its corners tipped so water can pour out,
the weather will be rainy until the moon is new again.
4. If the crescent moon has its corners turned up, there will be dry
weather.
5. A caterpillar brown on both ends and black in the middle indicates
the worst winter weather in the middle of the year. If it is black
on both ends and brown in the middle, the worst weather will be at
the beginning and end of the season.
6. Cut your hair when the moon is new and it (your hair) will grow
much faster than otherwise.
7. Cats are always nervous preceding a storm.
8. Stepping on ants brings rain.
9. If the leaves on a willow tree move steadily, there will be no change
in the weather; but if they quiver, there is sure to be a storm.

Looking at superstitions scientifically:

Weather proverbs may be divided into five classes, the first two well
founded, the last three, mere superstitions.

1. Those which indicate an impending weather change from the sky ap-
pearance. Example: "Rainbow in the morning, sailor take warning;
Rainbow at night, sailor's delight."
2. Those which predict the coming weather from the behavior of ani-
mals, plants, and inanimate things. An increase in temperature and
moisture often causes strange behavior in animals.
3. Those which infer the weather of some distant date from the actions
of animals or plants.
4. Those which infer future weather from the weather of some previous
time.
5. Those which predict weather changes from some astronomical body.
Example: "The moon and the weather change together."

Superstitions other than those concerning weather are not proved
or disproved statements. Some of them may be based upon fact, but the
majority are merely fables.

Save for the New World's Fair

(Continued from November issue)

One of the great "sights"—literally—of the Fair is to be a model of a human eye so large that several visitors may enter it at the same time.

Who said the story of the Magic Carpet was a fairy tale? Within the 200 foot eighteen story Perisphere at the Fair, visitors will be able to step upon a "magic carpet" and ride "two miles" above a perfectly integrated garden "City of Tomorrow". It is to be an adroit dioramic presentation of a community as it well may be in the years to come. The drama of this unparalleled presentation will be heightened when, by means of skillful projection, legions of workers come trooping from the distant skies, arms upraised, singing the song of tomorrow.

A small area outside the shamrock-shaped pavilion being erected at the Fair by the Irish Free State is likely to become a shrine for the many Irish-Americans here who have not seen the old country for years. An island, several feet in diameter, is to be an exact duplicate in relief of Ireland. The lakes and rivers are to be filled with water brought from the River Shannon and the Lakes of Killarney. The soil itself is to be brought from the fields in the counties of Eire, veritable bits of the "ould sod".

Scientists and archeologists of today are really very much more considerate of future scientists than our predecessors were of them. Five thousand years from now, archeologists digging deeply into the fair-grounds will unearth a metal cylinder seven feet in length and discover in it a "cross-section" of today. Scientists are now busily assembling the contents of this receptacle which will include microscopic books, records of scientific, engineering, industrial, social, religious and philosophical achievements. A motion picture film will tell the people of the 70th century—if they find the capsule—how those of the 20th century looked, dressed, and behaved.

A Music Building, seating 2,500, is to be a center for the great international music festivals which will be a feature of the Fair. World-famous

singers, instrumentalists, and conductors are to participate, and compositions of every land are to be presented.

Five million dollars worth of famous gems and precious stones in fine settings together with perfect examples of the silversmith's art, equal in all to a maharaja's ransom, are to be on display at the Fair. They will be seen in the House of Jewels, now being erected in the main Exhibit Area by a corporation composed of five leading New York jewelers, a British firm, and a South African organization.

In the cornerstone of the Cosmetic Building there have been deposited the rarest perfumes of to-day, the newest and most effective toilet accessories, the whole valued at thousands of dollars. When the Fair closes, the cornerstone is to be transported to the mountains of Arizona, near Tucson, and placed under a gigantic granite monolith bearing a bronze tablet stating that the contents of the cornerstone are not to be disturbed until April 30, 2929, a thousand years after the inauguration of the Fair. Then the belle of that year will learn what her sisters of 1939 used to make themselves beautiful.



Knell of Autumn

JOHN SCHMID

Summer is over once again, and Autumn's with us now,
The trees and shrubs are barren—the farmer's stored his plow.
The robin sings his songs no more up in the maple tree.
Bright hours of day are shorter than they really ought to be.

The hemlocks and the willows sigh—a sigh that's all in vain
For down upon them now will fall—a snow and not a rain.

Time was, the dahlias in the field would bloom—and
Having risen to full, they yet would frolic with the wind.
But sad to say, 'tis all lost now, and winters' awful burst
Has rung the Knell of Autumn—to cold and ice we're cursed.

Examinations - a la francaise

ROSE O'CONNELL

Haven't you all, at some time or other, grumbled and groaned when term tests or examination time grew near? I'm sure those grumbles and groans would turn to sighs and moans if you ever had to take such an examination as my French correspondent did. In French schools examination time comes the very last week in June when the air is warm and sweet outside but decidedly hot and heavy in the class rooms. Nevertheless, examinations go on and what examinations! They are divided into two parts. First of all comes "L'ecrit," which is the written work. This begins with a French dissertation! The dictionary defines dissertation as "a formal argumentative discourse". What do you think of that? Oh, so you don't even want to *think* about it? All right, then I'll go on to the next, which is an English narration. Please do not lose sight of the fact that these are native born French boys, who are expected to write an *English* story. (Wouldn't you have thought your French teacher was "perfectly heartless" if part of your examination had been to write a *French* narration?) This is followed by a theme *and* translation of German. The language part being complete, the questions turn to scientific and mathematical fields with questions in physics and math bringing "L'ecrit" to a close. Papers, pens, and pencils are laid aside; and the French boys go before an examiner for "L'oral," which is, as it speaks for itself, the oral work. In one respect this is more difficult than the written part, because once a statement is made, it may not be retracted even though in the next second the error is realized. This oral part consists of questions of French, English, and German grammar followed by a lengthy quiz in French Literature. Physics and mathematics again make their appearance, and, finally, questions in history and geography bring not only "L'oral" but the entire examination to a close. Well, what do you think of that? In your best slang you are probably saying, "Phew, that's a pretty stiff exam!" Do you blame me for being extremely proud of my French correspondent when, in his best English, he said, "I am today the happier boy of the world. I have succeeded to my examinations."

Gone With the Wind

JAMES B. O'CONNOR

When I entered college last fall, I was quite obstinate in my convictions. I was quite content to sit back and revel in the thought that although I may not be the smartest person in the world, I was surely not the most ignorant. I knew a thing or two. I knew that "the shortest distance between two points was a straight line." That is, I thought I did. That was before Dr. Lynch loomed on the horizon and cruelly deflated this bubble of disillusionment—during the first science period, I think it was. Not satisfied with having shaken my geometrical perceptions to their foundations, she proceeded to show me that my knowledge of physics could be put in the well known thimble. Remember when light use to travel in a straight line? They are but memories now; modern light curves and poor ether doesn't even exist anymore—in fact, it never did. To add insult to injury I was most nonchalantly told that I could not prove the few remaining bits of scientific knowledge which I still possessed. After this staggering blow I was willing to accept any reversal of my physical beliefs without question.

Nor was this demolition of my ego limited to science. It most relentlessly continued in the field of Art. When the stamp of Whistler's Mother was issued, I thought it was rather appropriate for Mothers' Day—what a lot of nice sentiment behind it. Then Mrs. Brouwer came into my life and this poor, defenseless stamp was picked so full of holes that I was tempted to deny ever having seen it.

Like most Americans, I was reared to look upon dictatorships as an evil—something to be shunned; but it took Mr. Walther with the aid of a mouth and two hands (chiefly the latter) exactly three minutes to convince me that this form of government could be a good thing.

Up until a week or so ago Adolf Hitler and I used to speak of the Aryan Race. Perhaps der Führer still does—I now know it doesn't even exist.

After careful observation and study, I have reached the conclusion that these innumerable pit-falls and fallacies were deliberately injected into our earliest books of learning by the college professors themselves for the sheer delight of correcting us when we reach college.

I've Been Thinking

M. L. B.

I've been thinking tonight
Of the New Year's birth.
What will it bring
Of sorrow or mirth?

Will happiness smile
On the days as they pass
Like the dew drops sparkling
On blades of new grass?

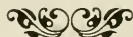
Does sorrow lurk
In the purple shades
Of the sinister forest
Or the sombre glades?

What hope shall I bring
To a friend in need?
Will each day be crowned
With a kind, loving deed?

I've been thinking tonight
Of last year's mistakes.
Ah! they were many,
Some caused heart-aches.

These acts I regret,
Those undone, I would do.
I resolve to be helpful,
And charitable, too.

Grant me more courage,
More zeal to do right;
Make me more worthy—
Yes, I've been thinking tonight.



Answer to Last Month's Brain Buster—The farmer had 300 mules
and feed enough for them for 60 days.

Community Helpers

CHARLOTTE M. HURTT

(Garbage Man)

He comes to our house twice a week,
And out the window I like to peek:
He carefully dumps garbage into his van,
And in the yard he places each can.
This is my friend—the garbage man.

(Rubbage Man)

Then, when there are papers on the grass,
I hurry to pick them up so fast;
Then put them all in a covered can,
To get them ready for the rubbish man.

(Ash Man)

In the winter, when the weather is very cold,
There are many ashes, I am told.
I help Dad carry them all I can,
And we get ready for our nice ash man.

(Street Cleaner)

There is one more helper I like to meet,
Because he likes to clean our street.
He brushes and sweeps it most every day.
Then it is clean where we want to play.



In Moments of Stress We Revert—

In moments of stress Stonewall Jackson resorted to prayer. In moments of stress Napoleon Bonaparte reverted to power, for he said, "God is on the side of the strongest battalions". In a moment of stress Robin Hood resorted to his long bow. In moments of stress the "dough boys" in France turned to "light their fags". Every man in his own humor! In moments of stress the teacher invariably reverts to his Course of Study. He is the one who reverts to "type".

Christmas in Many Lands

BEVERLY COURTNEY

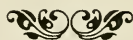
The greatest holiday of the calendar is Christmas. Through the ages the nations of all Christendom have each built up its own manner of celebrating this important day. The folklore of European countries is steeped in diverse traditions and customs concerning this holiday. America has adapted many of these conventions to our needs.

Through the collaboration of college students and campus elementary school children, a Christmas assembly was presented this year which depicted in pageantry and song, the outstanding characteristics of the Christmas celebration in various lands. The central feature of the program was the nativity scene—a memorable picture in tableau and pantomime—portrayed by elementary school children. Then, as a narrator told of the Christmas celebrations in France, Poland, and Hungary, children and students dressed in the native costumes of these countries came to worship at the manger. Next, the Christmas customs of ancient Germany were related, and Christmas trees which are the main feature of the German celebration, were lighted. Then carollers, representing old England, sang the familiar "Wassail Song". Lastly, a group of Russian peasants and nobles gathered around a priest to receive his blessing, this being an important ceremony during the Russian holiday.

After the portrayal of the different Christmas festivities in older lands, it is easy to understand the source of many American Christmas traditions and ideas. They have been taken from many countries, but America has blended them in her own manner.

The orchestra and college and elementary school glee clubs provided the program with a musical background of carols native to the countries represented in the pageant. The last musical selection, "Gesu Bambino", expressed the theme of the program in the line—"Let all the world acclaim His name."

Although today in some lands age-old Christmas customs and the ideals for which they stand have been apparently forgotten, it is comforting to realize that they are still part of the American Christmas. May they long remain so!



Murr'lan Glossary

Folks in Balt'mer and other parts of Murr'lan speak a language which needs some interpretation for strangers. So, if you know a somewhat bewildered newcomer to Murr'lan, here is a list (compiled by one who had

to learn through painful experience) which may serve as the "Strangers' Guide".

buoy—a young masculine human, opposite of gerul.

tar—something an automobile has on a wheel, made of rubber.

hourse—a large hoofed quadruped usually found pulling wagons.

qwotuh—a half of a half; usually used as, "qwotuh of nine."

ouyl—a somewhat viscous fluid to be changed in cars for winter.

far—combustion with visible light, sometimes found in farplaces.

wor—something that the World Wor was supposed to prevent more of.

cole—absence of heat; as, "Isn't it cole this morning?"

worter—known to the chemist as H_2O ; something one *should* drink when thirsty.



International Relations Club Conference

P. M. CORONEOS

An optimistic, enthusiastic, modern group of young people joined together for a conference on world relationships in the quaint Quaker setting of Swarthmore College. All who were present—from Teachers Colleges, Parochial schools, Denominational schools and universities—had a confident feeling that through discussion they would be able to make some progress in helping to solve the present world problems.

The conference was divided into commissions, each with a special topic for discussion. The representatives from Towson Teachers College attended the Far East Commission and the group which discussed the internal situation in Europe. In addition to views expressed by students at these meetings, informed speakers; Dr. Eagleton of Yale University, Dr. Malin, professor of Economics at Swarthmore, and Dr. Hans Simons, former member of the Reich, made us conscious of the American tendency to generalize and predict results from "flash light views" which are not in perspective with the stage. The theme of the speaker was a plea for less talk of drastic action on the part of Americans and more understanding of the real problems facing nations. The family of nations agreeing on means will secure definite ends. The three speakers considered the means to the desired end (world peace) would be international cooperation through collective security in which the United States would play a major part.

THE TOWER LIGHT

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SYDNEY BAKER
LEON L. LERNER

Editorial

CALVIN PARKER

Fashions

JANE KIMBLE
MARIE PARR

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

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Yes, everybody takes inventory at some time or other—from the most remote little country grocer to the largest department store in some metropolis. It seems to me that the New Year is a most appropriate time for every one of us to stop and "take stock" of ourselves.

Many of us have been here at the college since the beginning of 1938. We have gone to classes many times. There we have received much help from great stores of knowledge—not only "book larnin'," but also from the rich experiences of our instructors. They have given their best to us. Have we shared our experiences and our points of view with them? Do our books balance on that score?

We have made numerous friendships which will last when our four years at S. T. C. are over. Those friends have helped us always. They have given us encouragement when we were dejected; they have given us their opinions on problems which worried us; they have forgiven the unkindnesses we have showed them; and they have laughed with us, too. Have we always done likewise? Do our books balance there?

All of us have joined some club here at the college. To its picnics and socials we hasten, but do we always give our time and effort to the many other worthwhile activities of the organization to which we say we belong? Do we aim to get all that we might from these groups by being active in their work?

If we are "in the red" as human beings at the end of 1938, let's resolve to be sure that our books balance at the end of 1939. And let this be one resolution which we do not make to break.



We Need More International Understanding in the World Today

MORTON WEINER

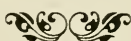
Today the world is in a turmoil. Germany, Italy, and Japan—three Fascist countries—are trying to spread their doctrines throughout the world. The democracies, led by the United States, Great Britain, and France, are trying to uphold the liberties for which they have long stood. These great powers, three having one idea and the other three having another idea, are constantly arguing, protesting, and stepping on each others' toes. A system of international understanding would mean peace and progress for all the nations of the world.

To exemplify what I have said, one need only to go back to the history of man. International understanding did not exist in the earliest days of man's history, for there was no such thing as a nation. However, man first started living in his family; then he found that through cooperation, the essence of international understanding, he could get more things accomplished in less time. He then joined his family with other families to form a tribe. The tribe in turn united with other tribes to form a group—the nation. These increased from smaller to larger groups because the better the cooperation in a larger group the more work could be accomplished. As man united into larger cooperative groups, he developed rapidly and great strides were made in human progress. If, in the world today, we had more international understanding, it seems quite probable that the nations working together would soar to greater heights of human progress.

In contrast note that during the Dark Ages it was more or less every man for himself, and all of the ancient civilization was demolished. It became necessary to have a Period of Restoration during which time the civilization and culture of the world soared to great heights mainly through the fine spirit of cooperation that existed in the world at that time.

Surely, if the nations of the world would look back through the ages and see the harm that the lack of international understanding has caused, nations would try their best to attain once more this grand spirit of understanding.

Will they look back? Time and only a short time, will tell!



Defeat!

C. PARKER

It has been apparent for a long time to the writer of this article, that the term "stronger sex" is a misnomer when applied to the men of S. T. C. In their long struggle to obtain a voice in the affairs of the school, the men have never received a more serious setback, than they did in the recent controversy over the use of the lunchroom. Although this affair was trivial in itself, it shows a discouraging trend and will no doubt have far reaching consequences. Apparently the years of domination of the men by the girls in this college have given the men an inferiority complex which they are having difficulty shaking off. An even more discouraging thing was brought to light—the men cannot all be relied upon at the critical moment. Following this disastrous defeat, a great many of the men have deserted the cause and are actually speaking

for the girls! It has become evident that if the men are ever to make any gains against feminine domination, there must be a first class purge of their ranks and a strong leader must be found.

The writer doubts that anything can be done to restore the shattered morale of the men. They certainly are a sorry looking bunch to contemplate at the present time. They have no unity, no leader, and no organization, and it looks as if they never will have any. What else can you expect! Instead of spending their lunch hours in the men's room discussing philosophy, the men can be found in the dorm dancing with the girls. Wherever you go in the building, you find boys and girls grouped together laughing and talking. The men actually are enjoying it! Fools! Can't they see the girls are playing them for saps! Using flattery and various sundry devices known only to that sex, the girls have rendered helpless and powerless the entire male student body. Only a week ago one of the girls had the audacity to suggest in the assembly that two boys be required to sit at every table with the girls. This proposal, I understand, is being given serious consideration. In other words, the men are soon to be reduced to serfdom!

What of the future? It looks black indeed. The male contingent of the TOWER LIGHT staff, it is true, have remained steadfast to their sworn cause, that of overthrowing feminine domination. But even their downfall is only a matter of time. It is indeed a sad day for the men—their cause is at a low ebb!



Star Snow

VIRGINIA SMITH

A frigid, shivering snowball is the moon
Rolling over thin blue ice.
Once, cold stray snowbits
Froze fast in the chilly indigo;
Now captive, they bravely scintillate.

Every tree is in a splendid icy showcase this morning—
I touch them oh so carefully, reverently
For I know it is the feel of far away stars.
Perhaps restive in their frosty bonds
They sent us sparkling cries for help.

The Library—At Your Service

Blood, Pearle, "Factors in the Economic Development of Baltimore, Maryland," *Economic Geography*, April, 1937.

This is a detailed and interesting report of the commercial and industrial development of Baltimore. Combining history and geography, it makes a delightful social study of the growth of our city. Beginning with the colonizing of southern Maryland, Miss Blood has traced the development of the harbor (and therefore the development of Baltimore) from its meager origin, through its growth and height during the War of 1812, when it was the third commercial port of the country, through its loss of commerce due to the Civil War, to the present time when it has become the second foreign trade port.

Baltimore has been blessed with many advantages which have greatly aided in this steady development. These advantages, however, would have been of no great importance were it not for the determination and foresight of commercial leaders whose efforts to keep Baltimore in the rivalry for the highest commercial position have led to the construction of better facilities which have in turn, brought closer bonds to other points of trade. As a manufacturing center Baltimore came to the front during the World War, and has since expanded into one of the largest industrial cities in the country.

This article is of great value in the study of Baltimore either as an educational reference or as pleasure reading. It is well supplied with pictures and statistical information besides interesting facts about familiar places. The article has been published in separate form and can be obtained as such at the Pratt Library.

MATILDA WOLPERT.

Authorized Edition of Metropolitan Opera Guild, Inc. "Carmen," "Aida," "Lohengrin," "Hansel and Gretel." Grosset and Dunlap, N. Y., 1938, 50c.

One of the problems of teaching music appreciation is that of teaching music appreciation well. This problem can partly be solved by the use of a series of books named above.

These books contain the stories of four well known operas—Carmen, Aida, Lohengrin, and Hansel and Gretel. They are presented in dramatic narrative and colorful pictures, enriched by the melodies of the most famous themes and arias from the operas.

Teachers College Record

Coming . . .

ROBERT WEEDE

of the METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY and
Baritone Soloist at Radio City Music Hall . . . in a

CONCERT

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FEBRUARY 10, 1939 . . . 8:15 P. M.

Tickets on sale after January 25



MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1938.

Dr. Fagen:

Having long served in the capacity of director of the Hopkins Workshop, Dr. Fagen came to us with an unusually rich background in most forms of the drama. Specifically, he spoke in logical defense of his recent choice of "Everyman" as a most appropriate production for this modern age. In general, he gave us a rather comprehensive analysis of many of the classical and more recent plays, always making a definite distinction between the purely lunatic type and that type which really has something to say. The speaker proved himself to be a profound believer in the true educational value of an old moral type of play.

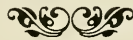
After inviting the student body to see the performance of the Workshop, Dr. Fagen left us with a whole-hearted desire to see more of the serious type of plays interspersed with some of a frivolous nature.

Glee Club on the Air

We were delighted when the program director of W. B. A. L. assigned us Wednesday, December 14, from eight to eight thirty p.m. as the time for our Christmas broadcast. Naturally we were eager to justify the program director's confidence, and judging by comments, telephone messages, and letters, we succeeded in so doing.

"Soldier, Soldier" with its humor, the "Alphabet" with its sprightly rendering of A. B. C., and "Lullaby, Jesus Dear," with its tenderness and delicate beauty, won especial honors.

Dr. Wiedefeld honored us by contributing a three minute address. She said in part: "In a teachers college, which is a vocational, professional school, the subjects of the curriculum are determined and organized in the light of one main objective. That main objective might be analyzed into two parts for purposes of exposition, but the idea must be kept before us that these two purposes are so integrated that they should never be separated in one's thinking. That main purpose is to give opportunity to capable students for the development and enrichment of their own personalities to the end that they in their turn may influence the lives of the pupils with whom they are to work."



Orchestra

Christmas, the time of gifts and good cheer! It was a Christmas indeed to the Orchestra. Two weeks before the special program our gift—the new double bass—was delivered; plenty of time to rehearse with it, and then to use it for the first time at the Christmas program. How much we enjoyed having this good instrument and how much we are going to enjoy its rich deep tone to balance our string section.

The Orchestra's part in the Christmas program was that of an instrumental prelude consisting of a Bach Chorale by the brass section and a prelude by the entire orchestra. The string section contributed an obligato and an accompaniment to two songs by the children and a chorus by the audience.

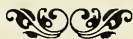
On Wednesday morning before vacation the brass section played carols in the main corridor of the administration building before classes began.

To all old members and friends and to the College, the Orchestra wishes "Happy New Year!"

Not in *Our* Dorm ?

It was during play practice for the Christmas dinner that it all happened. There were four of them—three boys and a girl. The legitimate excuse was that permission had been given for practice until ten in Richmond Hall parlor. The girl, with an eye toward duty, made flawless arrangements for having the boys leave at five of ten so that the girls might safely inhabit the foyer at ten as usual. "Ten of ten," said the clock in Richmond Hall and no sooner had they looked at it than the bell rang! Call it mob action, or what you will, but those three boys gave a wild grab for coats and books, shouting, "This is terrible! We've got to get out!" Then with one straggler crying that he had left his coat and books in the men's room, they made a dash down the hall that would do us proud at any track meet. But they broke the record coming back—running to the parlor like three homing pigeons shouting, "They're out, they're out!", as though our dorm girls were a gang of convicts escaping. The girl tried to calm their ruffled nerves and went down to get the Richmond Hall door key from the faculty adviser. What was this? The faculty adviser coming up! "What's this? Didn't I see some trousers coming down the hall?" Explanations—yes, it was all quite proper. The key was secured, the coats and books also, but about fifteen girls in pajamas and hair curlers yelled, "There's a man in the house!"

The girl, now in a form of mild hysteria, opened the door and the boys passed out. (Not literally). Who were they? Well, it's Over now, so we'll let it go because any Norm-al person would know, had they seen them go over the Hill and into the yard below! As for the girl, well, we'd Love to tell you, but we can't!



Dust of the Road

The play, "Dust of the Road", was presented by four of the dormitory students at the annual Christmas dinner. The characters were portrayed by Martha Schnebly, May Love, Norman Wilde, and Joseph Hillyard. The lighting and stage effects were done by Earl Over.

The story of the play was unique in the thought it gave for Christmas. It told the story of money—the story of perjury and theft. It was the philosophy of any man who would be a betrayer. It represented men as dust of the road—dust with a spark of fire in it. It passed by the death which is splendid and saves the world and gave us the death that lives from century to century, dragging the name of a betrayer. It was the story of "the one being who knows best the priceless value of the selling of a soul—Judas of Kerioth."

Christmas a la N. H. G.

E. A. SPAHR

Came Wednesday, December fourteenth and with it another Natural History Group meeting. At three-thirty the group assembled comfortably around the large couch in Richmond Hall Parlor. A short business meeting preceded the speaker, Raymond A. Spahr, of the Hagerstown Y.M.C.A. All had been puzzled as to the subject matter of his talk, which had been announced as "Civilization in Seven League Boots". It soon became evident that it dealt with man's progress through the ages in relation to his discovery of, conquering of, and appropriation of the laws and resultant challenges of nature and natural science.

He devoted the last part of his speech to aviation and his own experiences in this field during the war. Pictures and rolls of film he "shot" while maneuvering helped to illustrate his talk.

Later, tea, cookies, and Christmas mints were served while all gathered around the cozy crackling fire and discussed events of the day. Soon the lights were turned low, and soft music filled the room. Gradually everyone was lured to the piano, and this year's Natural History Group Christmas party ended with singing the ever beautiful Christmas carols.



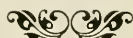
A. C. E.

The A. C. E. made its Christmas party an unusually pleasant event this year by sharing it with a group of children from Towson.

The children, four of whom were Chinese, ranged in age from five to eleven years. On December 15, at four p. m., they arrived in the left wing of Newell Hall dining room, and were very much interested in exploring the room, and in asking the club members questions about their life at college and their preparation for the teaching profession.

Games, in which everyone heartily participated, preceded and followed the refreshments which consisted of ice cream, cake, fruit, nuts, and colorful cornucopias filled with candy. At six o'clock, when the children left, each one carried a gaily wrapped package, a gift from the club.

All the members of the A.C.E. felt that they had experienced some of the true Yuletide spirit by sharing their Christmas fun with those children.



"Is it true that it's cheaper to be married than single?"

"No,—you just feel cheaper."

The Eve of Departure

A. P. M.

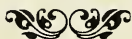
It was the night before Christmas vacation. There were lessons, loads of lessons, but these were subordinated in the minds of all!

Beautiful dresses of all descriptions were swishing up and down the hall. The event of the year, "The Christmas Dinner" was on! After the sumptuous repast we hastened to Richmond Hall Parlor for a program which reflected the deep, solemn meaning of the word "Christmas".

Later in the evening shrieks of joy and laughter floated from the windows of Newell Hall. What did this mean? Why all the noise?

The Christmas spirit had been calling in all parts of the dormitory. Room after room was filled with a bevy of joyous, happy girls and friends, exchanging the season's greeting, and in some cases, gifts. Parties of all sorts and description were in full swing. "Convicts' Row," rooms 311, 312, 313, also were making their share of noise.

Beside the noise and jollity, packing and preparations for the vacation at home went steadily on, and each will take with him beautiful and joyous memories of the Christmas celebration in the "dorm".



Merry Carolers !

A. MERCER

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie."

So sang the group of merry carolers on Wednesday evening as each carrying a lighted candle brought the Christmas Message to many. They sang to Dr. Wiedefeld, the faculty at the "Cottage", the dorm hostesses in Towson, and to Mary Ann Douglas.

Anyone who had no Christmas spirit before Tuesday night certainly found it in the cold, crisp night as we sang to our friends.



That's Rather Surprising

His (Lincoln Steffins') fame lived until his death, in 1937. Nothing he wrote afterward attracted widespread attention.—From "The Education of an American," by Mark Sullivan.

In the Hall-Case

ELIZABETH B. SEEGAR

Last month the college enjoyed a display of rare old books from Miss Joslin's personal collection. It was of especial interest to us for it showed graphically the early ideas and tendencies in the publishing of children's books, and recorded for us the trends then taking form which have persisted and developed through the years to give us our beautiful childlike volumes of today.

Between 1700 and 1800 and continuing to the present time there was a growing interest in child-like content as opposed to the publishing for children ballads, legends, fables, and other tales originally created for adults. The idea that literature is an art to delight its readers was growing and the character of books changed; children's books became smaller so that small hands could handle them; the color of the bindings improved; and pictures were much more frequent. This changing attitude toward child literature was aptly revealed in these early published books in the exhibit. The moral flavor of their content is indicative of the period for, as Miss Moore has said in *Literature Old and New for Children*, the social ideas and current theory and practices of any period reveal themselves in children's literature.

Robinson's Progressive Table Book (1865) and *Robinson's Primary Arithmetic* (1871) both approach their topics from the concrete counting of objects to the abstract, and attempt to apply the facts learned in problem-solving situations. *The Tract Primer*, although very different from any approach to reading that we use today, was definitely trying to make "the learning process pleasurable" in devising such verses as:

"P is for Peter who walked on the wave,
But sinking he cried, 'Lord, I perish, O save!'"

and

"Q is for Queen who from distant lands came
Allured by the sound of King Solomon's name."

In the *First Book of Sander's New Series* the description of the cutting of the wheat and various processes through the threshing of the grain showed marked resemblance, at least in point of view, to the materials found in modern social studies' books.

The pictures in the geographies and histories of 1852 were expressions of the growing tendency to make such books more meaningful,

and their subjects, such as Silver Mines in Peru, Eskimo Indians, and Newfoundland Scenes, must have interested children.

The picture books of sixty years ago again reveal, by their humorously illustrated and animated character, their chief motive for giving child readers pleasure. Illustrations in an old "Robinson Crusoe" drawn the way a child might have done on a slate, and the paper-backed book made in the shape of a house are examples of books designed purely for entertainment.

We are most grateful to Miss Joslin for giving us the privilege of seeing this educational collection.



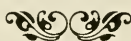
Out of the Ivory Tower

SAVILLA COGSWELL

As the great Roman poet, philosopher, and scientist once put it, most teachers and scholars shut themselves up in an ivory tower and from there look down on the struggles of the masses but take no part. It is a common belief that all students are so wrapped up in their world of study that no outside world exists for them. Unfortunately this has been true in the past. Students who should be leaders have taken little or no interest in current affairs. Little by little, however, they have been coming from the isolated ivory tower. They are realizing at last that they are needed and needed badly in this rapidly changing world. Now, as never before, our community, our nation, our world, needs people interested in securing and maintaining a democratic form of government and people willing to work for this. In the interest of democracy it is imperative that our campuses be awake to current issues and desirous of working for democratic ideals. Our campuses must give examples in democratic living. We can point with pride to the growing recognition of these needs among American students and their earnest attempts to do their part in making right a world that is very wrong.

Students of Maryland have come to realize the part our colleges should play. The "News-Letter," the Johns Hopkins students' paper, in cooperation with interested students therefore called a meeting of representatives from various Maryland colleges and schools. On Sunday, November 20, these students met at Levering Hall to discuss plans for forming a student council made up of representatives from various colleges. Miss Van Bibber, of the State Teachers College, stimulated the group by stressing the importance of young people broadening their

outlook. With such a fine beginning, the students went on to their work. They decided to form four committees to investigate and work on four major student problems—student government, federal aid to education, equal educational opportunities, and peace. Inasmuch as student government gives students practice in the democratic form of governing and makes for better citizens, it should be to all young peoples' interest to improve student government. With so many young people receiving federal aid and many more needing it, it is up to students to know more about the N. Y. A.; how they can cooperate with it, and how it may be extended. With the horrible nationalism and racial and religious prejudices that are abroad in Europe, American students must help in eradicating these things in American colleges. Peace is now paramount in the minds of everyone. It is young people who are most horribly affected by war; therefore, it is the young people who should oppose war most vigorously. The student committee on peace will coordinate peace work on all campuses. To coordinate the work of the four committees Miss Savilla Cogswell of the State Teachers College was elected chairman. Mr. Millard Kaufman, president of the Hopkins American Student Union and vice-president of the Senior class is secretary. The chairman of the committee on student government is Mr. J. Murray Kempton, editor of the Hopkins "News-Letter" and member of the Student Council. Mr. Walter Kratz of the University of Baltimore will head the committee on Federal aid to education. The chairman of the equal education opportunities has not yet been made definite. Chairman of the peace committee is Miss Lily Brissman of the State Teachers College. Representatives of Hopkins, Goucher, the University of Baltimore, of the Paul Dunbar High School, and of the State Teachers College are working on the committees. Our college was very well represented by Norman Wilde, Betty Kaufman, Richard Cunningham, and Charles Leef. The work of this student council has only begun. It must and will grow. All interested students should take part. American students have a task before them; they must stand up to it.



Brain Buster

A boy rides his bicycle to school every morning at a speed of 12 miles per hour. Regularly he passes at the same point a second boy who walks to school at the rate of four miles per hour. But one morning the cyclist passes the walker a fourth of a mile farther along the way than usual. If the walker is on time, how many minutes behind his regular time is the cyclist? Answer next month.

After College—What?

Late in December there appeared at the Baltimore play houses an entertaining revue. This play was initiated two years ago in New York by the workers in a large industry to take care of their leisure hours.

"Pins and Needles" became such a "hit" that it has had a run of two years in New York and has sent out many road shows as well.

How to use the many hours of leisure after intense work in the factories and shops has been accomplished in a wise, happy way. Do teachers teach and teach, and mark papers and mark papers, and mark papers, and talk of their children when their day is done? Try to answer the following questions and find out.

1. Which daintily dressed instructor makes her own dresses and sometimes her own coats?

2. A cottage in one of the New England states is the site of the leisure activities of ——?

3. Who is the book worm in the faculty? One member of the staff gets the newest books in science, psychology, history, and fiction as soon as they are published.

4. *She* sits on a cushion and sews a fine seam. Who?

5. Some day we shall hear several of our professional family playing with the Philadelphia or National Symphonies. Name them.

6. On one of the Great Lakes is a pretty camp in which an instructor no longer caring whether the earth is round or east is east, or west is west, spends her time looking at the beauties of nature and playing with her parents. Who?

7. Grown up daughters fill with anxiety the leisure hours of one of the college group. Who?

8. Another likes to find new recipes in cook books both old and new and try them out. Answer here.

9. Gardening is the seasonal occupation of ——?

Tra-la-la, sings this instructor as she plants, hoes, spades, and waters.

10. Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do—practices —— at the end of a perfect day.

11. Clubs and their activities interest whom?

12. Housekeeping with her family which has recently moved here from a middle western state occupies a great deal of the leisure time of ——.

13. The largest state in the Union furnishes health, happiness and height to —— who has brothers and sisters galore.

14. Some members of the faculty have so many interests—reading, travel, housekeeping, piano, singing, the drama—that it is difficult to designate any specific activity to them. Name this group.

15. Friendships of a general nature fill up the after school hours of ———?

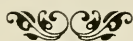
16. One member of our group is often found listening to "Faust" or "Traviata" and other grand operas sung over the radio by her brother.

17. What would ——— do without her Dr. John and the fun they have together; travelling, reading, attending the movies and plays?

18. We suspect that one member of the group has had little leisure time since the beginning of the term with Freshman Mother's Weekend, Thanksgiving, and Christmas dinner.

If you have any leisure time, and you should have, send in your answers to Echo.

The correct answers will be in the February TOWER LIGHT.



"Snicks"

Half of the basketball season is past. This indicates that the period of conditioning is over, and that faster and harder games will follow. Towson has yet the best part of its schedule to play. With the return of the student teachers in February, State Teachers will be at its maximum strength.

In the several games played to date much promise has been shown. The team overwhelmed Theological Seminary. The entire squad saw action as Towson romped to an overwhelming victory. Bob Cox and Dan Austerlitz played particularly well for Towson. The next opponent was a strong Elizabethtown five. Towson succeeded in avenging their only defeat in the small college class in 1937-1938. This game was very impressive. Practically no cheering accompanied Towson's good play. Moreover, the spectators were inclined to debase our fellows whenever chance permitted their doing so. Elizabethtown will visit Towson later in the season. Let us give them a sample of good sportsmanship.

Hopkins was too much for Coach Minnegan's charges to handle in their evening game. Our bright and flashy uniforms were of no avail as Hopkins showed the superiority of sufficient height as the main factor in Towson's downfall. Marty Brill, who is recovering from an injured knee, together with Sol Cohen, played fine ball. It was gratifying to see such a fine assembly of Towson rooters.

So What?

LEE MCCARRIAR

The new year is here and this column is still in the TOWER LIGHT. Somebody should have made a resolution to discontinue it. But it's all for you, dear readers.

1. What Soph. special doesn't know the difference between a fire drill and a house meeting? A towel isn't much help at a house meeting, is it, M. S.?

2. Bob Cox likes May. Of course we mean the month.

3. Why is it that G. B. and B. D. have never made this column? They were so absorbed (about student teaching) that they walked past Dunkirk Road one evening.

4. An apology: The Sage, also known as Weis, asked me to make this apology for him. The pun in the December issue referring to "acoustic" was given to Mr. Weis by Mr. "Barnyard" Phelps. By the way, Mr. P., did you give that Christmas present to ———?

5. L. L. L. says he feels "the urge to roam". Don't stray too far, Leland.

6. What student teacher recently assigned his class to listen to the Glee Club broadcast as a music lesson?

7. L. H. and M. L. are hitting it up right well.

8. Notes from the Men's Room:

a. The Thin Man stands on the scales, to watch his weight, while eating a sandwich.

b. Who hides garlic in his locker?

9. The monthly riddle—Only D. K. knows the answer.

What makes a man stick around you, a dog come toward you, and a horse go away from you?

Then the New Year's resolutions. Here is the latest list for us to break.

1. To keep our feet off of the tables in the Browsing (?) Room.

2. To stop feeding the little mouse in the Ladies' Room.

3. To write up all observations, collected or not.

4. To have at least one eye open, first period, Monday morning.

5. To attend all assemblies, hungry or not.

6. And lastly I resolve never to write anything about anybody in this column in the future (of course all resolutions are broken).

Added attractions:

Whitey and Dark Eyes go well together especially on Friday night. Rube Miller has been giving lots of attention to E. K.

I hear Dr. West is working on two inventions. One, an alarm clock,

connected to the street car rails so you'll hear the bell ring in your home just long enough before the street car comes. The other, a strap in the classroom to hang on to, such as the ones in the street cars. One has to hang on them all the way out, so why not feel natural in class?

And then one day Marty Brill when asked if he owned the street car said, "Yes," and pointed to the name on the car "J. B. Brill."

Well I have decided that I must be off. So long 'till next month.

Ed. note:

We hear that Lee M. C. hangs around the dormitory just for the Heck of it.

Now It Can Be Told

Our "Jones girl" Jenny seems to be Klopp-ing right along here lately.

"Variety is the spice of life—" isn't that true, Roger?

"My Love looks nice in black." We agree—so does Norman Wilde!

Snitching beaus is a racket! Eh, Carpenter?

Special request:

Will someone please check up on Donald Martin, and get him straightened out?

Quoted Daffynitions

Coach:

A fellow who will gladly lay down your life for the school.

A Nudist:

A person who goes coatless and vestless and wears trousers to match.

Signs Spotted

Bond Bakery—No Loafing.

Frederick, Md.—Dogs electrocuted—5c.

Mocksville, N. C.—Pay less and tote (cash and carry).

Washington Boulevard—Eat here and die at home.

En route to Hagerstown—Drive in, fresh eggs.

Sho' Nuff

We knew China and Japan were at war but not Wilhelm and Britton.

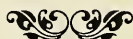
Even locks can't keep hair from flying around in the dormitory, Marguerite.

"He's so cute!" of Cox, he is.

Fry in the world can't Jack make up his mind?

Evansdently he doesn't know where his hart belongs.

J. may be a boon to herself but that leaves Mildred out in the cold.



A Chemical Analysis

"Element—woman

Chemical symbol—WO

Accepted atomic weight—120

Occurrence—found wherever man exists. Seldom in the free state.

With few exceptions the combined state is preferred.

Physical properties:—All colors, sizes, and forms. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered by a film of composite material. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any minute. However, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Chemical properties:—Very active. Possesses great affinity for gold, platinum, silver, and precious stones. Violent reaction when left alone. Ability to absorb great amounts of expensive food at any time. Undissolved by liquids but activity greatly increases when saturated with a spirit solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages rapidly.

Uses:—Highly ornamental. Wide application in the arts of domestic sciences. Acts as a positive or negative catalyst in the production of fervor, as the case may be. Useful as a tonic in alleviation of sickness, low spirits, etc. Efficient as a cleansing agent. Equalizes the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent known.

Caution: Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands."

Alumni News

*Students of school No. 214, under the direction of Miss Marguerite Simmons, class of '34, presented a unique Columbus day program which involved in the use of the school's public address system, and an original script with sound effects and music, and the school's office as a veritable broadcasting studio.

*The sixth grade of Miss Genevieve Shules, School No. 13, made a careful study of the Czechoslovakian situation and presented an interesting program showing some of the differences between democratic and fascist governments. Miss Shules was a member of the class of '33.

*From the Baltimore Bulletin of Education.

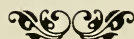
Marriages

Then

Lois Kreinheder '31
Charlotte Wheatley '32
Catherine Grim '34
Anna May Hock '37
Alice Dove '36
Frances Keech '36
Dorothy Gladstone '34
Marie Melcher '36
Evelyn Shirley Fine '35
Ruth Roseman '35

Now

Mrs. Louis H. Bornmann
Mrs. Hoffert
Mrs. J. E. Keys
Mrs. Arthur L. Kirby
Mrs. Beavers
Mrs. Milton Keech
Mrs. Frank Schleunes
Mrs. J. W. Townsend
Mrs. E. F. Brotman
Mrs. Donald Caplan



Morning Interlude

ISADORE SNYDER

"Hello, Jerry, I didn't see you get on this street car."

"Oh, hello, Harry! How is college?"

"Pretty good, thanks, no complaints whatever. By the way have you seen Marge lately?"

At this Jerry blushing replied, "Yes, we went out together last night, and what a time I had. Marge was rather moody and acted extremely strange."

(Continued on page 52)

Roland Park Children Write

Mrs. R. P. Harriss, formerly Margery Willis, a graduate of this college, has made a collection of poems and beautiful expressions of thought written by 6A, 7A, and 8B children at Roland Park school. The work was supplementary to that done in the regular classes, and part of that collection is being published here. More of these artistic creations will follow later.

Metaphors

The stars are the spangles on a bolero jacket.
A starry night is a black curtain with many small holes showing the bright back-stage.
A tree is a long arm with many hands and fingers.
The moon is the shepherd—the stars are the sheep.
The sky is a canvass on which God has painted a great Yellow flower.
Pine trees lined up against the dark winter night are stately guards watching o'er the earth.
The train has a cold; it says "Choo, Choo".
The stars are sparks from Vulcan's anvil.

Babies

CATHERINE ZINK, 8B

Dimpled cheeks and rosy toes
With peace and happiness her face glows,
Throwing her toys to left and right,
Joyfully laughing with pure delight.
The room echoes all around,
When baby ceases to shout and frown.
All through the world
The world will end
When babies go.

THE TOWER LIGHT

The Old, Old Story

CATHERINE ZINK, 8B

We're waiting for pa
As we usually do,
When he's gone hunting
For a rabbit or two;
He left early this morning
With a gun in his hand,
And said, "Don't worry ma,
I'll be home as soon as I can."

He was off in a twinkling,
In the old Chevrolet,
But I knew right then
He'd come home and say—
"Sorry ma, I'm home so late,
I stopped at an inn and already ate,
But see the fine rabbits on the floor,"
And that's the story as you already know;
Does he stop on the way,
Or is he just slow?

Yosemite

NANCY GRACE ROMAN, 7A

God's sculptors carved this valley,
God's gardeners raised the trees,
God's artists made the deep blue lakes
And silver ribbon falls.

God's builders shaped the great stone walls,
Their dust became the sand;
God supervised this mighty work
And beautified the land.

The Sun's Meal

JEANNE PROKASKA, 8B

The Sun, a clumsy little dwarf, was eating lunch one day;
When startled by a bit of rain, he dropped whip cream in the sky.
"Clouds" is what we call those creamy smudges.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Tummy-Ache

PINKNEY PLUMMER, 7A

Our old cook's dinner was very good—
My little brother ate more than he should,
Soon his face told a tale of woe;
Said my mother to him, "For the bi-carb, you go."

The Scientists of Today

BILLY SHAW, 7A

Here's to the men who find out facts,
The scientists of today.
It is they who help us to know our earth
And its changing way.



College Night

GERTRUDE AMOSS

Another good time in Newell Hall Foyer! Branches of fir and spruce, a tree beautifully decorated with red, green, yellow, blue and silver balls, and the familiar odor of a Christmas tree greeted the revelers as they entered the foyer.

Games, entertainment, Paul Jones's and a few "Big Apples" to the rhythm of "Deep In A Dream," "Franklin D. Roosevelt," and "Two Sleepy People" kept the participants in a lively mood.

Cider and doughnuts were served; and, after much laughing and talking, college night ended.



Report

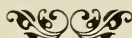
An icy cold shower in the morning
Gives much-needed pep for the day
And stimulates vim and ambition:
At least, so we've heard people say.

James L. Dilley
(*Saturday Evening Post*)

Conquering the Smoke

NANNETTE TROTT

He selected one from the thirty sturdy cylinders resting firmly on their bases. He must not fail tonight or there would be no rest from the merciless teasing of the "gang". Slowly and deliberately he raised it to its destination and placed it there, then touched to it a flaring brand. A great cloud of smoke seemed to engulf him, but undaunted he stuck to his post. If he could only complete it, the victory would be his. He drew a deep breath, controlling every nerve and muscle in his body against the impulse to hurl it to the ground, then triumphantly emitted the smoke. The cigarette was lighted.



Humor

Overheard outside a certain History class:

Miss B: "Why did these Dutch settlers have doors divided in half?"

Stoogent: "Well, the person could open the top half and see who was there without letting him in."

Miss B: "Why-y-, Miss——. Do you mean to tell me that the person couldn't jump over that lower half? Mr. G., couldn't you jump over that little half door?"

Mr. G: "Er, I don't believe I would."

Miss B: "You dont believe you would! Why, Mr. G! If *you're* representative of the young men of today, it's no wonder all these girls are old maids!"

We all appreciate Orson Welles' comment on the latest hair fashion as quoted in *Readers Digest*:

"A woman with her hair combed up always looks as if she were going some place—either to the opera or the shower bath—depending on the woman."

Our vote for the prize professional advice of the month—

To: Thornton Wilder

For: The child's remark in "Our Town," upon the event of his teacher's engagement being announced: "I think that when a teacher starts to be a teacher, she should keep on being one."

Some humorous tidbits from "Our Town":

"The Baptist Church is down by the river."

Congregational minister to the choir: "Soft, now. Leave the loud singing for the Methodists."

Father-in-law-to-be: "I think that there should be a law that no man should see his father-in-law on the morning before the wedding."

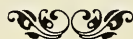
Sentimental housewife: "Look at the moon."

Practical housewife: "Potato weather for sure!"

Minister after performing wedding: "I've married 2000 couples in my time, and I'm not sure it's a *good* thing yet! Out of those 2000 weddings, about one'll turn out to be interesting."

Young girl: "Mother, am I pretty enough to *interest* anybody you know?"

Straitlaced mother: "You're pretty enough for all ordinary purposes! Now, scat."



Some Fun

Marcellus—Yo' done said yo' could lick me?

Jasper—Umhum, I sho' did, big boy. Want to see me demonstrate?

Marcellus—No, indeedy; I'se jest gatherin' statistics.

Harefoot—Alfred has a scheme for making one-cent stamps do as well as three-cent ones.

Pshaw—How's that?

Harefoot—Why, he uses three of them.

Etaoin—I know that girl well. She used to sit on my lap when she was little.

Shrdlu—I know her better. She sat on my lap last night.

Prof—Now, what is the Greek for boiled water?

Frosh—Zoop.

Visitor—How many students are there at your college?

Student—Off hand I'd say only one in every 10.

Dialogue Between a Mother and a College Daughter

C. T. SCHWARTZMAN

"Mother, now that we're in the dress department, won't you please let me just try on a black satin gown? After all, if the style is youthful—"

"Oh, my dear, black is so mature. And black satin would certainly be much too sophisticated for you. Why, when I was your age—"

"But times have changed. Nearly every college girl wears black now. It always looks so much smarter. Take that taffeta one, for instance. In blue it looks—well, actually ill! But in black it's stunning!"

"I know, dear. Yet blue is much more youthful. You should want to keep your youth, not rush by it."

"Blue! Youthful! Why, Mother, Bob tells me how old I seem, not at all like those kids in my class. Wouldn't he be let down if I came down in blue—blue taffeta! And what a let-down that would be for *me*! Bet he'd drop me like a hot potato! Gosh, Mommy, I guess it was okay for you to wear sweet, ruffy dresses to your college proms. You were the sweet type."

"Sweet? Well, yes, Betty, child, sweet it was. My college dance frock was so girlish! Full, ——— ruffled down to the floor—puffed sleeves—"

"And I guess it was powder blue, too, or pink and organdy or silk or—well, something soft."

"Oh, it was very soft and smooth. It was made of——uh, why, of satin." Sheepishly, "Of satin. Black satin."



Dramatic Punting

On the eve of the Munich agreement the London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* cabled a dramatic account of the debate in Parliament. One sentence in his dispatch read: "Big Ben was slowly ticking peace away." Either because of transmission difficulties or editing on the cable desk in New York, the sentence appeared in print as "Big men were slowly kicking peace away."

(*Nation*)

Family—Aw, gee, Dad let's buy a new car!

Dad—Wait till I've had a ride in the old one, will you?

—*Pathfinder.*

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Tastes Prefer*

**ESSKAY QUALITY
Meat Products**

REMEMBER!

The Sophomore Dance

Routson's Orchestra

January 20, 1939

(Continued from page 44)

"Really? I can't imagine Marge being moody. What happened?"

"Well, to begin with, we started to go to the movies, but ended up by taking a walk. Marge was very irritable at first, you know how girls are; but that soon wore off. Then she became very sociable and repeatedly admired my fraternity pin. Of course, she wasn't hinting at all!"

Harry's amusement and surprise brought another blush to Jerry's cheek. "Well, what was the outcome?"

"You should know Marge by now. Any way I know it's in good hands."

I doubt that anyone failed to appreciate that one remark in Mr. Walther's speech: "The Englishman's boast: The sun never sets on the British empire." The Frenchman's reply: "God knows better than to trust an Englishman in the dark."



MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Chesterfields

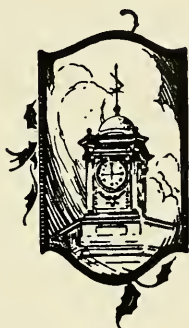
FOR MORE PLEASURE

TOWER LIGHT



February
1939

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
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TOWSON, MARYLAND

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C O N T E N T S



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	PAGE
To You, Miss Keys!.....	3
As the Psychologist Sees It	4
Trends in Reading	7
Six Easy Lessons	8
Between the Hours.....	10
An Inspired Light Hunter.....	11
Through the Eyes of a Tourist.....	12
A Short Story	14
Speaking of Buffaloes	15
The Ice Follies of 1939.....	16
Save Your Pennies	17
Vanishing Americans	18
Editorials	21
Norse Mythology	24
Tot Lots	25
Arnold Guyot, First to Measure the Peaks of the Appalachians	26
Children's Poems	28
Pronunciation	30
The Library—At Your Service.....	32
Teachers College Record	33
Advertisements	43
Illustration on Page 34.....	MIRIAM KOLODNER

THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XII

FEBRUARY, 1939

No. 5

To You, Miss Keys!

In the fall of 1926 a new faculty member arrived at Towson. She was small and brown-haired, with kindly eyes and a pleasant friendly manner. Quietly she took her place among us. To the students she soon became known as the person who could be depended upon to help make the rest rooms attractive, to sew up a tear in a shirt, to direct a first-hand study of some local economic or social problem, to hear sad tales of thwarted love. She could think up a stunt for Girls' Demonstration, convert cast-off clothing and scraps into costumes for innumerable occasions, advise how to make tea for profit, or plan a party for fun.

To the faculty she became the one who made the faculty rooms pleasant, who produced delightful and original arrangements of flowers in the dining room, who planned varied and refreshing teas before faculty meetings, who would always serve on a committee. She could tell a funny story, and see an amusing side to a trying situation, she smoothed out rough places and made everyone comfortable. Her own problems remained in the background, but she always listened to those of others, not with the far-off look and detached air of assumed courtesy, but with a real personal interest. She offered no panaceas, but always suggested some practical way out of a difficulty. It is this willingness to efface herself and help others, which has given her a place in our hearts—a place no one else will ever quite fit. We, the faculty, wish for her many more years of giving help and happiness to others—and so, happiness for herself. To you, Miss Keys!

As the Psychologist Sees It

NELLIE W. BIRDSONG

Rich man, poor man,
Beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.

To all of these, psychology is not only a word, but it has some meaning.

The lawyer studies the faces of the jury and dwells upon the words of the witnesses; the doctor relieves the patient, but tries to understand the emotions which may have aided in producing this physical sign of distress. The minister, looking down upon his congregation, preaches his sermon ever mindful of the "whys", the "hows", and the "wherefores". The novelist sets out to solve the knottiest of psychological problems, and the general public buys armfuls of pamphlets, newspapers, books, magazines and journals dealing with psychology which are stacked in every bookstore and on every corner news stand in the country. "The psychology of the situation" is a catch phrase which seems to settle all problems.

Human psychology, like all other sciences, began when man began to ask "why?" But, unlike other sciences, its subject matter differs. Psychology deals with the activities of human beings, and has a broad biological background.

Although the problems of psychology are as old as man, the first treatment of it as a science was by Plato, 427-347 B.C. and Aristotle, 384-322 B.C. After Aristotle, the periods of development through which it passed had distinctive characteristics—the Alexandrian period, so called because the scholars at Alexandria made contributions to psychology which affected later phases of this subject. With the rise of Christianity psychological interests and concepts were dominated by the church. The soul, which had been the subject of controversy by earlier philosophers was to be saved, not studied.

Following the third, or Ecclesiastical period, Descartes dominated the field until 1900 or thereabouts. During these periods psychology has been defined and redefined as "the science of the breath"; (The word *psyche* literally means breath.) the science of the soul; the science of the mind; the science of consciousness; until its last definition, narrow though it be in its scope, the science of behavior has been generally accepted by modern psychologists. A psychological wit, in discussing the varying definitions of this science said, "Psychologists first lost their breath, then they lost their soul, then their minds, and now with the developing interest in reactions, they are rapidly losing consciousness."

Psychology may be defined as "the science of the activities of the individual". He walks, he speaks, he sees, he thinks, he laughs, he cries, he feels happy, he feels sad. Notwithstanding these numerous activities the individual acts as a unit, physically, mentally and emotionally. Many educators use this phrase, "the whole child" and it is an attempt to establish the fact that the child brings to school his skeleton, his muscles, his glands,—his body,—his mind and his emotions; and the relationship which may exist between them must be understood. The problem of the relation of mind and body is considered less important today and is relatively ignored by modern psychologists.

The fields of psychology are too numerous to mention here, but educational psychology, human development with its divisions: the infant, the child, the adolescent, the adult, are of prime importance to the person who is planning to teach.

Three outstanding problems in human development today are the problems of growth, development and maturation, individual differences and learning.

The major goal for childhood is growth, normal and harmonious. Growth is an active state and suggests progression along the road of experience. It was Pestalozzi, the great educator, who first established this need for a "harmonious development of the faculties".

Growth is a matter of quantity. Children grow physically when they increase in height and weight. They develop as their bodily proportions and balance of physiological functions change, leaving behind the characteristics of the child and taking on those of the adult. Development is a matter of change in pattern, proportion and relationship. Growth is a matter of structure. While the two are usually found in close association and are used interchangeably, they are really but phases of the changes taking place with age. It is impossible to make an adequate study of the development of behavior and function without studying the growth of the structure.

The dwarf is a fully developed man, but not a full grown man. Maturation is the change in structure and function which comes as the result of bodily growth and the maturing of the muscular and nervous systems.

The innate urge to use any organ of the body must wait upon maturation, learning, and training for its full expression. Maturation, though dependent in a general way upon the environment, is more particularly a matter of organization and internal relations. Breathing cannot be learned; the necessary structures must have been prepared by maturation. Walking, running, climbing, and similar activities, along with speech are achieved only through maturation. The new born infant has

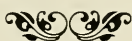
eyes but they have to await the development of the nerves and muscles to permit the infant to "see". The baby coos, babbles, or gurgles because the mechanism is present. Walking is primarily a nature response, the development of which is maturation rather than training. It has been suggested that learning to walk probably means that "at the age when the child's bones and muscles have become strong enough for walking, the nerve connections for coordinating this complex movement have also reached the stage where they are ready for business".

Given strong bones and muscles, intelligence and something to walk for, the baby will begin his first journey in spite of mother's attempt to teach him to walk. Such changes, reactions and adjustments may be the result of progressive maturation in bodily growth.

Learned activities also must wait for the natural functioning of the body resulting from progressive maturation to initiate the activities from which we learn about ourselves and the world about us. The speed and effectiveness of learning is dependent upon training. But training has not been found effective until maturation of the parts of the organism is adequate for the expression of the activity to be trained.

This problem will be presented in a later article. Finally, there are two categories into which changes and adjustments fall. Those involving changes in relative and absolute size and shape of organs are designated as gross structural maturation; and those involving probably minute changes in the structure of the nervous system and which are concerned with muscular coordination and integration of behavior are generally known as functional maturation.

From the standpoint of the educator, training has little value until the child's physical and mental maturation are at the stage where learning specific things, such as reading and handwriting, can be productive.



A Strange Playfellow

I have a strange playfellow
Who sleeps in the western sky,
And when the night begins to fall,
He wakes and opens his eye.

As soon as I have gone to bed,
In at my window he will peep
And say, "Come along to Dreamland, child",
This star who guards my sleep.

Trends in Reading

EUNICE K. CRABTREE

OUR reading program is taking new directions, assuming new functions, and developing new techniques. The purpose of this article is to summarize a few of the trends.

Reading is recognized as a means to an end and not an end in itself. The goal is the development of rich and many-sided personalities so that human beings may live together better. Reading is an important means of working toward the goal. Whenever printed materials are a part of the learner's equipment, reading is necessary. As an aid to learning it has decided advantages. Through reading it is possible to gain an understanding of people, places, things, and events which one has never seen; it provides the company of the world's best minds of past and present; it gives easy and inexpensive access to original masterpieces. Throughout our lives reading plays an increasingly useful role. With the emphasis upon this concept of reading, teachers have the responsibility and opportunity to select books and other printed matter and to use types of guidance which will lead to the desired goal.

In programs of reading readiness emphasis is placed on the experience background. The reader will only read the author's thought in the light of his own experiences. The writer tells his story in printed symbols, and the reader following these symbols recreates the story in his imagination. The reader's story will be as accurate and vivid as his background of experience will permit it to be. Therefore, teachers are endeavoring to enrich and extend the child's experiences that he may be ready to make an adequate interpretation of the selections he reads. This ever growing background is made up of actual and vicarious experiences. The beginner needs a rich and varied program of actual experiences and the language necessary for recording them in his memory. As he matures he derives more and more of his background for the interpretation of the printed symbols from his reading and other vicarious experiences. As Emily Dickinson describes:

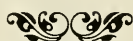
"I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be."

The study of individual needs and abilities is being forwarded. Each child as well as each adult has some interests and abilities that are different from those of his classmate or neighbor. It is desirable that we have a certain uniformity of interests and abilities within a learning group for

developing social understandings, but differences in interests should be encouraged to the end that group living may be enriched by the contributions of the various members. Teachers must know the individual differences of the children they teach that they may give the help needed and utilize to best advantage the varieties of interest and ability in the classroom. Teachers are becoming well equipped for determining what these differences are and how to provide for them. The new reading books, text books, and other printed materials are prepared to suit the needs of pupils of various abilities on the same age or grade level. With these new materials greater knowledge of reading readiness, better and more varied types of guidance, teachers are enabled to make adjustments to individual needs as they arise rather than delaying until serious reading deficiencies become fixed. With such programs of instruction there should be fewer and fewer cases requiring remedial reading.

The content for children's books is being chosen and prepared with discrimination. The tendency today is to present valuable information characterized by its accuracy and authenticity, and literary selections which give pleasure and ennoble the lives of the readers. The new reading materials aid in developing an awareness of and constructive attitudes toward our changing civilization. The carefully selected stories, poems, and plays encourage right attitudes of tolerance and understanding of other points of view, other cultures, and other peoples.

Throughout the reading program the content is closely related to children's living. It builds on the child's knowledge and goes on and beyond keeping him stretching up step by step. It helps the child make a happy adjustment to the world in which he lives. A reading program which stimulates widening interests, promotes good habits of thinking, cultivates appreciation, and establishes desirable character traits truly contributes to the art of living for all.



Six Easy Lessons

LOUISE R. FIREY

FOR real thrills when the snow is here, strap on a pair of skis and try your luck. There's nothing quite so fascinating. It is roughly estimated that there are 600,000 skiers in the country today and at least 28 states with satisfactory skiing conditions. Down-hill running seems to be the most popular style.

Mr. Blaue, an expert in the art, offers some tips to beginners:

1. To encourage us the first step is quite simple. Moving on even ground means gliding without actually lifting the ski from the ground—

long even strides. The ski poles move opposite to the leg motion. It is most important that the entire weight should rest on the advanced ski. The knee is bent but the rest of the body is kept as straight as possible.

2. After becoming acquainted with the skis and learning the elements of balance, the skier is ready to try his skill ascending a slope. It is important that the inner edges of both skis are pressed hard in the snow. Turn your skis in; avoid crossing the ends of the skis.

The fastest method is the herring-bone climb. The skis are lifted from the snow, the movement uphill being effected by short, even strides.

3. When the slope is too steep for the herring-bone climb, the zig-zag climb is used.

a. Place the left ski horizontal to the slope so that it cannot slip.

b. Lift the right ski up and make a complete outward swing around.

c. Place the right ski parallel to the left but in the opposite direction.

d. Bring the left ski around and place it parallel to the right ski.

4. The side step is best used on slopes that are not very steep. As the skier mounts step by step up the slope, the upper ski is planted firmly against the slope. Poles prove useful in drawing up the lower ski. The movement really consists of alternately spreading and then drawing the skis together.

5. Having reached the top of the hill, the skier is now ready for the most awaited phase of the sport—the descent. Stand upright in a natural position—skis close together with one ski slightly in advance of the other. The poles must be trailing. Start the glide with a vigorous push of the poles. While gliding, maintain the original position as closely as possible making sure the knees are flexible.

6. When the skier suddenly comes out on a hard crust, his speed increases to a dangerous degree, and besides, he cannot see what obstacles may suddenly pop up ahead. As a beginner, immediately employ the double stem brake. This is the first step in learning how to manage the skis. Stand in the same position as for the descent, but do not advance either ski. Separate the ends of the skis by an equal outward pressure of both heels. The skis lie flat on the snow with your weight equally distributed on both feet.

Very simple, just six easy lessons, and you'll be sitting on top of the snow.

Condensed from "Scholastic"

Between the Hours

JAMES JETT

At the darkened midnight hour
The next day's embryo takes form
And with the rising sun the flow'r
That is tomorrow 'gins to bloom.

Blossoms that bud in Eastern realms,
Unfold the glories of the day
And pour betwixt the aged elms
The sweetened nectars from thy cups;

Pour, and drown in honeyed streams
The hours of life we all must spend—
The one who toils, the one who dreams,
The one who, in them, seeketh joy.

Wealth, that's stored in golden drops
Of Heaven's gilded, glowing disc,
Reveal thy splendour—that which stops
The eyes of every living thing.

Cloud, that o'er the green hill floats,
Thou hidest the bird—the meadow lark,
That earthward sends his cheery notes
That lend more glory to the day.

Cloud and hill and singing bird,
Without thee all the day would be
As useless as th' unspoken word
Which might have told the poet's thought.

At the darkened midnight hour
The next day's embryo takes form,
For with the setting sun the flow'r
That was today has paled and gone.

An Inspired Light Hunter

WALTER GORDON

A STRANGE Dane, who had been tagged by death, discovered that the energy of light is death's worst enemy. This man was Niels Finsen, who in an eleven years' race with death, through a series of events which were unscientific and contrary to the doctrines and beliefs of the medical world, made his discovery.

Finsen, after being dismissed from a Danish school, went to Iceland to finish his preliminary education. At this school it was drilled into him not to believe anything but what he found out for himself. When he went to medical school, the professors and students were enthusiastic about the science of the microbe hunters, Pasteur and Koch.

Finsen often had strange fits of coldness because of his lack of blood, and at such times he would go out on the porch in the sun to get warm. It happened that he noticed a cat lying frequently in the sun on a nearby roof. The cat would change its position as the sun seemingly moved across the sky, in order to be in the sunshine all the time. Finsen got a hunch from this cat; he began experimenting. By exposing his arms to the sun, one painted with India ink and the other one bare, he found that the ink kept out certain rays of the sun. He also found that sunlight only, burns or blisters skin which is not tanned.

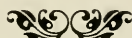
Focused sunlight through a convex lens on the tail of a tadpole caused the blood to flow much slower until there was a jam of red corpuscles. Many white corpuscles gradually formed around this jam; this he knew as inflammation. With this advancement Finsen was able to prove that by keeping a smallpox patient out of the sunlight he would not have a fever, blood poisoning or scars. This discovery made Finsen internationally famous. He could have gone far with this discovery, but instead he worked on the hunch given by the cat. Finsen kept sniffing into the most improbable and unprofitable corners to prove that sunlight is good.

After many experiments with the effect of sunlight on different animals, he began to apply it to man. A Danish engineer had suffered for eight years from tubercle bacilli in the skin of his face. Other doctors gave the man up as incurable, but Finsen thought differently. He had a carbon arc lamp made which would cause the same effects as the sun. Light from this lamp was applied regularly to the engineer's face, and at the end of four months his face was completely cured.

Finsen next found that by using quartz over the lamp the light would be more effective and more rapid at curing. He died shortly after this discovery and left his work to be carried on by Doctor Bernhard. Sun-

light was soon applied to the whole body of those suffering from tuberculosis and proved to be successful in restoring health.

Today the cure of tuberculosis in any part of the body is almost certain if the symptoms are discovered at an early stage and artificial light such as Finsen used is applied. Much credit must be given this doctor whom the world hears little about.



Through the Eyes of a Tourist

E. A. F.

“**C**OMPRELOS! Cómprelos!” greets us as we pass under the dingy canvas through whose accidental perforations the tropical sun points at the dusty cobblestone path beneath. “Cómprelos!” in varied inflections comes at us from all the rows of stalls leaning on one another in this Mexican border-town market.

“Cómprelos!” The ragged old Mexican with the wrinkles in his brown face accented by the browner dust in them calls plaintively, and his poor hardened hands beseechingly gesture to his wares: the bananas sold best before this time, the brave yellow of the better fruit only partially concealing the blacker fruit below; the fly-specked avocados laboriously arranged in tottering pyramids; the strings of small red peppers criss-crossing overhead. His brown eyes, peering sharply from behind their foliage, follow us reproachfully as we look with a little more interest at the cleaner produce of his younger neighbor. This lithe vendor hastens to exaggerate the merits of his fruit in proudly exhibited English, his surprisingly fine white teeth disarmingly revealed. The collar of his maroon satin shirt, open at the throat, is no longer shining clean, however; and on the front of his trousers’ legs are the memories of many hand-wipings.

We dodge the tired señora trying to maintain an equilibrium between a thumb-sucking infant on one arm and heavy bags of food stuffs on the other, in addition to keeping an eye on a nagging small son whose only claim to a garment is the trousers undoubtedly inherited from an older brother. His vociferous insistence finally leads his mother to shift the infant, set down her bags, and untie a stained handkerchief to procure the means of purchasing a glassful of red lemonade for her demanding son. The almost pretty young girl at the lemonade stand hurries up another child, dips her ladle into the jar of crimson liquid, and fills the sticky

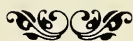
THE TOWER LIGHT

finger-marked glass for the boy, pacifying him for the moment. The infant-in-arms, noting that something is to be obtained, loudly manifests his desire; with his mother's assistance he drinks some lemonade too, pink rivulets cutting little gulleys in the sediment on his face.

Winding amidst the stalls, we find the pervading smell of garlic in almost any Mexican gathering reinforced and quite outdone by another smell. As we round a corner, we see the source: the meat department. Overhead are the slaughtered lean beeves, quite bloody-looking but long past the dripping stage, the meat still partly encased by the hides from which hang the tails. Multi-colored yapping curs annoy the dangling tails and occasionally make a successful jump to tear a bite off the meat itself. The black-shawl hooded Indian woman on whom hangs the cheapest of ready-made cotton dresses, beltless now, is waiting as the butcher wraps her meat, brushing the flies from it with his blood-clotted hands.

Quickly we turn and elbow our way to a more pleasing section, pervaded by the scent of leather. The bare-footed peon shows us his cleverly plaited whips. His frayed blue jeans are supported by a vivid leather belt, made as only his people know how. . . . Our attention is diverted by the man in the adjacent stall who with hesitant command of a few English words attempts to sell us a sombrero from the high straw stacks of them. Seeing that we don't want to purchase a hat, he shifts emphasis to zapatas, the hand-made straw shoes.

Having rid ourselves of the vendor's pleas, we now subject ourselves to the trinket sellers. The middle-aged woman of the many gestures and the clumsy feet wins us for customers with her sympathy-seeking eyes. We must have a memento of our visit to a Mexican market; so, from among the multitude of tiny watches, bright glass beads, duty-free French perfumes, and pottery we select little crudely molded clay vases, bearing the imprints of their maker's fingers.



Tiny feet go pitter, patter
Watch those coeds scream and scatter —
A MOUSE!

Pa. Well, son, how are your marks?
Son. They're under water.
Pa. What do you mean under water?
Son. Below "C" level.

A Short Story

JOHN E. KOONTZ

LEAVES slid silently down the sides of the wind and landed with a soft scraping sound on the yellow grass. Fall was packing away the beauties of summer once more. It was November, nineteen hundred thirty-eight.

Oakleigh, a small college town, was being lazily prepared for winter. Across the street from the courthouse stood Judge Eldridge's house, stately white pillars supporting the portico of a colonial home. The Judge was long since dead. In this house resided the young gentleman in whom we are interested.

Allan turned his long slim frame over several times until finally he found just the right spot on the couch. The fire was blazing brightly in the fireplace. Old Uncle Sylvester's stony countenance reflected just enough of the fire-light to make it appear slightly friendly.

"Funny, old Sylvester has hung there, over the mantelpiece, for years on end, but every time I look at him his expression seems to be different. The guy who painted the old buzzard must have been plenty good. Imagine making a guy like old Sylvester interesting. Aunt Helen said the other day he was crabby as a bear and hard to get on with. He did all right by me, though; pretty swell leaving me money and the house. It ought to come in handy. The money for the rest of State; the house for Margie."

Allan reached out, scooped a cigarette off the side table and thoughtfully lighted it.

"Enough work to do over this week-end to kill three profs and the dean. How the deuce do they expect me to do all that work! Oh, well, plenty of time, today's only Saturday. I'll get up after a while and go down to the "bowl". Marge will be there with the gang, and maybe we can pitch a little woo over a couple of ice cream sodas. Nice girl, Marge, doesn't drink or smoke.

"Funny how I met her, or, rather, remet her. The ocean, the breeze, strains of 'The Moon of Manakora', everything made to order for romance. There I was sitting in the moonlight dreaming when 'Hello; tough there isn't a palm tree right there and I'm in mouslin de soie. You'd fit in the picture somewhere too. Remember me?"

"No," my retort courteous.

"I'm Marge Haller. I used to live right next door to your grandma. Remember the skinny little kid with freckles, pig-tails, and braces on her teeth? The ugly duckling from next door?"

"You did all right by yourself, Marge Haller. How did you know me?"

"By that good-looking profile, that perfect hair-line, all of the traits that have made the Eldridge men outstanding since way back when the original Eldridge decided Adonis wasn't a good enough name for him."

"Marge, you're a devil. Go on with your blarney. I love it."

. . . and after that first night the fun we had together! Marge is a swell kid.

"Yes, Uncle Sylvester, I have an enormous amount of work ahead of me and I'm thinking about a young lady. I'm running out on it. I'm telling the work to go to blazes. If I were you, the stern Judge Sylvester Eldridge, bachelor, legislator and fool, I would be plugging away instead of lying here smoking and thinking.

"What am I going to do about that short story the English prof assigned? A set formula to write on. Imagine writing about a young man, a jitter jacket, an ancestor, and an ice cream soda.

"Maybe I ought to go down to the 'bowl' now and look for Marge. Say, she might have some ideas. So long, Sylvester."

Allan sauntered lazily down the "avenue". Directly in front of him were two girls in jackets covered inch for inch with pictures and idiotic phrases. The jitter-jacket Allan was to write about could easily have been one of these. Allan did not notice either of them; his thoughts were at the "bowl". Suddenly his face brightened; a lovely petite blond "vision" had caught him by the arm.

"In a hurry, mister?"

"Going to find my best and only."

"Interesting, what's she like?"

"You. No kidding, Marge, I was looking for you. Let's go down to Joe's for a couple of hamburgers."

"Okeh."

"Say, what kind of a short story would you write with this recipe: time, November, 1938, a young man, a palm tree, a jitter-jacket, an ancestor, and an ice cream soda?"

"Easy, my boy, easy. Have your notebook handy. Title: Today's Shorter Story. Story: a young man dressed in his great grandfather's jitter-jacket lay under a palm tree sipping an ice cream soda."



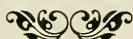
A young girl who had done well in school was promoted to the third grade. On meeting her old teacher, whom she liked, she said: "Gee, I wish you were smart enough to teach me next year."

Speaking of Buffaloes

DAVID L. SHEPHERD

In Wind Cave National Park, at the edge of the Black Hills in South Dakota, the government has been seeking to save the American bison from extinction. This effort has been quite successful. It was found that this year the buffalo herd had grown too large to be supported by the available range, hence some of these bison will be shipped to zoos and nearby Indian tribes.

Because the bison have a strong distaste for horses ridden by the cowboys and because it was observed that the beasts had a healthy respect for fast running vehicles, this fall the United States Park Service tried out automobiles in corralling the buffalo. Cars have two definite advantages over horses. First, buffaloes will keep at a respectful distance and will not charge the automobile as they did the horses; and second, cars are capable of keeping up with the buffalo's pace. It is probable that in the future most of the United States Parks Service will employ vehicles in place of horses.



"The Ice Follies of 1939"

D. ANTHONY

One of the unique spots in the winter sports-amusement field this year was "The Ice Follies of 1939". This big skating musical extravaganza is making its fourth annual tour, having become a bigger, brighter and smarter show than previous ones because of the addition of new acts, new skating routines, new group numbers, new costumes and effects. Recently this troupe has come from Hollywood where they filmed in a picture for M.G.M.

A "Who's Who" of the "Ice Follies" would include such well-known professional skating artists as:

Bess Ehrhardt—"America's Sweetheart of the Ice"

Evelyn Chandler—"World's Champion Professional Woman Skater"

Roy Shipstead—"American Professional Champion"

Shipstead and Johnson—World's greatest comedy and acrobatic stars

Ruby and Bobby Mason—Junior Pair Champions from Northwest

Harris Legg—Former Canadian Amateur speed skating champion

Heine Brock—a clown on ice and a former University of Minnesota hockey, baseball, and tank star

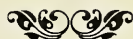
Bruce Mapes—Middle Atlantic Champion in 1934

Ann Haroldson—Ladies' Midwestern Champion

Fink and Busher—"The Pep Girls of the Ice"

Aside from solo and pair performances there were clever group numbers entitled "Flower Ballet", "Indian Dance", "Toyland", "Swing Dance on Ice", French Midinettes, Russian Folk Dance and Scotch Lassies.

Having seen the actual performance of "The Ice Follies of 1939", I am anxiously awaiting the motion picture of the same name so that I may again experience the beauty and artistry of the costumes, music and lighting effects; marvel at the speed, grace and perfection of the rhythm and timing of the skaters; and thrill again to the panorama of an ice carnival.



Save Your Pennies for the New York World's Fair

The collection of sculpture to be used at the World's Fair 1939 is reported to be one of the finest collections of statuary ever assembled in this or any other country. Every school and style is said to be represented by sculptors, some of whom are nationally famous and others whose names are new. The size of the plan of the fair demands large pieces—the largest is a sixty-five foot portrait statue of George Washington done by James Earle Frazer. Some of the work from foreign and state governments and private exhibitors will supplement that of the Fair Corporation. Besides these necessary parts of the Fair plan, American sculpture will be exhibited in a section of the Contemporary Arts Building. After the Fair, it is thought that some of the works will be remade in permanent materials for the New York City Parks Department, since all except three pieces are made in plaster. "Textile" is a thirty-foot structure representing a new type of "structural sculpture"; steel plates suggest the lines but the figure is not solid. Located at the entrance of "Tomorrow Town" is the "Tree of Life" by Lawrence Fenning Stevens. This composition consists of a gigantic elm tree five feet in diameter and forty-five feet high, and two figures carved in eucalyptus. The two lesser figures seem to be seeking strength and courage from the larger one. The other permanently executed group is "The Fountain of the Atom", located in the center of Bowling Green. Eight ceramic figures representing the electrons and protons in the octet theory of the atom surround a 30 foot shaft of glass brick which pulses with light and from the top of which flows fire and water. There are also four larger figures in the group symbolizing Fire, Earth, Air, and Water. Many pieces, though not made for permanency, promise to add to this exhibit which will make New York the vortex of the world during 1939.

Vanishing Americans

CATHERINE GRAY

ARCHITECTURE, Painting, Sculpture, Literature, and Music our art teachers tell us are the five arts. Is it possible that they have overlooked the greatest of the arts? A hidden art, buried from view—having its beginning with the cave man—unknown to professors!! Is it unknown to you? Have you never heard of the fine art of getting out of work? What? You don't believe it's an art? Well, just let me refer you to Mr. Webster—"Art is the employment of means to the accomplishment of some end". There! Now let me elucidate.

It is very difficult, as it is in every art, to be of any prominence in this field. One must start at a very tender age. (Of course, I am basing my knowledge on my own experiences.) The earliest stage in the art's development is called the "Baby"lonian, starting around the year 1 to 5BACO—Before the Adults Catch On. Here there is no organization. There are no reasons for getting out of work and none are expected. These young people wage their battles successfully and the doting parent has no defense against the "cute" creatures. This, therefore, is not "art". The artists have no system.

But wait! They'll learn. But it's not until 5 to 8 WPWU—While Parents are Waking Up. The "Childeans" are developing excuses. The parent defense is growing, but it's still very weak. Here are some examples of this stage of development. The commonest is the stomach ache. The parents are flustered. "What did she eat? My poor darling, you stay right there on the sofa. Mama and papa will do the dishes." This excuse works for a while, but eventually the child spies the castor oil on the shelf and decides that it is time to change his tune.

I suppose the critic would call this stage the early beginnings of the art of getting out of work for the "Childeans" have a means—excuses—to an end—no work. But the real thing comes in the years 8 to 12 NPTS—Now Parent Trouble Starts. The parents are now hardened to attacks. The "Youthmerians", as they are called, realize that they must be able to present tangible evidence of their inability to—let us say—wheel the baby carriage. Step by step, the art develops.

1. What excuse is best?
 - a. If I cannot walk, I surely cannot wheel the carriage.
2. How can I give evidence that I cannot walk?
 - a. A sprained ankle is pretty good.
 - b. Have a friend drop a brick on my ankle.
 - 1) Large bruise, just a little pain.
 - 2) Tangible evidence.

THE TOWER LIGHT

3. Pretend to slide down steps, or slip on carpet next day.
4. Put on brave show—"Never mind me, I'll make out" (grimace of pain).
5. Result—a quarter to see show and forget ankle.

The "Youthmerians" are really artists. They have organization plus, but it is not very subtle. This has to wait for the "Lassics" and "Laddics" in 12-18 CPN—Careful Procedure Necessary. Getting out of washing ash trays is a nasty job and requires a great deal of ingenuity to get free of it. Ahem! Here is the procedure.

1. What causes the ash trays to need washing?
 - a. Dad's pipe.
2. Get rid of pipe.
 - a. Can't throw it away—cause trouble.
 - b. Do father favor—wash the evil-smelling thing.
3. Result—Dad will refrain from smoking, hence—no trays.

Unfortunately, I have gone no further than this period, but others have. These people are rare and, as yet, have no name. One I know of was a negro slave who lived way before his time. Most people thought him lazy. They did not realize that he had developed to a stage beyond them. Even if they did realize it, they wouldn't admit it. As impossible as it sounds, the following is true. Mose, the slave, liked to sit in his chair and sop up the early morning sunshine, but his wife preferred that he cook while she dressed the numerous pickaninnies. She preferred it to a point where she used pots and pans to make an impression on her husband. Having had enough impression, but still loving his rocking chair, Mose rigged up an ingenious device. The chickens roosted in the house above Mose's chair. He made a long, slanting funnel from the roost to the stove. Then he put a board across the funnel and suspended a small hammer over it. Beneath was a frying pan and to the side, Mose and his chair. The idea was for the hen to lay the egg, sending it down the funnel where it was stopped by the board, broken by the hammer and dumped into the pan. Mose's only worry was that he had to light the fire.

Thus we have unearthed the history of another art. It is one in which we can all excel. Do you feel that you have missed some stages? Are you afraid that this art is vanishing and the people who study it are vanishing Americans? Do you want to progress in this art? If so, please consult the president of your college and have it included in *your* curriculum. Do not let anyone talk you out of it, because Webster gives you the authority to include it with your courses in a further definition of art.

"Art—the branches of learning included in the prescribed course of academic study."

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
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Victory

JEANNE KRAVETZ

A plea for equal suffrage for the men of State Teachers College was sounded in the last edition of the TOWER LIGHT. Such a bid acts only to advertise the comparative inadequacy of the male of the species.

During their long tenure of sovereignty, the so-called "stronger sex" reigned supreme. It was not until an opportunity for competition was afforded to women that men were faced with the necessity of proving their alleged and much-vaunted superiority. How miserably they have failed in establishing their preeminence is indicated by the article that prompted this reply.

The seeming appeal for equality was subtly and disarmingly stated, but to the woman of discernment it is quite apparent that what the men of State Teachers College want is not equal privileges—they already possess those—but a return to the old system of male preference.

The "defeated" writer bemoans the fact that the men of State Teachers College "struggle" to obtain a "voice in the affairs" of our college; he is blissfully unaware, evidently, that such an admission points only too clearly to the fact that he and his fellow-men have acknowledged their inability—obviously through sheer lack of merit—to have *maintained* a voice in our affairs! "How low the mighty have fallen!"



Homework

DOROTHY SISK

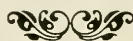
HOMEWORK, like practically everything else, originated with the Greeks. These athletic people ran marathon races and threw discs so persistently that their minds were in danger of atrophying. Perceiving this low state, one of the Greek philosophers (whose name has slipped my mind—but I think it was something like Hippopotamus)—well, this philosopher proposed that discs were fine in their place, but that intellectual pursuits should be included in the program. No doubt this is where the idea of the well-integrated personality appeared—and, alas, it never disappeared. The Greeks finally integrated themselves at Olympic games from 9 to 5 and in study from 5 to 9, with one hour out for lunch. Athletics became known as teamwork; study as homework.

During the Middle Ages the pendulum swung to very little teamwork and a great deal of homework. In fact, the monks often got up at 5 A. M. to illuminate some manuscript they should have finished the night before.

In modern times, however, the reverence for the Greeks has brought this idea of integration to the fore. Now our colleges spend so much time on extra-curricular activities that so-called major subjects are more or less out in the cold. If they aren't done at night, they never will be. Many a time our dance director has interrupted a perfectly charming gavotte with a "Oh, by the way, your psychology assignment is Hollingworth, pages 200-395". Things have come to a pretty pass when one is integrated all day and disintegrated all night.

I have my work down to system which, I believe, gives the most satisfying results with the least effort. Before dinner, I place all my textbooks on the desk, then carefully dog-ear the pages of the assignment. By the time I have sharpened two pencils and filled my pen, I have worked up a huge appetite for dinner. During my well-integrated meal of celery, bamboo shoots, dried beans, and lemon juice—I talk continually about the homework. Such remarks as, "I never could understand zoology," or "I'll be up past midnight with that stuff," or "I just hate mathematics" are guaranteed to whip any academic soul into action. I've discovered, too, that "I'm exhausted" usually brings help from sister—who is also a teacher, poor soul. But it's well to rely on one's self—(that's the true criterion of a well-integrated personality—self reliance in everything from cooking to the plastic arts).

Dinner over, there is no excuse. Up the stairs to the desk. Somehow I can never decide whether to start on Henry VIII or Paul Revere, so compromise on fixing my nails and washing my hair. At ten o'clock I am ready to tackle the question of "Juggling in the Elementary School", but first I must listen to B. Goodman. No integrated personality can neglect swing as one of the myriad parts of the great whole. Never let it be said I neglect it, anyway. At eleven o'clock the homework is still there, isn't it? And there it is at seven the next morning—eight hours of sleep with no effort and very satisfying results.



Men — Take Note

The idea was presented by nothing more than a valentine—a little red, lace bordered heart on which a gentleman, in courtly manner, bent low over a lady's hand. The lady's hoop skirt and the gentleman's knee-

breeches and silver buckles prove the time one long past. The old-fashioned clothes are gone, and sadly enough, the courtly manner has gone with them.

I heard a male student whom you all might know by name, proclaiming judgment on modern girls with, "Women wanted equality. Now they have it they don't know what to do with it." Well, sir, the girls are doing all right. It's the men who don't know what to do about the equality of women.

Another man was heard even more vociferously airing his views on the subject. "Why should I get up on the street car and give my seat to a woman? Women wanted to be equal to men. Then let them stand up." This gentleman of fine instincts doubtless will never realize that when he acts according to these beliefs, the general trend of thought will be, not, "Haven't women lost something they once prized?", but, "What a rude bore he is!"

You may retaliate with, "The girl on the valentine is gone also." Well, who wants her back? Isn't a woman who can talk intelligently about things that matter preferable to one who must simper, giggle, and faint in order to be considered a lady? Which would you enjoy more; being with a girl who can row and swim, and walk, or with a girl who must sit in the shade and be fanned?

Oh, it's a grand excuse the men have worked out. A perfect alibi—almost. But it has one draw-back. It's a boomerang! It slaps back so swiftly and so adroitly that men continue happily to relate at length masculine views, never realizing that they are the losers in the end. The day may come when a man may remain glued to his chair, or may keep his hat plastered to his head in a lady's presence, but that day has not yet arrived.

Are we right, Girls? Of course we are!



The Ski's the Limit

S. DAVIS

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you . . ."

"No! I'm scared."

"Nonsense! Scared of such a tiny thing? It can't hurt you."

"I know, but everyone's watching."

"So what?"

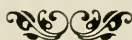
"It gives one such a funny feeling."

"You'll learn how to manage, but you'll have to try first."

"Oh, all right. What do I do first?"

"Slide your feet along until they go automatically . . . That's it."

"What'll I do? The things must be magnetized."
"Hey! Watch out! Keep 'em parallel! Don't let 'em go pigeon-toed—you'll fall down."
"That certainly was a beautiful stop. Hereafter you'd better stick to sledding where you can start sitting down."



Norse Mythology

ELIZABETH A. ZENTZ

The mythology of our forefathers has come to us not in its original pagan form, but in a later pattern dating from the period when its devotees had begun to lose their faith in the older divinities, and to catch intimations of a consolation nobler and better than that which the ancient divinities had been able to give them. We learn to know it, too, as it was transferred into Iceland by Norwegian emigrants. In its main outlines it was at that time common to all the so-called Germanic tribes—Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Goths, Franks, Saxons, Swabians, and Anglo-Saxons. As these different tribes separated according to their peculiar languages, customs and cultures, their literature took on an individual structure and form, according to the tribe. Hence, the Norse religion and mythology was far from being identical with the mythology and religion of other Northern or Germanic people.

Norse mythology has its own particular characteristics. They are best seen in a peculiar grim humor and a dark thread of tragedy that color the whole field. These are exemplified in the theme of Norse mythology which is the perpetual struggle of the beneficent forces of nature against the injurious. Norse myths are the reflection of the life and mode of living of a stalwart, simple, upright race. The life in the open during the spring and summer months and then the coming of the long, stormy winters with their attendant long stormy evenings for story-telling—all this is seen in the literature handed down to us today.

What would our literary adventures be without the stories of these people! Just imagine no tales of the great All-Father Odin and his powerful son Thor. We would be cheated of so much if we didn't know Loki and Freya, the Norns and Yggdrasil, Wotan and Tyr. To these folk and their creators, the Norse people, we owe a debt that we can never repay with all the contributions of modern literature in the world. We must be cautious to guard our priceless heritage carefully, for if it were lost, it could never be replaced.

Tot Lots

JEANNE KRAVETZ

I just left Mr. Callowhill. We talked only for a short time, yet I have learned a great deal about recreation and its needs in Baltimore.

Mr. Callowhill is the head of the Playground Athletic League and, as such, is one of Baltimore's best authorities on recreation. He left with me and I pass on to you his intense interest in the formation of Tot Lots in Baltimore.

A Tot Lot is a play area for small children—that is, for children ranging in age from those just beginning to walk to those of eight or nine. A recreation area is necessary for these children for they are usually chased from other playgrounds or are hurt by larger children. A Tot Lot does not require a large place. Any unused condemned lot in the city could be levelled off and made into a safe wholesome recreation area. In Baltimore there are many such condemned lots which could serve the purpose. Usually all that is necessary to enclose such a plot is one fence about six feet high, of wood or corrugated iron that has barbed wire on the top to keep older and larger children out. There would be no door to this lot but a small opening or keyhole in the form of a small child. Only very small children could get through this opening and play. In addition to this opening there would be peep holes through which adults could watch. In addition there is a padlocked door through which the leader may pass.

It is not necessary to have a great deal of equipment. Usually a sand pile, swings, and a seesaw are enough to start with. The cost of providing for such a Tot Lot would be no more than four hundred dollars. A playleader would be provided for by the Playground Athletic League to care for these children.

If an organization would designate a place for the Tot Lot, put up some money, go before the Mayor and City Council and suggest that the Council put up the rest of the money for the formation of such an area, it would be a lasting monument to that organization. Tot Lots have been organized in most large cities in congested areas. Surely Baltimore should not be behind in such good work!

Mr. Callowhill suggests that a Tot Lot be set up in some prominent part of the city to be a demonstration to others of what can be done. A large sign such as: TOT LOT SPONSORED BY STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE would act as a spur to other organizations to set up like Tot Lots throughout the city.

(The League of Young Voters is collecting money to start the first Tot Lot in Baltimore.) Are *you* actively interested?

Arnold Guyot, First to Measure the Peaks of the Appalachians

IRMA SENNHENN

ALONG the broken crests of the Great Divide of the East, extending from Mount Katahdin, Maine, to Mount Oglethorpe, Georgia, winds the Appalachian Trail—2,050 miles of the loftiest and loveliest scenery east of the Mississippi River. Some 160 miles of its length lie within two of our national parks: Virginia's Shenandoah and the Great Smoky Mountains, on the border line of North Carolina and Tennessee. Gypsy-hearted folk who wander over the wilderness seclusion of this sky-high trail enjoy an experience that has few parallels in its combination of physical exhilaration and esthetic delight; one, moreover, that is available to every healthy man and woman, regardless of age. Arnold Guyot, first to traverse these majestic heights, continued his feats of mountain climbing until well past his allotted three score years and ten; and when at the age of sixty-four he visited Colorado and scaled Gray's Peak, his agility and endurance were the envy of every young man in the party.

Guyot, a native of Switzerland, taught history and physical geography at the Academy at Neuchatel, and devoted his summer vacations to field trips out upon the glaciers, and to the study of "erratic" boulders all over Switzerland. In 1848, the Grand Revolutionary Council of Geneva suppressed the Academy, and the members of its staff were left jobless and with no hope of indemnities. So it happened that Guyot came to America and continued his studies of mountains here.

He was the first man to explore thoroughly the Appalachian mountain system. Prior to the Civil War, he had traversed it from its northern terminus in New England to the southern end of the Blue Ridge in Georgia. Thus he acquired an extensive knowledge of the Appalachian Mountains, such as has never been possessed by any other person and under conditions which can never again be duplicated. Guyot's objective was to record the elevation of the various peaks of this range, and to develop a general, systematic geographic outline of the mountain systems of the United States. At the time when he was exploring the Appalachians, they were still in a primitive condition, seldom visited and little known.

His study was of the Appalachian chain which extended from the White mountains of New Hampshire and the Green mountains of Vermont, along the backbone of the East into Georgia. Seasoned mountain

climber though he was, and physically fit, Guyot found the impenetrable forests of the Great Smokies more than a match for his endurance.

"My trip to the Smoky Mountains was a long and laborious one," he comments.

"Dense growth of laurel and high trees make travel over them extremely difficult and almost impossible. Neither the white man nor even the Indian hunter ventures into the wilderness. Great distances, imperviable forests, delayed me two months. I camped out twenty nights, spending a night on every one of the highest summits, so as to have observations at the most favorable hours. The ridge of the Smoky Mountains I ran over from beginning to end."

By July, 1856, Guyot had measured barometrically twelve of the highest peaks of the Appalachians in North Carolina, all of them higher than those in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Probably no one before or since has made more numerous and more accurate hypsometric measurements. Guyot's field books give more than 12,000 such measurements.

It was in 1854 that Guyot was called to Princeton University, where he spent the remaining thirty years of his life. Here he found an atmosphere that satisfied his cultivated tastes, his social instincts, and his professional talents. There was scope for the fullest exercise of these last in the State Normal School at Trenton, where he lectured on physical geography. There is a world of contentment in the simple words that Guyot wrote to a friend, and also a pleasant picture of that tranquil life he led at Princeton:

"I have bought the house in which I live, and my care has been to prepare and shape the garden for the next season according to my taste. A quiet green retreat to study and write, and good friends visiting me in it and filling it with the warm rays of affectionate friendship, is an ideal for which, if realized, I should heartily thank God."

Guyot's writings were confined chiefly to the series of six graded school geographies and a set of thirty wall maps. All that he ever published on the subject of history, which he taught as well as physical geography, is the synopsis of his views expressed in "The Geographical March of Human History". This advances the theory that human progress does not proceed from one center of civilization alone, but in successive waves, from one center or nation to another.

Caring little for renown, but much for the study of nature, and the education of man, Arnold Guyot's gentle, useful life is well epitomized in the words that he once wrote of his cherished patron, Humboldt:

"It was illumined by an ardent, devoted, disinterested love of nature, which seemed, like a breath of life, to pervade all his acts; by that deep feeling of reverence for truth so manifest in him, which leaves

no room for selfish motives in the pursuit of knowledge and finds its highest reward in the possession of truth itself."

Arnold Guyot died Feb. 8, 1884, and is buried in the cemetery at Princeton.



CHILDREN'S POEMS

Little girl, those tears are pearls,
So mind you how you spend them.
Count each drop that you let fall;
Be careful you don't waste them.

Seein' Things

There in the corner under the chair
Is a grizzly frizzly big fat bear,
And he stares at me with terrible eyes
And blinks and winks without surprise;
For he knows I know that he is there,
So he waits and crouches under the chair.
Then I scream and I scream and cry, "I'm afraid",
And my family comes running to give me aid.
They search in the corners and under the bed
And say they've found nothing alive or dead;
But still in the corner under the chair
Is that terrible grizzly big fat bear.

Lullaby

Fall asleep, little girl, little boy.
Fall asleep and rest through the night.
Tomorrow will bring another day,
With sunshine, and laughter, and light.

But tonight, little boy, little girl,
Close your eyes and to playtime, farewell,
For the night is dark—the sun's gone home
And the Sandman's here with dreams to sell.

Rain Fairies

Today the fairies dressed up so fine,
And paid me a visit about half past nine.
They wore the colors of three rainbows,
And danced through the air on heels and toes.

They skipped to earth without making a sound,
And laughed and danced—whirling round and round.
And they tapped at my window as down they came,
These tiny fairies who are sometimes called rain.

But I've found out, though I'm not very old,
That you can't believe all that you're told;
For grown-ups insist that rain is rain
But I know it's fairies at my window pane.

My Garden

I have a lovely garden
With flowers dear and rare;
No one can ever buy them,
But all their beauty share.

Yes, the night sky is my garden,
And my flowers are the stars;
Just a glittering mass of dahlias,
Fringed gentians, pinks—flower stars.

Rainbow Gold

There's a rainbow in the sky, dear,
Over the land and sea,
And at the rainbow's end, dear,
There is gold for you and me.

So we'll climb up to the sky, dear,
And across the cloudy blue,
Up to the lovely rainbow, dear,
Where there's gold for me and you.

We'll dress in silks and satins, dear,
For we'll be fine ladies then,
When we find the pot of gold, dear,
In the sky at the rainbow's end.

Pronunciation

HENRY ASTRIN

“GEE, doesn’t that man look like he belongs in the ‘Ro-jes’ Gallery?” I overheard a collegian ask. Of course he meant the well known institution, the Rogues Gallery.

Similar mistakes are being made every second in pronunciation of ordinary, conversational words, and it is remarkable that such a great number of these errors are made. If I attempted to tear “pronunciation” apart bit by bit, I would be *bors de combat* before I started; therefore, I shall proceed with examples of experience and continue with various thoughts.

About thirty-five years ago, my mother was in the fifth grade in a tiny school-house in the tiny city of Wilmington in the tiny state of Delaware. Being one of the smartest girls in the class, mother, then known as little Katie, was delighted upon hearing that the children’s parents would be allowed to come and watch the pupils at work the following week. Katie brushed up on her reading, spelling, writing, and other lessons over the week-end and came to school the following Monday, certain that she would show her superiority to the other students. In the room was crowded a large congregation of flurried parents, the principal and other officials of the school. The first lesson was spelling. The teacher promptly called on our “darling” Katherine and told her to pronounce the following words which were on the blackboard: potatoes, mosquitoes, and tomatoes. Blushing freely, Katie stood up, and amidst parents’ gestures and murmurings, proceeded to call out the words in a shrill voice. “Pot-a-toes, moskwi-toes, and tom-a-toes!” Mother’s superiority fizzled out right there.

Recently, my grandmother asked my mother if she wanted to take a walk on “Prox-ite”. “Prox-ite? What’s that?” I wondered aloud. “You know, the big street, Prox-ite.” Now although my grandmother lacks her true “ivories”, I still must admit that her pronunciation was a bit far fetched, for what she meant was “Park Heights”.

I certainly do not expect you to think of these incidents as examples of illiteracy in my family for something similar is happening every day, in your home and many others. How many times have you heard the state of Massachusetts pronounced something like “Machachuchetts”, “Machetus”, “Massasuchetts”, or “ma-ma oh skip it”? In Baltimore isn’t it a common thing to hear Druid Hill Park being talked of as Drudill or Dridill Park? I distinctly remember myself saying “Anna-pol-is” for Annapolis several years ago, and “banana” for piano when I was a small tot.

An interesting experiment would be to ask five people of average intelligence to pronounce the following words: Czechoslovakia, Benés,

Führer, Reich, Goering. Although these words are being used daily in ordinary conversation, I would be willing to wager a healthy sum that not three of the people would be able to say correctly all five of the words! Think of the men who would say "Benés" as "Ben-es", "Ben-ees", or a similar guttural sound. "Führer" would be pronounced "Foo-rer", "Fa-rer", or just Hitler. It would also be surprising to note the number of people who mispronounced "Reich". The average person would probably insist that it was "Rach" or "Rech". Comparatively few people would know that it was "Rei-ch".

When a child learns to read, he tries to pronounce each word exactly as it looks to him, by breaking it into little parts and saying them all together. However, he runs into difficulty when he comes upon such words as "judge", "their", "meant", and "sure". Now he is puzzled. He doesn't know what to do. This is where a child can show what he is made of. He can either try to figure out some other method by which he may say a word correctly, or he may just skip over them and say, "Oh, I probably won't have many words like these". That may determine his success in later life in spelling and writing.

In conclusion, I would like to say that distinct speech is of great importance. Newspapers frequently make fun of conductors on trains who speak so indistinctly when calling out the stations that the passengers cannot understand them. No one admires slovenly speech. It is very annoying to be obliged to ask people to repeat what they have said.

There are some simple rules that everyone should learn:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Open your mouth | 1. Don't mumble |
| 2. Use your lips | 2. Don't slur |
| 3. Give every word a chance | 3. Don't drop that final sound |



Hide and Seek

The moon is playing hide and seek
Behind the clouds of night.
But it leaves behind a silver streak,
Whenever it drifts from sight.

It glides so softly through the sky,
I almost think it's teasing me,
For it seems to say, as it blinks its eye,
"Ho, ho, you won't catch me!"

The Library — At Your Service

Goudge, Elizabeth, *Towers in the Mist*: N. Y., Coward-McCann, 1938
(386 pages) \$2.50.

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage."

—Sir Walter Raleigh

In the book *Towers in the Mist*, Elizabeth Goudge has woven for us a whimsical tale of the golden reign of Queen Elizabeth. The gleaming towers of Oxford and their significance to the quiet country, the patterned gardens, and the quaint relationship of student, ecclesiastic, and layman give us glimpses of the intimate life of this famous town of rural England.

As the story opens, we follow Faithful through the forests and stand beside him upon a high hill to see, as first he saw the towers of Oxford shining in the mist. Thence we descend into the town itself, through its old, old streets until with Faithful, we join a holiday procession where the Leigh twins tumble into his life. He is adopted by the Leigh family and attends Christ College, Oxford, as a servitor to Giles, the son of Canon Leigh.

Through the eyes of the Leigh family we are privileged to see Oxford in the days of Queen Elizabeth and meet as students the men who were destined to become famous. Edmund Champion—grave, saintly, and courteous; Philip Sydney—sensitive, talented, and tragic; and his uncle, Leicester, courtier and companion of Queen Elizabeth; Walter Raleigh—impulsive, debonair, adventurous—dreaming of a land splashed with color far beyond the grey towers of Oxford, a land where red flamingos splash by tall cocoanut trees and men knowing no want are forever happy: all these we see and many others. The Virgin Queen herself visits Oxford and as she rides away sees far below her the "Towers in the Mist".

Woven throughout the entire story are legends of Oxford town—of kings and courtiers, poets, nuns, and reamers, each playing his part in the golden drama of old England.

But it is through her characterizations that Elizabeth Goudge has made her book vital. From Canon Leigh, the oldest and most sedate member of the family, to Dicon, an auburn-haired child of three, Miss Goudge has created new and delightfully different characters. I found it pleasant to meet a group of characters so utterly free of the inhibitions and repressions with which we are familiar today.

N. TROTT.

Teachers College Record

Assemblies

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1939

The annual celebration of Founders Day was recognized in Friday's assembly. Presiding over the assembly, quite appropriately, was the president of the Alumni Association. On the stage were members of the faculty who had graduated from the college and also, among several other guests, was our retired president, Dr. Tall.

A brief outline of the history of the college from its beginnings to our present proud status was given by Miss Grogan of the Campus Elementary School, followed by Mr. Moser of the college faculty. There was also a brief commemoration talk by Miss Scarborough and, finally, our President, Dr. Wiedefeld, whole-heartedly commended all concerned in the growth of the college and expressed her sincere intention to help make that growth continue ever upward and onward.

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1939

Miss Mary E. Leeper

As a representative of the National Association for Childhood Education, Miss Leeper came to us in this assembly with a great wealth of information on the association that she represents. Foremost in her presentation was her clear, accurate description of what she considered from past experience, the proper associations between the pupil and the teacher, and the most beneficial attitude of both toward the treasures of knowledge that are waiting to be opened at every turn. The speaker was most emphatic in stating that learning should be intensive for the most part, carrying with it an extended practical usage plus a finer basis of discrimination in order that better tastes and attitudes may be built up in the child.

Besides giving us the nature and purposes of the Association, Miss Leeper graphically pictured for us the unusually widespread establishment of this group all over the country. She left us with a definite impression of the value of such an indispensable organization.

Answer to last month's Brain Buster—The cyclist was two and a half minutes behind his regular time.



Fashion News !!

My! My! How these S. T. C. students do dress! They could really set styles for any college in the country. Listed below you will find some of the most outstanding types of clothing spotted around "Ye olde campus".

Skirts and sweaters are still the main costume for the girls but in lovely pastel shades—Blue and pink seem to be the leading colors at present

"Saddles" are still the favorites for footwear but another shoe with thick sole and square toe is being seen more and more

Fuzzy socks to match the skirt or sweater look exceptionally good

Fluffy white angora mittens are very, very popular There is old-fashioned jewelry suitable for all occasions

More and more of those gabardine "pork pies" are found adorning the heads of our fairer sex

For evening, strapless gowns are particularly liked, and this season's preferred color for all evening dresses is definitely white. Evening wraps (especially black velvet ones) are becoming an essential to every young lady's wardrobe.

The coats to all suits now seem to have perfectly plain backs. These are very attractive and help to make the men look taller

Reversible swagger overcoats are very popular and "pork pies" the favorite type of hat

Square-toed, thick soled shoes are "tops" for sport-wear

Herringbone suits of all types seem to be particularly liked by everyone

Ties and pocket handkerchiefs in matching colors and materials are now right in style as well as matching glove and scarf sets

And so from all this it can certainly be seen why S. T. C. students are widely known for their good taste in choice of clothes. Next month we shall give the best examples we see of clothing listed above. We hope that your name will be among the rest of your friends' names; but, if not, perhaps we didn't see you this time and we'll try to do better next time. Another important matter we forgot to mention is neatness. We want to commend you on this. Well—see you next month!

Rural Club

VENETA LAMBROS

Excerpts from a diary written by a club member

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1938

Oystering in Southern Maryland! What a novel experience! It was so much fun. About twenty-five of us went out on a boat owned by Norman Wilde's father. We spent the whole day out on the bay dredging for oysters.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1938

The Campus Casino! and the Newell Hall dining room really looked like a casino. The tables were arranged night-club style. There was a floor show and dancing too.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1938

"In days of old, wise men brought gifts to the Christ child. Let us now give our gifts." These words introduced the very impressive Christmas program in Richmond Hall parlor. As the choir sang, several members of the club told stories and recited poetry. The very real setting in blue light was the manger with the cradle and Mary, the Mother, characterized by May Love, sitting beside it.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4

Today I attended a luncheon at the Belvedere Hotel given by the Outdoor Life Federation. Our club had been asked to join this federation and several representatives had already been sent to the meetings. The past meetings were concerned with the Outdoor Life Show to be held, February 17, 1939, and we are working in cooperation with it.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1939

One of the most interesting club meetings this year was held today. Our speaker was Edith Ball, Field Supervisor of Recreation of the Works Progress Administration, who spoke on "Recreation in Rural Communities". We played many interesting games for which prizes were awarded. I really had a good time playing games and doing the "Lambeth Walk" which Miss Ball taught us.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1939

This afternoon we had the privilege of visiting a colonial house in Green Spring Valley. We went by special invitation and we were all anxious to go because we had heard so much about it. The home and the surroundings were not only worth seeing because of their beauty but also because of their historical background. Many of the antiques interested me, and everything seemed exactly as it was in colonial times.

"Snicks"

HENRY N. STECKLER

STATE Teachers College by a majority vote became a member of the Mason-Dixon Track Conference. This conference contains many of the finest track men of the East. They hold their meets annually in the spring and usually once at the Fifth Regiment Armory.

Because of the scarcity of good men and the impending baseball season it is not probable that Towson will enter a full team. However, Coach Minnegan has high hopes of forming a strong mile relay. Norman Wilde, Luther Cox, Syd Baker together with Ken Hammer, City College luminary, as anchor man make a formidable combination. Bob Cox, who made quite a name for himself as a trackman at Sparrows Point and in P. A. L. meets, will probably enter into one or more of the events. Charlie Rembold, who ran for Bel Air High, may also compete.

The Chestertown fans received quite a surprise because Washington College had a hard time eking out a 30-25 victory over Towson. Since Washington ranks as the foremost quintet in the state, Teachers College was regarded as a pushover. "Goop" Zebrowski scored only six measly points. If you have never heard of Zebrowski I would like to introduce him. He stands 6 ft. 6 inches and is the high point scorer of the state, and holds a record of making 13 out of 13 fouls in one game. The fine play of Towson was led by the Cox boys who rebounded brilliantly.

Although beating Gallaudet by a 41-26 count at Towson, State Teachers did not live up to its previous form. The visitors passed well and made their shots good, but Towson played sloppily. Had it not been for the fine play of Austerlitz, Towson would have received a setback.

The game with Wilson Teachers College at Washington proved a very erratic one. Towson found itself on the short end of a 31-25 count. Towson's play was the kind which Coach Minnegan says, "guarantees a full house of empty seats". "Flash Gordon", the Wilson star, played fine ball as he led his team to victory. Dan Austerlitz did not make the trip.

The second game with Gallaudet proved to be a real thriller. Towson came through in the last two minutes of play to win. It seems to me the students and players were disappointed at not seeing Danny in action. "Where is Austerlitz?" wrote out the scorekeeper just before the game started. Marty Brill really found himself as he lashed 21 points through the hoop.

Keep informed of the remaining games. The best are yet to come. I wonder:

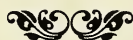
Shall we develop a Glen Cunningham?

Will the Freshman ever beat the Junior varsity?

Will Brill ever forget to comb his hair before a game?

Will someone give that self-appointed cheerleader a pat on the back for her fine college spirit?

Many fellows have asked me what the players say to each other when time out is called. I have at last found out. A typical remark is, "Come on fellows—let's play some basketball—I can't spot a good looking girl in the whole crowd!" Of course Towson coeds are excluded.



Here and There

Dr. West has finally recovered from his accident received while playing basketball.

Mrs. Stapleton's Helen will graduate at Towson High School in June. She is talented, gracious and interesting. Helen will continue her study of art at the Maryland Institute and hopes later to enter the field of commercial art.

Is it a wonder that the faculty cannot use the card catalogue correctly—or can they? The librarians are so efficient and useful and kindly that the staff is getting spoiled.

Miss Prickett's mother and father came from Kansas to make their home with her. Mr. Prickett says it's all bosh about Kansas and the sun-flowers. Anyhow, Mr. Landon called it the "Sunflower State".

Room number ten which has had various occupants for the past few years will be occupied by Miss Birdsong for the next semester.

Miss Roxana Steele, sister of our Miss Steele, returned to her work in Kalamazoo, Michigan, after a visit in Baltimore.

It is said that Miss Bersch has some fine lively nieces in Virginia, and that they are bent on giving her a good time when she goes home.

It was good to see Dr. Tall and Miss Scarborough at the Founders Day celebration.

One of the newer members of our group is Mrs. Clark, who has charge of the bookstore. She is efficient and helpful both to faculty and students.

Mr. Callowhill, Director P. A. L. in the city, who spoke here on "Tot-Lots", was formerly a member of the Physical Education Department.

Miss Ethel Sammis of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was recently the guest of Miss Cook. She also was a member of the Physical Education Department here before she left to make her home in Pittsfield.

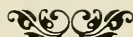
Miss Keys Resigns

Miss Louesa J. Keys has tendered her resignation to the State Board of Education to take effect at the end of the first semester.

Miss Keys has been a member of the health education department of this college since September, 1926, and has made an exceptionally fine professional contribution to the college. Out of her keen insight into the health needs of the elementary school teacher and her broad background of knowledge and experience, she developed the course, Health Education 202. In addition, Miss Keys has taught the other two courses given in health education and, for a number of years, has participated in the supervision of student teachers in the county centers and in the Campus Elementary School.

Miss Keys brought to her work a rich professional training and certain personal traits which make for efficiency in the education of students. She has shown untiring energy, a sympathetic understanding of student problems and a high sense of professional ethics. Miss Keys received her bachelor's degree from the University of Illinois where she majored in Household Arts, with special emphasis upon health education. Upon that training and experience in teaching in a number of different types of schools, she superimposed a Master of Arts degree in Household Arts from Teachers College, Columbia University. At the same time she received the diploma in the teaching of Household Arts. Before coming to Towson, she was a member of the faculty at the Alabama College for Women, Montevallo, Alabama.

Miss Keys plans to leave Maryland early in March. She will reside at her early home, which she now owns, at Normal, Illinois.



A New Faculty Member

Dr. Harold J. Stein has been appointed as substitute to take over Miss Keys' classes for the rest of the year. He is a graduate of the School of Hygiene and Public Health of the Johns Hopkins University and comes to us very highly recommended by members of the faculty of that school. We shall be glad to welcome Dr. Stein.

Orchestra Notes

Piano Concert

The annual concert of Gardner Jencks on Wednesday, January 18, it might be said, was a prelude to the college's program given later in the day. Mr. Jencks opened his program with a Fugue by Bach calling for a super-technique on the part of the artist. What might have seemed impossible from the standpoint of piano technique was fixed habit with Mr. Jencks. The dynamic quality of the piece revealed the wisdom of Mr. Jencks in selection because it was certainly the type of piece that puts an audience on "seat's edge". The Intermezzo by Brahms which followed was more melodic but lacked the sturdiness of form that the Bach possessed. The second Brahms piece with an air of capriciousness indicated Brahms' contacts with people of light responsibilities.

Mr. Jencks' final number, a typically modern composition, showed his trend of not being partial to a group of composers or a particular period of music.

Orchestra Broadcast

Dr. Wiedefeld, in her brief intermission speech during the orchestra's annual broadcast over WCAO on Wednesday, January 18, said, "The happiest person is one whose hobby gives pleasure to himself and to others." Those of us who heard the concert felt that this statement fitted the orchestra perfectly. The program, featuring group work by the string and brass ensembles; a solo by Mr. Baker; and two orchestral pieces, compositions ranging in mood from the light rhythmical "Golden Sceptre" by Schlepegrell to the solemn Prelude from "Eva" by Massenet was as follows:—

Schlepegrell	The Golden Sceptre
	Orchestra	
Rubinstein	Molto Lento
	String Quartet	
Dr. M. Theresa Wiedefeld	Address
Bach	Chorale, Sleepers Awake
	Brass Ensemble	
Handel	Allegro Movement, Sonata No. IV
	Sydney J. Baker	
Massenet	Prelude from "Eva"
	Orchestra	

Alumni News

Marriages

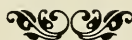
Rose Hyatt to Si Datnoff in July, 1938, class of '35
Hilda Weiner to Henry Hillman in July, 1938, class of '34
Sara Levin to Jack Shevitz in March, 1938, class of '34
Virginia Cable to Walter Finch White in November, 1936, class of '34
Bettye Clifford to Lou Harris, class of '34
Stella Cohen, class of '35, to Edward Gersuch, class of '33
Theresa Timen to Leonard Brill in 1938
Edith Silberg, class of '34, married 1938
Helen Ayres to Mr. Atkinson
Miriam Jules to David Wallach in December 1938
Irene Shank to Mervin Price

Engagements

Hortense Jachman, '35
Sylvia Braverman, '34
Doris Patton to Howard Foster
Doris Burtnett to Herbert Foster
Lee Yenkinson to Oscar Hartman

Births

Girl born to Nanette Macht
Girl born to Dorothy Gladstone
Boy born to Mrs. Lou Harris



Te- Pa- Chi Club Notes

Joseph N. Ulman, Justice of Supreme Bench of Baltimore
Chairman of Committee of Prison Industries Reform Association

Most well known people read detective stories for relaxation. Judge Ulman is a well known person but he does *not* read detective stories; therefore, so that he would not disappoint the public, he *told* a detective story at the Te-Pa-Chi meeting on January seventeenth. The characters, the setting, the clues were described. It was the usual situation involving two eighteen year old boys brought before the courts for armed banditry. What to do about these youngsters? They were not ready at the time to be free in society. They were merely two dangerous boys. An extensive sentence would be damaging and result in their moral destruction.

There comes a time during the period of incarceration when the prisoner is more ready to be sent out into society. At this time why couldn't there be supervised—well-supervised—parole? With the present

allowances for competent supervisors this method of aiding our prisoners is almost impossible. What are we going to do with these people, most of whom will some day be placed in a society that will not accept them? Judge Ulman knows what to do, but how to gain support for an adequate program is a problem for us all.

ELEANOR WILLIAMSON



Men's Revue

Good news awaits you. The Townsmen have been selected as the orchestra. The hiring of this high priced orchestra has been made possible by the desire to make this year's men's revue surpass all previous ones. About sixty men students have promised to buy tickets whether they are in the show or not. This will greatly help meet the extra expense.

Although the revue and dance does not come till late in March, we must remember, "It's never too early to talk about a good thing."

MRS. EDWARD STAPLETON
Room 217, S. T. C.

Dear Madam:

We received your order for one Jett black German Shephard dog, and we feel that you are making a Gross mistake in choosing this color. In fact, it is a great Shock to us to discover that you do not realize that Gray ones are much better. However, if you want Jett, Jett you shall have.

Now, let us give you some advice as to how to care for your pet when he arrives. Every morning when the Cox crow, you must rise and let him out to roam upon the Hill. Be sure you do not keep him confined to the yard. Let him roam about for exercise, but do not let him go near Violets or he will soon be out of control. Water is not good for Shephard dogs. For rainy days, keep your pet indoors and be sure to cover all the Wells. Since dogs must have exercise even in bad weather, you will have to find some place for him to play when it rains. Zieffle romp for a few hours in the Jim.

It may seem strange to you, but we assure you that Shephard dogs thrive upon Pi. Only, you must be careful not to give them a cek-and helping.

Our secretary informs us that you Caulder up and asked that we rush your order since your last pet, a Stotty (pardon, we lisp) dog, fell in the myer, and Wil, your son, has been inconsolable ever since. We shall send the Shephard immediately and we trust that you will get much pleasure from him; though we still think Jett is the wrong color.

Yours truly, POP'S DOG FARM.

Humor

Slang among the faculty:

Miss V. B.: "Sit down before I knock you down."

Miss C.: "I don't see what you're driving at."

Miss B.: "I *don't* get it!"

Overheard in the corridors:

A certain Math Prof. to a drowsy Soph.: "Miss D., take up thy bed and walk."

Mr. Barnyard Phelps brought a puffball to Science 101. Agreeably Dr. Lynch placed the wonder on display with a card reading, "Puffball"—B. Phelps. Came the day of the test in classification. Freshmen bowed down with grief to the task of writing, after viewing the specimens on display, the class and species of the specimens. On the class wit's examination paper we read,

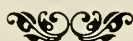
Class: Puffballs

Species: B. Phelps

Congratulations, Mr. "Puffball" Phelps.

From Readers Digest

1. She put her problems aside for a brainy day.
2. She looked as if she had been poured into her clothes and had forgotten to say when.
3. You can read some people like a book, but you can't shut them up as easily.
4. Travels of a French fried potato: In your mouth a few minutes, in your stomach a few hours, on your hips the rest of your life.
5. He plays a fair game of golf if you watch him.



Answers to "After College—What?"

(January Issue)

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Bersch | 10. Birdsong |
| 2. Woodward | 11. Brown |
| 3. Cook | 12. Prickett |
| 4. Van Bibber | 13. Scott |
| 5. Debaugh, Tansil, Spangler | 14. Stapleton, Birdsong |
| 6. Blood | 15. Munn |
| 7. Walther | 16. Wiedefeld |
| 8. Bader | 17. Abercrombie |
| 9. Weyforth | 18. Greer |

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WALTER F. FORWOOD

LESLIE A. DANIEL

Have You Seen This?

Believe it or not, but this is No. 98 in the little yellow Song Book of the College used in Wednesday music assemblies:

Little Prairie Flower

I'm a little prairie flow'r,
Growing wilder every hour;
Nobody seems to cultivate me,
I'm as wild as I can be.

I'm a little wrinkled prune,
May get stewed very soon;
If I do, look out for me,
I'm as bad as I can be.



*Nothing else
will do -*

Chesterfields give me
more pleasure than any
cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCO

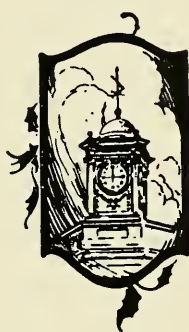


TOWER LIGHT

MARCH 1939

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THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

MARCH, 1939

C O N T E N T S



	PAGE
Concert by Robert Weede	3
An Allegory	5
Toilers' Reward	6
May We Present—	7
Freshmen and the Classics	7
What Is a Freshman?	8
Adjustments for the Freshmen.....	9
I Choose—	11
Gratitude	12
Ireland's Patron Saint	13
The Man Who Walked on Air	14
An Interview With Louis Azrael	16
Time Waits for No Man	17
The Villain	18
Advice From One Who Knows	19
Snow Thoughts	19
Closed Doors	20
Behind the Counter	21
Editorials	23
Acoustics	25
An Anchor, A Church, A Legend	26
The Library at Your Service ..	28
Fashion Tips	31
Illustration—Dorothy Snoops	
Assemblies	33
Under the Weather Vane	40
Advertisements	43

THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XII

MARCH, 1939

No. 6

Concert by Robert Weede

EMMA E. WEYFORTH

IF concert-giving were a competitive matter like athletics, we think we might be justified in printing some such headline as the following: State Teachers Leads in Concert-Series 1939, for indeed, one would go far to find a college (or, for that matter a concert-hall), that could boast a finer concert than the one we had Friday, February 10.

We are just selfish enough to be glad that Mr. Robert Weede's gracious gift to his sister, Dr. Theresa Wiedefeld, upon her appointment as President of State Teachers, should have been one in which we all so profitably shared. We had a marvelous evening of song for the price of attending, for what we paid comes back to us as a fund for further benefits. Mr. Weede's services, through Dr. Wiedefeld, were a gift to our college and to his old home, Baltimore.

There were people among our audience who are hardened, inveterate concert goers. To please such as these is not easy, but there was no dissenting voice among them. To those of us who have not had the opportunity before to hear such a concert, it was a revelation. Couple an admirable choice of selections with a superb rendition of them, and you have what we had, a great concert.

Mr. Weede began with a group of Italian arias, the first of which were chosen from the oldest of opera writers. He imbued the classic dignity of this old music with the breath of life, and made us realize that these creators of operatic style, though they spoke with accents, now outmoded, spoke with sincerity and an understanding of human emotions. In "Di Provenza" from Verdi's "La Traviata" which closed the first group, Mr. Weede brought us to the great 19th century Italian operatic genius and made vivid for us one of the most poignant of human emotions, the love of a father for an erring son.

Mr. Weede comes by his Italian—the language and the operatic tradition—quite understandably, for he was a scholarship student in Italy during his student days. He showed himself equally at home in great German song, when he sang selections from Wolf, Brahms, and Hermann. We shall long remember the dramatic power of his portrayal of the latter's "Drei Wanderer."

Certainly not less dramatic were the next two excerpts from operas, one "Nemico della Patria" from Giordano's "Andrea Chenier", and the inimitable prologue from "Pagliacci", given as a most generous encore at the close of the first half of the program.

The French group which came next showed us Mr. Weede's skill in the rendering of the purely lyrical. We shall never forget the somber, sustained beauty of those long phrases, possible only to a singer whose breathing is under such perfect control that it seems effortless,—those phrases of Lully's "Bois Epais," or "Lonely Wood". This song takes us back to early days of France's artistic greatness, when Lully collaborated with Molière. Should you like to have Deems Taylor's English version of the French "Bois Epais"? Here it is:

Lonely wood, to thee I confide me,
Within thy darkness let me hide me,
That on thy gentle breast,
My weary heart may rest.
To dark despair a prey,
To thy night I betake me.
Lo! my cruel love doth forsake me,
I can no longer bear the day.

Learn this beautiful song, and it will remain to you a living souvenir of a beautiful concert.

Some of us have already expressed the desire to learn the beautiful "Green Pastures" of Sanderson, with which Mr. Weede began his closing English group. Maybe we could do spirituals, too, if we heard Mr. Weede sing very often such songs as "Land uv Degradashun". And perhaps still more of us would like to be able to "get away" with such a brilliant burlesque as "I Must be Going to the Dogs", the monologue of a hot dog stand tender, whose musings on the fate that led him, who once sang at Frankfort, to selling Frankfurters at a stand,—are punctuated by operatic outbursts, excursions into grand opera, such as only a real opera singer can adequately render. This song showed us Mr. Weede in humorous vein.

One more song, "La Paloma," in Spanish, closed a generous program. Throughout the concert, Mr. Weede's tone quality, range, and power were such as one finds only among the ranks of the truly great

singers. Over and above this, his ability to recreate a mood or situation places him among the world's interpretative artists.

Mr. Wiedefeld, or Mr. Weede, as he is known professionally, received his general education here. Here also he began his musical education under private teachers and at the Peabody. Since then he has studied at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, in Italy, and in New York. At present he is a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company and baritone soloist at Music Hall, Radio City. What with his radio, operatic, and concert appearances he is a busy person. We are grateful to the happy circumstance that brought him to us on February 10, and put us into the front rank among those fortunate enough to boast a concert.



An Allegory

LOUESA J. KEYS

ONCE upon a time, there was a faithful, plodding old work horse. He had worked in many fields; some of them thorny and full of stones which tore his flesh, bruised his feet, and yielded crops of doubtful worth; others, of rich, loamy earth pleasant to the tired limbs and hoofs, the long furrows turning true and straight and producing fruitful crops.

The old horse had served many masters, too. Some were so intent upon the object to be attained that they plied the whip and drove ruthlessly, little heeding the galling harness, the heavy loads, and the straining muscles. Others had slackened the pace over the steep hills, had tried to readjust the ill-fitting harness, had provided fly-nets in summer and warm blankets in winter, with an occasional lump of sugar after a hard drive.

Old Gray had spent a fiery youth, full of hopes and aspirations, sometimes with resentment and discouragement when others were given the blue ribbon or the silver cup at the annual county fair competition. But eventually he found his groove, and thereafter persevered in it, happy that thus he could contribute his bit to the world's progress.

The years passed. Then there came days when the load seemed very heavy, when effort was painful, and finally one hot noon-day the strain overcame him at the top of the long hill, and he collapsed in the harness, conscious that his feeble strength could not even hold the load from falling on his heels during the descent. His master was all compassion, patting him gently and saying, "No more work, Old Gray—

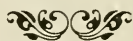
only rest. You shall be turned out to graze peacefully for the remainder of your life." His companions gathered round and whinnied over him, genuinely concerned for his plight. They asked, "Who can fill Old Gray's place now? It can't be done!" But ere long a newly broken colt put his shoulder against the collar and the load moved even more smoothly.

The master was most kind and generous. Gray had the warmest stall in the barn, a door opening onto the fields, abundance of food, a soft bed.

At first, when the morning preparations for work began, and all the other horses were being harnessed and driven forth, he felt very lonely, at times holding out his head for the accustomed bridle but receiving only a gentle pat or an apple in consolation. Some days he was harnessed to a light carryall and driven by happy children. Then he pranced along the road with apparent, youthful vim, proud of being trusted as others before him had been. On other days, he wandered to the fence near the road and leaned over the bars to watch the teams at work. Occasionally he could not refrain from offering advice as to ways and means, but the young horses had their modern methods and work went on apace. Eventually he came to feel glad that younger ones had been trained to supersede him.

One bright holiday when his old friends had some leisure time they sought out Gray's pasture and crowded about him, talking of other days, acclaiming his strength and valor, eating and drinking with him, even galloping all together about the enclosure.

After they had gone, something seemed to pervade the atmosphere—something that made Old Gray say to himself: "What a store of pleasant memories I have! How beautiful the warm sunshine, the dappled shade, the cool running brook—all mine. Life is full and wonderful, and will be to the end of my days."



Toilers' Reward

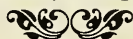
SHIRLIE DIAMOND, Jr. 10

Along the corridor of time
Could be heard the echoes of the toilers
Who have built monuments surpassing ancient dynasties.
Things of beauty—temples and pyramids,
Noble destinies, infinite wealth of miracles,
 of wisdom, of virtue, or courage.
Such—is toil.

May We Present--

JOHN HORST

Before us lies a magazine produced by the Freshman Class. For the most part, Freshmen have contributed the articles, news, and stories which we hope you will read and enjoy. In it, Freshman activities in sports, musical, and dramatic organizations, and other affairs of our college life are presented. We are proud to realize that we are a smoothly-working part of the State Teachers College. I regard this issue as a mirror which will show freshman spirit and participation in the affairs of our new Alma Mater. What is your opinion?



Freshmen and the Classics

FRANCES SHORES

THIS is the freshman issue of the TOWER LIGHT. As the situation now stands we are two hundred eight strong, but if this is published, I have reason to believe that we shall number only two hundred seven. However, what is to follow is not entirely my fault, so I beg of those concerned to spare the tar and feathers. It all began with an English teacher I had in high school. She used to say that for every fictitious character she could substitute someone she had seen or known. Somehow or other I acquired that habit of association and so with a few of my classmates as victims, I shall start something which may eventually warrant more than the aforementioned tar and feathers.

First there is that great epic, whose authorship is unknown, called "Beowulf". The hero was a tall, super-ferocious being who slew dragons with innumerable heads. If the last issue of the TOWER LIGHT was correct when it said that Marty Brill made twenty-one points in a basketball game, I see no reason why he could not kill a dragon with seven or more heads. And so, Mr. Brill, may I bestow the brave title of "Beowulf"?

Then there are two of our members who are nearly as good as Shakespeare's originals and one who is a direct antithesis. The last mentioned is Louis Henderson, who has nothing at all in common with Shylock. As comptroller of the class' purse strings, he keeps an account of how many sheckels we have, but he does not always know for what the money was spent. He is merely sure that it is gone. We have a Portia who has begun her career as class representative to the Student Council. And last, but not least, we have a class second to Nick Bottom

of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the form of the hilarious member of Freshman VII who spends most of his time between sandwich boards.

Dickens, too, has his fling. Evelyn Volk is the eternal optimist who, like Mr. Micawber in "David Copperfield", is always waiting for something to turn up—even her hair when it rains. Freshman I has a clan of gossipers that is nearly as good as the Pickwick Club. One of its members, I have reason to believe, will eventually, because of lack of amusement, sue a man for breach of promise like Mrs. Bardell sued Mr. Pickwick.

Perhaps I could go on, but something within me that is equivalent to a red light, says, "No". And so, with any necessary apologies to the Mistery Shakespeare and Dickens as well as those present concerned, I shall here and now put a stop to this.

What is a Freshman?

PATRICIA HERNDON

A Freshman is a person who will:

Set the alarm clock for 6:30 and jump out of bed immediately at 7:10. (That takes nerve)

Ask the Crosstown bus driver for a check to the Towson car and then argue because it isn't from the First National.

Search, upon entering S. T. C. for the first time, for some wood, a saw, hammer and nails, because of the motto that faces you as you enter the door: "Before us lies the timber; let us build."

Reply, when asked, "Are you a day student?" that he works a little on his lessons at night, too; but if that is against rules, he will gladly quit that horrible practice.

Wave and smile at the Campus School Bus Drivers in the hope of getting a ride up from the City Line. (They'll learn; they'll learn.)

Never boast about cramming for a test; he boasts that he never studies.

Take any 12 books home the day before the term is up, because he has heard the rumor that library cards must be filled completely by the end of the term.

Put down "Christian" on his application blank, in the place it asks for your religion, because he can't spell "Presbyterian."

Rush into the library at break-neck speed, upon hearing that State Teachers' subscribes to the New York Times, to see if the funnies are any different from those of the "Sun" and "News".

Scream at the sight of the first red ant. (After all, ants carry naughty, naughty little germs.)

Adjustments for the Freshmen

M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

(Honorary Member of the Class of '42)

WHEN freshmen are interviewed during the first semester and asked to discuss their difficulties, the answers they give would harmonize if given in chorus, with little or no discord. They are specifically: "It is so different here from the high school from which I came"; or "I am just getting the hang of things here"; or "I know I'll do better the next semester; I am just beginning to understand". The instructors make similar comments concerning them: "These students do not know how to study"; or "These students do not know how to use their free time".

This is not the first time these statements have been made by the students and about them. It was the same when they went to high school from the elementary school. It was the same in many respects when they left the primary grades and entered the intermediate grades of the elementary school. It will be the same when they enroll for graduate work in one of the large universities. Wherever there are new situations to be met the student must make the adjustments and he must make them himself. If he has had many experiences in making adjustments he will adjust more easily and more quickly than if he has had few situations to meet. In any case he must make adjustments. How slowly does he make them? How adequately does he adjust? How completely does he fit in? The answers to these questions give one a picture of his ability to do the college work.

Specifically, what are some of the adjustments which the freshmen in our college must make and make quickly if they are to get a good start on the way to a successful college career?

An interview with a freshman might go like this:

1. Is this your first experience in a large class? Do you feel strange or bashful? Does it cause you to be afraid and to become inarticulate? Do you let others do the talking, contribute all the answers (perhaps your answers), ask all the questions, while you sit back perfectly satisfied to listen or rest yourself while others do the learning? Just because another gives an answer or makes a verbal contribution, even though you do hear, is no reason for believing that you have learned it. Only to the degree that you yourself respond are you learning. Therefore, you had better speak up, get into the discussions, help the instructors to know your difficulties so that you may be helped. Imagine yourself going to

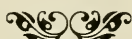
your family physician and trying to hide your weaknesses from him. Do not cheat yourself.

2. Is this your first experience in having unsupervised study periods? Is it true that you do not know how to budget your time and make a schedule which takes care of your study assignments so that the work goes easily but surely, and is not allowed to pile up and send you headlong into a state of panic at the end of the term or semester? If that is your situation, get someone to help you make the schedule. Then you must exercise sufficient self-determination to make the program work. You must learn to be your own strictest boss and expect of yourself all that you would expect of any other under your tutelage.

3. Is this your first experience in studying without the guide of a single text book? That is perhaps one of your greatest problems. Of course, that is the only way to really study. The close following of any one text book is on the same maturity level as the first steps of the baby who must hold tight to the hand of his mother. If you are beginning a new subject well and good, you are taking first steps. Then you need close guidance and protection from pitfalls. Once you have control of the fundamental facts and techniques you have the tools which should serve you in locating problems and in solving them. You must learn to do this kind of study if you are to gain the kind of power which makes you free.

4. Is this your first experience in a co-educational school? Did you have to get used to that? Did you get "boy-struck" or "girl-struck"? And if you did, did you lose your head, forget your books, use up study time mooning about it? Better stop it and act grown-up before it is too late.

You may have to make one or several of the implied adjustments. You may have to make all of them. Get them out of your way. Free yourselves of the handicaps which may impede your progress. Build into your nervous system those automatic responses which will serve to speed you on your academic way.



It is a pity that so many men get a college training without getting an education. (*Washington Post*.)

"I Choose—"

JOHN EDW. KOONTZ

THE future and the people one will be associated with in the future are interesting to all men. Here we are today: where may we be tomorrow? We do or do not enjoy our fellow workers today; shall we enjoy them tomorrow? This last question we may partly decide for ourselves as we improve and equip ourselves for tomorrow's work.

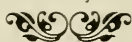
Teaching is a profession that presents little monotony. Every day brings new problems and new experiences. Teachers, the people who experience this variety, must be interesting people, and, therefore, pleasant fellow workers.

From generalization I must move to personal observations and impressions. The greatest portion of my life has been spent in close contact with teachers. Through this close contact I have gained a knowledge of the general personality traits of the group. With this knowledge as a working basis for definition I prescribe the following traits: a person of unconscious culture; one who seeks ever to bring the world's knowledge to the service of the world's life; a leader having high standards of living and thinking, ever seeking mental and moral growth; an intelligent person who possesses genuine enjoyment of people; one who has intellectual curiosity and initiative; a purpose to do good; sound health; high ideals; originality; interest in education; joy in observation, reading, thinking; a sense of humor; patience; and a conscious will to coöperate. All of these traits point directly to a strong belief in God. Remember: "The Fear of the Lord is the beginning of Knowledge: But the Foolish despise Wisdom and Instruction." Teachers are seldom fools.

I should like to be identified with this group because I want to be happy. I feel that I can be most successful in life if I acquire its traits through sincere and intelligent effort. Do teachers lead happy lives? If one is well prepared for his work, he will find teaching a most satisfying life. A school is filled with the joy of growth and learning. Long vacations are a chance for travel and study and adventure which add zest to life. Religion teaches generally: "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The teacher interprets this: He most lives who serves best. There is joy in doing for others. In teaching, this joy is immediate and intimate. Surely, I, believing firmly

in God, want to be a member, want to be known to society as a member of a group with such a high ideal.

Bearing in mind the personality traits of the teacher and translating them as qualifications, I should certainly be most happy with future colleagues of such character. I am fully and firmly convinced that my future colleagues will be people of my prescribed pattern. I must always hope and intelligently strive to be truly one of the best of them.



Gratitude

TILLIE GOLD

I am glad I live in America. In the morning I get out of *my* bed in *my* room, and whistle any tune that happens to strike *my* fancy. I pile as much butter on *my* toast as I like. Over *my* coffee, I can express the opinion that the president of our United States is doing good work in steering us clear of foreign entanglements, or, if I like, that he is a corrupt politician. An uncensored newspaper accompanies *my* breakfast. I kiss *my* mother good-bye and dash past the postman to the mailbox. *My* morning smile dims because I am anxious for news from *my* relatives in Germany.

The bus is waiting on the corner; I drop *my* car-token into the box. The driver smiles at me: he, too, is an American. I sit beside a school-mate. I tell him, perhaps, that the girl day-students should have a smoking-room. We plan to draw up a petition to send to the president of our college. Oh, yes, we do that in America!

I walk into geography class and defiantly announce that sections of the communistic platform are superior to some of our democratic principles. No one stares at me for expressing such an opinion. Furthermore, I feel assured that the girl sitting at my right will not "feel it her duty to the state" to report me as detrimental to the wellbeing of society. Moreover, I do not fail the course because *my* opinion differs from that of *my* professor.

I thank you, America. I thank you for allowing me to be myself, for a free heart and an unharnessed soul, for the privilege of being an American!

The present European crisis has provoked the thinking minds of the world, stirred into action the government officials, and evoked prayer from the pulpit and its followers. But—what are you doing, Students of M.S.T.C.?

If you are thinking or acting let us know about it. Remember that you cannot sit idly by. Whatever happens in Europe *must* and *will* affect you.

Ireland's Patron Saint

ELISABETH HAACKE

SAINTE PATRICK, the patron saint of Ireland, was really an Englishman. He was born about 389 somewhere in southwestern Britain. Though his education was little, there is probably no doubt that he was brought up as a Christian.

However, his connections with the Christians were soon destroyed, when at the age of sixteen he was captured by a band of Irish marauders. His captivity was passed as a herdsman in the region commonly known as Connaught. After about six years of living this manner of life, he had a vision which pictured to him the manner in which he might release himself. He escaped and in so doing encountered a vessel engaged in the export of Irish wolf-dogs. After about three days at sea he landed, according to legend, on the coast of Gaul.

After several years spent in living the life of a monk, he seems to have returned to Britain. Upon his arrival home he had another dream in which a man named Victorious appeared. It is believed he was bearing papers, one of which was headed "The Voice of the Irish". While Patrick was reading these manuscripts, he says, "I imagined that I heard in my mind the voice calling 'We pray thee, holy youth, to come and walk again amongst us as before.'"

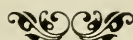
Patrick accepted this as a missionary call and returned to Gaul for about fourteen years of preparation for this undertaking. He went to Ulster, upon the completion of his study, and began the work that was to later make him the patron saint of this island.

There are many legends told of his teachings and doubtless one of the most interesting is that centered upon the shamrock. One day when Patrick was preaching, the skeptical natives asked how there could be three gods and yet one. To answer their query he bent over and plucked a shamrock that was growing at his feet. "Do you not see," he said, "how in this wild flower three leaves are united on one stalk, and will you not then believe what I tell you that there are indeed three persons and yet one God?"

Regardless of the truth of this myth, it remains a fact that the emblem of Ireland proudly worn by all Irishmen on Saint Patrick's Day is still the shamrock.

His importance in Irish history probably lies in the fact that he brought Ireland in contact with the western world, thus introducing Latin as the language of the church. He was evidently possessed with an intense spiritual nature and had enthusiasm enough to surmount all

obstacles. "It was claimed that at his death on March 17, 461, there was no night for twelve days." And so we celebrate the day of his death in reverence to the memory of a man whose faith has meant so much to the Irish people.



The Man Who Walked on Air

MINDELLE KANN

EVER since Edward Jackson was a little boy, he had been fascinated by anything which took place in the air. When Edward was four years old, his father had taken him to see a famous magician perform. When a woman apparently was made to float in air, his undeveloped mind had been awed. He had striven to duplicate this feat.

Now, at the age of twenty-seven, he was following his first childish ambition in the only way possible. He had learned flying, and since graduating from college, he had been earning a living by performing stunts of daring in the air. Under all his skill and daring, however, there still lingered the memory of the magician causing the woman to float on air; and his whole life was subtly dominated by the ambition to perform this, to his mind, the greatest of all feats. Although he knew that the magician had resorted to optical illusion to make the woman float on air, he still hoped that some day, in some way, he would be able to float on air without support. But Edward had more important things to think about at present. He was scheduled to perform this afternoon before a large crowd of country people.

The lad had been working on a new type of parachute which was only half the normal size of the parachute in use, and his efforts had been crowned with partial success on this very morning, for he had completed work on the new model; and all that was necessary was a trial. He was sure it would prove successful, for he had worked out each detail so carefully. Why not, he suddenly decided, try out his new 'chute at this afternoon's performance.

Carefully strapping on the flimsy piece of silk which was his new parachute, he clambered into his waiting place and was soon amazing the simple country folk with his series of stunts. Now came the time for the final one—the parachute jump in which he would prove beyond all doubt that his new invention was valuable. He took one look at the crowd below, took a deep breath, and jumped into free space. He had made many descents before, but now, for the first time, he experienced a vague terror that his new 'chute might not open. As if to

dispel this fear, he pulled the rip-cord and waited for the jerk which would signify that the 'chute had opened properly.

Time passed. Each split second seemed an hour. A sudden overwhelming nausea came to him with the realization that his new invention was a failure—that the contrivance was not going to open. Falling madly through the rushing air, he experienced sensation such as only a person in his predicament could know. His life flashed through his mind, as the earth seemed rushing up to meet him. Then a sudden thought,—now, if ever, was the time to try his theory about walking on air. He closed his eyes, and concentrated with all his strength on the subject. Despite the rushing air, beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, as he willed his body to cease falling. After what seemed an interminable age, but which was not more than a second, he could feel a difference. His hurtling body seemed to be slowing down. At last, success! He concentrated even harder; and now, looking down, he could see that his fall had been checked. He was walking on air!

In his fancy, he could already hear the congratulations he would receive when he willed his body to float gently to the ground. But, being a true showman, he decided to further his great stunt by landing on the outskirts of the town, and by walking back to his hotel.

Having so decided, he willed his body to move sideways; and looking down, he could see the land slipping by as he merrily floated along. Reaching the outskirts of the village, he landed, and began his rather long walk back to his hotel. He noticed the great ease with which he could walk, now that he was the possessor of his secret.

As he neared the hotel, he was somewhat surprised, and not a little disappointed with his reception. He expected a crowd of admirers to be waiting for him; instead, no one seemed even to notice him.

"Possibly they don't recognize me," he thought.

Noticing a newspaper, he walked over to see if he were given a write-up. The paper was an "extra" which had just been published, no doubt, on his account. Staring from the front page was Edward's picture, and above that, glaring headlines. But surely those headlines could not refer to him, for they said, "Daring Flyer Killed!"

A wave of emotion crossed Edward's face; and for the first time, it occurred to him that he was dead.

Freshman Co-Ed—Say, this dictionary is crazy. Look here at the definition of the word 'fresh.'

Prof.—It says it means 'new'. What's wrong with that?

F.C.—Well a fresh guy is nothing new to me.

An Interview With Louis Azrael

MILDRED SNYDER

ONE of the keenest, most likable, and intelligent young columnists in Baltimore is that refreshing person, Louis Azrael. A short concise definition of Mr. Azrael's personality would unquestionably contain the words dynamic, sincere, witty, humorous, positive, intelligent, keen, quick, alert, natural, and interested. His energy seems to be perpetual, and, unless he is engaged in a very serious conversation, he is always participating in some minor activity such as opening a letter, folding some papers, or "doodling". His friendly smile, his delightful sense of humor, immediately puts strangers at ease. When he was asked if he had worked his way up to a columnist, he grinned impishly and replied, "No, indeed, I worked my way down to a columnist!" and then, pulling an old soiled school magazine from his desk, said in a peculiarly reminiscent tone, "This is the reason why I am what I am today."

While attending Marshall High School in Richmond, Virginia, Louis Azrael was the very athletically inclined type of young man who was more interested in being the star of the basketball team than in learning the place of pronouns in sentences. This demanding interest in sports caused his English marks to suffer so much that on the eve of the last day of the quarter, he would dash off an article for his school magazine and receive a bonus of ten extra points to be added to his English mark.

Not the satisfaction of having a passing grade in this subject, but the not at all unfavorable reaction he experienced from seeing his name in print and receiving praise from his friends caused Louis Azrael to determine that he would keep in the limelight as long as possible. When he was sixteen, he had his first journalistic "break". A newspaper was extremely rushed and needed some extra help, so when he presented his unexperienced self at the office, he was promptly added to that staff as a novice reporter. The dashing, romantic, and exciting lives of reporters that we read about or see pictured in the movies are very misleading. The work of these men, the same as ninety-five percent of all newspaper work, is drab, unexciting, and hard routine which consists of reporting petty thieveries, insignificant court cases, fires, and other miscellaneous stories that are used to "fill" the paper. Mr. Azrael's inquiring nature was not satisfied with this type of drudgery; therefore, by constant hard work and persistence he achieved his present day prestige as a feature columnist for the Baltimore News-Post.

If you have ever read his column, you will see that he is interested primarily in the human side of the news. His most vivid remembrance is not of a gun battle at which he was present, but of talking to a pitiful woman who was suffering horribly from the effects of dope, but who had enough will-power to break herself of this habit. By visiting small courts, interviewing people, telephoning, and traveling, he personally gathers seventy-five percent of these human interest stories. He is constantly receiving news from people but cannot use stories from unknown people, consequently only fifteen percent of this material appears, since the authenticity must be assured.



Time Waits for No Man

LEE WOOLF

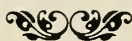
“EIGHTEEN years is a long time. Yes, a long time to wait before revisiting the place of one's childhood.” Such thoughts had not entered the mind of Adam Blank who, after an absence of eighteen years, was returning in joyful spirits to see again the scenes of his childhood.

Mr. Blank knew exactly what he would see—or at least he had viewed and reviewed in his mind's eye what he was sure to see. Nothing would be changed; everything would be exactly as it was so long ago. The long curving stone road would still be winding in and out among the gently rolling green countryside. The blossoming fruit trees, in which he had taken such pride, would be swaying gently in the early summer breeze, extending their long boughs as if trying to embrace him. Nestled in the midst of the soft green mat of early summer grass would be the real reason for this anxious, yet belated, visit. There, in the clearing between the two great oak trees would be the farmhouse in which he had spent the happiest years of his childhood. Perhaps the people who now live in the home would allow him to come in and revisit his early “haunts” and let him relive some of his pleasant adventures.

Such were the thoughts racing through his mind as he approached the road which would bring these sights in full view. The recognition of the bend lightened his heart and quickened his steps. He ran very fast, approached the curve in the road, turned, and stopped. There before him stood a more complete transformation than he could ever have conjectured. Gone were the beautiful trees; gone was the spacious lawn; gone was the house. As he dragged himself along he drank in the abhorrent scene. The level curving road was now a bumpy, broken mass of stone barely visible under the growth of weeds which

were treacherously hiding it from view. Instead of the stately welcoming trees he saw the skeletons of their decayed remains leering and jeering at him for being such a fool as to think that time had stood still. He went forward hoping against hope that he would be spared complete disappointment—but fate had not decreed it so. The house had fared no better through the ravages of time than had its surroundings. There, before him, stood a mass of scarred ruin. The chimney alone stood up from the debris as if to taunt him, the poor fool who had not realized that things can change in eighteen years.

Crestfallen and weary in spirit, Adam Blank slowly retraced his steps down that once familiar path to the bend in the road, not once looking back at the sight which had shattered the fondest memories of his childhood days.



The Villain

MARTHA KARSH

She was a pitiful little figure as she imploringly lifted her sapphire blue eyes to her persecutor. Tears trembled on the edges of her long, curly lashes.

"Let me go!" she insisted.

"No!" he gloated over her helplessness and dragged her toward him.

His hot breath fanned the pale golden curls that framed her piquant face.

"You wouldn't dare to do this to me if my father were here!" she cried in despair, but a mocking sneer was her only reply.

Desperately she wriggled out of his arms and raised one hand. Her fingers met his face in a resounding slap. Fury and fear gave her added strength, and astonished, he fell back. Nimbly, she darted toward the door.

"No, you don't," he grunted and brutally seized her tightly.

"I won't do it! I won't!" She echoed over and over again.

Thoughtfully he stroked his mustache. "Oh, you won't, eh?"

"No, a thousand times no," she struggled valiantly against his superior force. "You beast, let me go! Let me go!"

"Not until you eat that spinach! Whew!"

"This is the first, and last, and only time I shall ever agree to play nurse maid to any eight-year-old when her parents are out-of-town!"

Advice From One Who Knows

KATHERINE FEASER

On Tuesday, February eighth, Mr. H. E. Bucholz, alias Ezekiel Cheever, came, so he admitted, to listen to the members of the TOWER LIGHT staff and then to make all of the "sour remarks" of which he was capable. However, the staff felt that it was most fortunate in having the "best editor of educational magazines in America" offer his suggestions and criticisms on such modest attempts at literary production as the college publication represents. One of the more caustic of Mr. Bucholz's remarks was: that he should have no editorials, or that, if he had any, they would be very short and preferably humorous. In their place he advised short news stories and personal incidents. When asked if he would feature romance, he said that while he believed in being romantic whenever the chance arose, some farmers sent their daughters to teachers' colleges to become teachers and are disturbed when the romantic element enters into the picture.

Mr. Bucholz gave us more pointers concerning the content and arrangement of the magazine. He suggested that when the inevitable disagreements arise, the students should go to the person who can make the most rapid adjustment instead of putting such articles in the TOWER LIGHT. He believes in "keeping the arguments within the family". Since these suggestions came from one who is a professional journalist, the staff felt as the early New Englanders did toward the original Ezekiel Cheever—delighted to have had a chance to meet him and to know him better than is possible through his writings.

Snow Thoughts

JOHN E. KOONTZ

Outside the window lies the Earth.

She drapes herself in costumes setting the mood for each day.

Today her gown is white, the heavens uphold her scintillating train.

There's a spark of gaiety to the atmosphere,

Perchance today's Earth's wedding day,

This gown her wedding gown.

I see the great cathedral—the universe—reaching far out in space,

The waiting bridegroom and the altar fair—

The angel choir raises its anthem in the sky.

Earth is smiling as my pew she passes by.

All I wonder as I form these fantasies

Is how many times has she kept him waiting there?

Closed Doors

ALMA LEE GOTT

"Doors are a symbol of privacy, of retreat, of the mind's escape into blissful quietude or of sad secret struggle." How fitting are these words of Christopher Morley, yet closed doors are a symbol of much more. To the people living on one side of the closed door life means one thing, and to the people on the other side life has an entirely different meaning. A child playing "Tag" or "Hide-and-Seek" feels safe and protected when he can conceal himself behind a closed door. But the child who is "It" is lost in his pursuit. All the closed doors look alike to him, revealing nothing. The man who has just closed the door of his home in the face of a pleading mendicant or a peddler, returns to his former occupation self-satisfied, comfortable, ignorant of what he has done in refusing help. The crestfallen, defeated person on the other side of the door trudges wearily on his way, weakly proclaiming his wares or seeking alms, at odds with the world in general, full of self-pity and of rebuke for the other half of the world. The closed door is an irreparable breach between the two worlds.

Closed doors themselves are bad enough but when a sign is hung on a closed door, the situation becomes much worse. The little cards tacked up by the doctor bearing the words "Measles", "Scarlet Fever", "Chicken Pox", or the like are symbols of a vast desert of loneliness for the shut-in. For an infinite stretch of time this door will be closed. The casual passer-by, having a deep-rooted fear of contagious diseases, on noting the sign, will scurry away past the polluted premises as quickly as possible. Large white signs bearing the words "Do Not Disturb" or "No Admittance" in bold black letters always incite an impish prankster to disturb the author of the message or brazenly to enter the room, loudly proclaiming his audacity. "Knock, Then Enter", is an uninviting invitation to a "Casper Milquetoast". As he approaches the conference room where he must receive the verdict or meet a fearsome superior, he is overcome with timidity. His trembling hand tattoos a tepid tap, tap, then cautiously he opens the door, pokes his head fearfully around the corner, and shuffles in to the room with a contrite and humble heart. The last sign on a door that any of us wish to see is one that, from the most impersonal observer, always evokes a sad, meditative feeling. That is the crepe—the symbol of death—the truly inevitable closed door, the closed door of life.

Behind the Counter

"WOLFGANG" KOBIN

In every situation there is a cross section of human life. Since everyone needs clothes of some sort, I am able to meet real life and undecorated emotions in the many and varied characters who come in our store to buy.

The poor but thrifty woman always presents a problem. I don't know whether or not to take time and show her everything we have, or to let her buy the first thing she sees, which will be much less work for me. Mother love and sacrifice are outstanding characteristics in most of our customers.

Sauntering idly into the store, come the "just looking" people. They think they are in a downtown department store and just come in to look around, handle the merchandise, ask prices, and walk out. Superior to these customers in their ability to incite salespeoples' anger, are the "I'll tell her" ones. Seemingly customers of good faith, they ask for a certain article and are given their due amount of time, interest, and salestalk. When you are sure you have made a sale, they languidly say, "I'm buying for someone else and I'll tell her."

A momentary interest is provided by the lady who says, "I'd like to see a pair of boys' blue socks", or "How much is that sixty-nine cent dress?" Every store has them.

Pleasant people are the blessed ones who come in from the country about twice a year, buy outfits for whole families, know what they want, are easily suited and constitute our greatest bread and butter income. Would that we had more of these customers!

In our catalogue of buyers, I find some who cannot be matched for pure, unadulterated audacity. The one who figures more prominently than others is the woman who wanted to get a refund on a Christmas gift brought back the following October. She became terribly insulted when she was refused, saying that the infant's suit was too small. I replied that for all the time she had kept the suit, the child could have outgrown twice that size.

Yes indeed, there's nothing like a good salesgirl's education to bring out the best and the worst in life. I've found that out.

Some women's diction is good, but their contradiction is far better. "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

THE TOWER LIGHT

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

And You! And You! And You!

SHIRLEY ROSENZWOG

THERE comes a time in the life of every State Teachers College Student when his class must contribute to the current issue of the TOWER LIGHT. When that time comes the student pricks up his ears, opens his eyes, and suddenly becomes conscious of the college magazine. He looks at it, criticizes it, complains about it. He may even plan to write for it. Time passes; he produces nothing. More time passes; still no effort. Deadline arrives. The staff gets to work; the magazine is published and distributed throughout the college. Some students read it thoroughly; some scan it lightly. Then, the members of the class which has supposedly published the magazine begins to criticize and complain all over again. "Why wasn't this done?" Oh, yes, criticism is freely forthcoming, but are contributions? The students complain, but do they cooperate to eliminate the causes of complaint? They do not!

The next time you hear a student complain about the TOWER LIGHT ask him if he has ever contributed to it, either in the form of articles or suggestions. Ask him if he contributed to his class's issue of the magazine. If not, ask him, why not. Ask him why he doesn't make a habit of contributing to the TOWER LIGHT. But remember, fellow students, freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors, remember, before you begin to interrogate others think,

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR PART TO HELP IMPROVE OUR COLLEGE MAGAZINE?



Notes on an Innovation in Modern Living

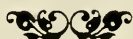
MISS HOWARD HUBBARD

MODERN times give rise to modern points of view. In the Gay Nineties the wonderful workings of science united to produce an object d'art variously known as the trolley, tram, or street car. Victorianism being what it was, the immediate social problems arising for the feminine sex were probably limited to such things as withstanding the annoying, gasping movements of the car, preserving maidenly dignity, and, I suspect, hanging on for dear life to the dangerous summer (species) cars with no sides. Modern points of view, however, offer the feminine car rider a very distressing situation, for

the woman of today, having fought steadfastly for equality in poll and office, now must be crushed between the remnants of a social past still vivid, and new social customs. In short, today men just do not stand up in street cars.

This is something to which the modern woman must adjust. In the first place, what is the psychological factor which has caused men to desire seats so ardently? In the second place, how do such a majority of men manage to get to the seats before the women? Now, as to the first, it might be urged that the physical grind to which men, and especially school boys, are subjected has undermined the physical and in part the mental constitutions of the same. So much for the first and more important aspect. In connection with the second, several suggestions might be made. Possibly the men all gather and enter the car when it is about to leave the car barn. This view has obvious limitations and is not widely accepted. But if we take as a clue the greater aggressiveness and fighting powers of men in general, we have a much more plausible basis for our thinking. Initiative is an important factor in the modern world. Strong purpose, acute vision, a quick step, and some brawn can accomplish wonders.

This thought might be presented: that women, being gentle and benevolent creatures, prefer to let the needy rest and, therefore, stand aside if an opening should occur, or, in some cases, rise and let the gentlemen sit down. This, though an innovation, is a practice which, I expect, will grow steadily with the coming of the years. It will perhaps become so inherent a part of street car etiquette that it will pass from among the problems of women. We may be faced with a new problem, that of ill-mannered women who seize and hold tightly to a seat on the street-car and leave the weak, defenseless gentlemen standing.



Prayer for a Teacher

M. A. McAVOY

For a spirit like yours I would give
All this life I have to live.
To impart to others the joy of life
With just a touch of the work and strife.
To inspire others to high ideals,
To prepare them for their different fields
Is a God-given task that few achieve.
Completed is yours through your simple creed.

Acoustics

LEO MCCARRIAR, Soph.

You listen to music on the radio, victrola, in concert halls and various other places. You listen to Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, and the modern types of music. Whatever you prefer, one of the things that helps you to appreciate music is the acoustics of the room in which the music is played.

Two concert rooms may be exactly similar in size and shape, yet music will sound brilliant, rich, and full of life in one hall but dull, flat, and dead in the other. What causes this very important difference? It is partly a difference in the period of reverberation of the two rooms. The loudness of a note produced by any instrument is proportional to the length of the period of reverberation. Therefore, a long period will naturally bring about a feeling of effortless power, while a short period produces despair from ineffectual struggle.

Of course, if music is to sound at its best, the interior of the room should be covered with substances such as absorbent materials and acoustic plaster and tile, which do not deprive sound of its higher harmonics. The material used on the ceiling and the upper parts of the room is extremely important. Any material that is especially massive, hard, and smooth is good because these properties induce good sound reflecting qualities.

Good acoustics apply not only to music rooms, but to halls for speakers. A room usually is more reverberant to bass and tenor notes than treble. This fact as far as energy expenditure is concerned, gives advantage to the male speaker, but he must enunciate more clearly because he has to contend with a longer reverberation period.

Getting back to music, the shape of the hall has a great influence on the quality of the music. A room which has massive obstacles and obtruding corners is very bad.

The next time you listen to music, whether it be orchestral or vocal, don't blame the orchestra or the singer if there is a bad effect. It may be the acoustics.

I have made the important discovery in this country that a "jitter-bug" is not an insect, but a human being acting like one.

Christopher Paget-Matthew

A Scotchman found a corn plaster—so he bought a pair of tight shoes.

An Anchor, A Church, and a Legend

JEAN HIDEY

DOWN on York Road (Greenmount Avenue if you prefer) quite a distance from our College and well within the city limits stands old St. Ann's Church. It is quite a fascinating church, for in its yard is an anchor, firmly imbedded in the turf. Now, this anchor has puzzled many Baltimoreans of both today and yesterday. Isn't it rather unusual to say the least—an anchor on the lawn of a church? Indeed, it is unusual, and also thought-provoking. In fact, this marine emblem was such a source of wonder to the romantic Baltimoreans of the last century that they quite characteristically began to imagine a romantic background accounting for its presence. The result was the creation of a delightful legend, probably more fiction than fact, but satisfying just the same both to those Baltimoreans of the past era and to their successors.

According to legend the whole matter reverts to a sailor, William Kennedy by name, who was much entranced by the charms of one Sarah Ann Jenkins, a Baltimore belle. (Our fair southern city has always produced them in droves, you know!) So deeply was Mr. Kennedy in love that with high hopes he asked Sarah Ann to marry him. Then a blow fell! Even though she confessed great love for him, the lady refused to tie her life with that of a sailor who roamed constantly and was never home to properly care for a wife; she asked him to give up either the sea or her. Which should it be? Love decided the matter for Mr. Kennedy. He would give up his sailor's existence and become a devoted landsman, and husband—but only after one more voyage with his faithful ship, "Wanderer".

The last trip was to Mexico. All was calm on the downward passage. However, when with a heart full of expectancy Mr. Kennedy began the return trip, a fierce storm overtook the ship; so ferocious a gale that for several dark hours the sailor despaired of his life. Then did he pray, pray for all who were dear to him. He prayed, too, that his anchor might hold and vowed that if it did, he would build a church in honor of the sailor's saint, Ann. Gradually the weather cleared and the seas calmed. William Kennedy and his "Wanderer" were still together and unharmed. The anchor had held.

So Mr. Kennedy arrived safely in Baltimore. He married Sarah Ann and went to live at her family's home, "Oak Hill", which was located in the present vicinity of York Road. The couple were content and prosperous. On the lawn at "Oak Hill" they implanted that sturdy

anchor which had saved William's life and made happiness possible for them both. Kennedy did well in business and at Mr. Jenkins' death inherited the family fortune. Then he seriously considered the vow he had made on that last stormy voyage; he donated money and land (part of "Oak Hill's" grounds) for the erection of a church to St. Ann. In the yard of that church he and his wife were buried and in the yard that old anchor remains, helping to remind succeeding generations of one man's gratitude to Heaven for the gift of life.



To Vienna

REGINA GITTLEMAN, Jr. 2

There's a hand that pulls me onward;
There are memories that hold me back.
I long to look before me,
For the past is really wrack.

But the songs I sang, they haunt me;
Their strains I can't forget.
And ghost-like figures taunt me—
Forms of those I once have met.

Limbs shaking, I passed these shadows.
But they followed; I heard them cry.
And though one longs for the morrow
The past lives on; it cannot die!



Thoughts of a Star

M. A. McAvoy

Just a little lone star, yet big in your way
For each night you dare face the earth and say—
"You surmise and you guess, but you never will know
"Just what pushes and pulls and makes me go.
"You never will know my size and shape and air,
"For these things in your books you'll find nowhere.
"You say this and that and a theory write down,
"But only from Me can the answer be found."

The Library — At Your Service

Smart, Charles Allen: "R. F. D."; New York, W. W. Norton and Sons, 1938.

MARY DI PEPPE

"Buy American" is a phrase we hear on all sides today, but there is another phrase which is perhaps just as pertinent and appropriate. Why not "Read American"? I can refer you to no better book to illustrate the point than "R. F. D.", a book altogether American and at the same time written in a delightfully refreshing manner.

Do you wonder that Charles Allen Smart, former New York editor, teacher, and novelist, had many misgivings regarding his ability as a farmer when he went out to Ohio with his wife to take charge of an inherited farm? This book tells of the first three years of their attempt at farming,—years filled with new adventures, humorous situations, and yes, even the inevitable sorrows. In these years the Smarts have learned a great deal about farming (often through the trial and error method), perhaps even more about America, something of politics, and a few fundamentals about life in general.

Many an experienced farmer will chuckle heartily over the naïve approach of Mr. Smart to many familiar problems of the farm. His scholarly treatment of many an awkward and humorous situation will win the amused sympathy of any reader, no matter what his station. Mr. Smart learns through experience that the requirements of a good farmer include, to mention a few, a knowledge of biology, economics, animal husbandry, politics, and, of course, human nature.

His story is, after all, only a repetition of the lives of millions of other Americans who wrest their livelihood from the soil. But can you conceive of anyone other than a Charles Allen Smart discussing the relations of coöperatives to the farm with one breath, and quoting Archibald MacLeish with another?

Everyone who has ever nourished a secret dream of getting back to the soil will find this book a realistic encouragement. Others will find it an unusually fine story of a characteristically versatile American individual.

Du Maurier, Daphne, "Rebecca," N. Y., Doubleday, Doran, 1938.

M. FREEMAN

Rebecca, by Daphne du Maurier, is the story of a shy, self-conscious young girl employed as a traveling companion to a wealthy, superficial American woman, Mrs. Van Hopper. The two are traveling in Europe

THE TOWER LIGHT

and spend some time at Monte Carlo. Mrs. Van Hopper, a social climber, very tactlessly introduced herself to a certain handsome, wealthy, and important young Englishman, Maxim de Winter. Surprisingly enough, Maxim takes no interest whatever in Mrs. Van Hopper, but a little later persuades the shy, young girl to marry him. He takes her to Manderley, his lovely English home. There his poor wife is haunted day and night by the memory of his former wife, Rebecca, who died only a few years before. The servants constantly remind her of the way in which Rebecca ran the household, arranged the flowers, planned the meals, and put on lavish parties. Every nook and cranny of the beautiful old mansion whispered, "Rebecca—lovely, charming, kind Rebecca." Maxim treats his second wife kindly and respectfully, but shows very little affection for her. The great, cold distance between them frightens her. She feels that he is keeping something from her that she must know if they are ever to be close to one another.

It is not until a boat is driven onto the rocks near Manderley that the plot begins to straighten out. In an effort to investigate the damage done to the boat a diver is sent down. He discovers a small sail boat at the bottom and a body lying in the cabin. The boat is identified as having belonged to Rebecca. The news is reported to Maxim and his wife. Finally, in the most dramatic and heart-rending chapter I have ever read, Maxim tells his wife about the real Rebecca—the sinister, faithless, deceitful creature she really was. He tells how she tormented him by the wicked things she did. He had been living this farce for some years and at last could stand it no longer. When he found her one night in her boat house waiting for one of her many lovers, he killed her. Terrified and confused, he put her into her sail boat and sunk the boat. No one saw him. When Rebecca did not return, naturally everyone believed that her boat had capsized and she had drowned. The rest of the novel tells how after many trying experiences Maxim and his wife escape condemnation and flee to another land where they live in comparative peace and quiet. The loss of Manderley is a sharp blow to them both, but they are glad to be rid of the strife and torment which they both found there.

A more fascinating and unusual novel I have never read. The plot is not revealed until the very end. However, the thing that impressed me most was the brilliant way in which the characters were drawn. After laying down the book, one feels that he has not only met some new and interesting characters, but that he knows them intimately.

Rebecca exemplifies hypocrisy in its most intense and cruel form. One cannot imagine a more terrible woman unless it be Mrs. Danvers,

the housekeeper at Manderlay. She also is a scheming, ruthless character, bent on avenging the death of her beloved mistress, Rebecca.

Maxim's second wife, who tells the story, is a woman we all know—loving, kind, but afraid to express herself; self-conscious and insecure. She is a vacillating, pathetic creature who finally, through her great love for her husband, reveals courage and strength.

Maxim de Winter, the English country gentleman, reveals to us what effect crime has on a man: the brain wracked with pain and the inability to be close to his beloved wife because of this terrible crime. However, he is every inch a man and fights his battle to the bitter end.

I believe that both young men and young women will get understanding from this book by Daphne du Maurier. Its force and power hold you in its spell, and the vivid impression will remain undimmed for a long time.



Lament

MARGARET CARTER

The world's in a muddle—
All hope is gone.
Atlantic's a puddle.
Weeds on my lawn.

Workers are striking,
Stocks must adjust.
Nothing's worth liking.
No shops will trust.

Hitler is raging;
Duce is sore.
No one's engaging
Help anymore.

Widows are wailing.
Good people die;
Strong men are paling.
Days hobble by.

Pitch and monopoly
Cease to be fun.
What makes it worse for me—
My stocking's run.



Grant's Proposal

The girls just didn't like Ulysses S. Grant and the boys just didn't like cross-eyed Julia. How natural that these two should turn to each other. On one occasion Grant drove Julia in his two-wheeled buggy to a wedding. Fear of being late prompted him to take a short cut through a meadow. When they came to the brook it was swollen by rains. Foreseeing difficulty in crossing, the ingenious Grant said, "Cling to me, Julia." Upon reaching the opposite bank successfully, Julia was about to uncling when Grant said, "Julia, would you like to cling to me forever?" And that, my modern friends, is how cross-eyed Julia became First Lady of the Land.



Fashion Tips

DOROTHY SNOOPS, Jr. 5

With spring just around the corner, we have found many perplexed students groping through the halls of fashion. So here we are endeavoring to clear up the befuddled minds of you who have no answers to that annual problem, "What shall I get for spring?"

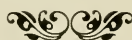
At Towson you may be an example of a perfectly-attired college girl, but do you have a wardrobe suited also to dress occasions? If not, plan your accessories around a dress-suit, which is not only very smart but also very practical. Or be slightly radical and go in for a trim little bolero suit—plain skirt, checked jacket, frilly blouse. Since a woman's best friend is, undeniably, a good suit, you might select a soft suit with dressmaker details. The newest trend in dresses is the "little girl" style. With lingerie touches and frilled taffeta petticoat swishing under your skirt, you must include toeless, heel-less, patent slippers. An ensemble of this type makes a perfect background for costume jewelry, such as a necklace of delicate-hued seashells or a charm bracelet of pastel knick-knacks.

Although navy is eternally at the head of the spring color list, you may also count on beige accelerated with color. If neither of these satisfies you, consider a flattering pastel.

Regardless of your choice, be very sure that the conservative side



of you doesn't hold you down. Dress your type, but accent it with unique and colorful ideas. Swathe your last year's sailor with yards of gay filmy veil—perhaps pink on a severe navy straw. Or affect that come hither look with a wimple in seductive tones.



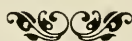
A Campus Post Office

Post office is as exciting to the second grade children in the Campus School as it is at a junior high school party. No, post office isn't a game; it is a project planned and executed by these children during their study of the Postal System.

Their post office is organized on a plan similar to the ones belonging to Uncle Sam. At appointed times of the day, the postmistress assumes her duties of supervising the clerks in handling the incoming and outgoing mail. At other times the postman dons his military cap, throws the mail bag over his shoulder, and takes the key in hand to collect mail from the homemade box in the rear of the room. This he takes to the post office, where it is faced, cancelled, and sorted by the clerks according to addresses.

Each aisle in the room is a street and each house on that street has a number. The center aisle crossing the other aisles is York Road. All these streets were named by the children from someone of the members sitting in that row. Mecaslin Island takes its name from its lone inhabitant, Patricia. Besides individual mail boxes, there are also boxes at the post office where the children may call for their mail.

The offices that the pupils hold are giving them a sense of responsibility as well as a great deal of pleasure. Through this project the children are learning about the largest department in the United States, the Post Office.



A Scotchman was invited to a dinner party to which each guest was to bring something. The Englishman brought the meat; the Hungarian brought the wine; the Viennese brought the cake; and the Scotchman brought his brother.

Assemblies

MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1939

Dr. Thomas Guthrie Speers:

In answer to students' request that we have some talks about religion and its interpretation in certain groups, Dr. Wiedefeld introduced Dr. Speers of the Nation Conference of Jews and Christians. To begin, the speaker told of the various reasons for the formation of the group he represented which dealt mainly with religious intolerance and persecution. In 1928 Chief Justice Hughes invited religious leaders to form the National Council of Jews and Christians. Three leaders of the council, Professor Arthur Compton, Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, and Roger W. W. Strauss were chosen. Local groups have been formed from this council.

The former general purpose of the council was for the discussion of inter-faith relationships. Today, the more immediate purpose is to "keep America free for democracy". This is based upon the common understandings of the faiths, for, as Dr. Speers said, the religious trouble in Germany is due to too distinct lines between the different faiths. We must strengthen our religion, he said, because the lack of religion leads the way to attacks of prejudice. There are 800 organizations sending out anti-religious propaganda in the United States today.

As a suggestion for any group that may be organized here, Dr. Speers said that better home and recreation facilities should be fought for, since economic insecurity is harmful to democracy. Of one thing we may be sure, he said, "If we organize a branch of the council, we shall be doing something essentially democratic, essentially American."

On Monday, January 29, the members of our college and the pupils of the campus school enjoyed an exceedingly interesting and educational assembly. It seems that a parent of the Campus School children saw a short moving picture, sponsored by the Standard Oil Company, at the Maryland Academy of Science. He felt that this film, "Safari On Wheels", which told about a journey through Africa, would be beneficial to his child and many other children. He told Miss Steele about it. Miss Steele and Miss Van Bibber made arrangements to show the film without any cost to the school.

This film was just an introductory one. Many more are to follow. Judging from the applause of the audience, the idea is an excellent one.

THE TOWER LIGHT

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1939

Dr. Alice Du Briel:

Having been introduced as an outstanding poetess and a really brilliant teacher, Dr. Du Briel began her unusually inspiring talk on a subject in which she is intensely interested—poetry. In a rather modest fashion the speaker presented her own opinions based on years of experience and experimentation. She cleverly substantiated her slightest contradiction of the styles of accepted poetry today, and the conventional methods and techniques used in writing poetry. To do this she quoted several instances of classical prose and poetry which have lived through the ages and which we still admire today for their truth of expression. To further prove that she was justified in breaking away from the old traditional methods she read a great many of her own creations in this field, some which bore a startling resemblance to her own personality as recognized from such a short acquaintance with the author.

She clearly has been most observing as the poems read seemed to reflect every phase of life as most of us know it but as we have never been able to express it.

CHARLES GROSS, Soph.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1939

Dr. Lynch

Dr. Lynch discussed the origin and meaning of democracy. The ability of man to form groups and to coöperate has resulted in the development of democracy. There are, however, two methods of forming groups. One has as its object the welfare of the group as a whole, but each individual member contributes his share of work to achieve that end. This method, Dr. Lynch pointed out, is used by the totalitarian states.

The second method of group formation and coöperation has the welfare of the individual as its objective. The speaker said that this is an imperfect and inefficient system—it is democracy and with it there is a balance between personal liberty and a well established orderly system. Liberty is constantly threatened because it is limited as far as capability is concerned. An intermediary is needed to maintain order while liberty is being dealt out to the masses. A democratic government is controlled by the people and, therefore, represents both sides of any question.

The fate of democracy lies with the people—the group sets a standard and establishes traditions through public opinion. The ideals of a democracy are therefore either reproduced in years to come, or they die and are no longer ideals.

JAMES JETT, Soph.

The Faculty Gives—

H. E. MOSER

To most of the social affairs of the College one usually finds these words appended—"The faculty will receive". On Valentine Day, however, the order was reversed. The Faculty GAVE! The results of their giving turned out to be an informal, though certainly an interesting farewell to Miss Keys in a valentine setting.

The feature of the afternoon was undoubtedly the series of charades demonstrating fifteen of our school problems that Miss Keys has always accepted as her responsibility. Everything, from Mr. Walther's demonstration of the mad scramble the men students create getting costumes for their Revue, to the dramatic rendition by Miss Van Bibber, Dr. Dowell, Miss Weyforth, Miss Joslin, Dr. Lynch and Miss Barkley of the "goings on" in the Day Students' Rest Rooms, contributed to make a great farewell entertainment. Here's one vote for an Annual Faculty Gridiron Club Revue.

As a final testimony of their appreciation and friendship for Miss Keys, the faculty presented her with a handbag containing a cash gift and a photographic "Rogues Gallery" filled with informal snapshots of the faculty and staff. That Miss Keys may find happiness in this new phase of her life is the fervent wish of all.



Miss Keys' Dinner

LETTY WILHELM

A hush fell upon the dining room as the doors opened to admit Miss Keys and her section, Sophomore six. Then, everyone began to applaud their beloved friend and teacher who was walking down the aisle to an especially prepared, delicious dinner in the wing.

At the close of the dinner Miss Keys was presented with a writing portfolio by her section. After she had unwrapped the gift we went out into the foyer where we danced and talked until the seven o'clock bell sent us to our lessons. Our dinner was over, but the memories will always remain.

HOUSE TO A HOME-MAKER

". . . And so we present you with a little house. Perhaps you'd like to set it by the 'Side of the Road' to remind you that we shall always remember what a friend you have been to us."

With these words a little china house with a foundation of silver dollars was presented to Miss Keys as the gift of the Student Council.

Basketball

MARGARET WELLS, Soph.

For the past two months, freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors have been well represented at girls' basketball electives. Those "freshies" are certainly showing a lot of spirit and good playing, too. No one would ever say that girls are weak when it comes to sports, if they could see the lassies out on the court struggling among themselves for that ball. About two weeks ago, temporary teams were organized and the classes played practice games. In these the sophomores won the most games, but the real competition will come February 22. These last two weeks each class has been practicing by itself, to develop a system of signals and good plays. Everyone who has come out for electives is invited to be the guest of the college Tuesday night for dinner. Then, on a full "tummy", the games will be played in the auditorium. Come out, boys, and support your girls' teams! They support you, don't they?

Sh———

Remember last March 10th. What a night—And remember how the "freshies" came forward to tie for first place with the "sophs". And remember, too, how the sophs paraded down the aisle with a dummy of a dwarf that had no significance because the freshies had changed their stunt at the last minute. I know one class that's already well on its way in planning for this year. But I won't tell. Sh———



Frosh Activity in Sports

AARON B. SEIDLER

This year's crop of embryos inspired Coach Minnegan's chances for all competitive athletics. Even though a few veterans have returned to College this year, the real strength for the present and particularly the future success of State Teachers College sports rest on the shoulders of the freshmen.

Leading the Freshmen parade way back in September were Marty Brill, brilliant basketball exponent, and Jack Hart, widely recognized ace of soccer. In an endeavor to cover the sports in which our freshmen participate I have selected basketball as the first to be discussed because it is the current sport. Occupying berths on the Junior Varsity are the following male contingents of the frosh: Ed Clopper, Aaron Seidler, Charley Rembold, Bill Kahn, Henry Schwartz, Don Martin, Leon Kassel, John Dawson, and Nolan Chipman. Representing the freshmen on the Varsity squad are Marty Brill and Aaron Seidler, and a hard working, able manager, George Wentz.

For those freshmen who neither have the spirit to come out to the games nor even attempt to participate in the various activities provided in the field of College sports, let them cease to heckle and criticize. Let everyone join in wholeheartedly with those few loyal students as one strong unit for the sole purpose of creating some college spirit which might typify the spirit and unified feeling enjoyed during our high school days.

Freshmen Glee Club News

CHARLES BURKERT

The freshman class this year seems well represented in the Glee Club. In the organization proper there are forty freshmen. Twenty-one of these are girls while the remaining nineteen are boys. Besides the Glee Club there is a special chorus of freshmen in which twenty-two girls participate. In the program for Freshman Mothers' Week many of our number took outstanding parts. The two girls who sang solos were Miss Miriam Kupper and Miss Vera Ensor. Who can forget Mr. Peters' rendition of the "Indifferent Mariner"? There was also a double trio of freshmen girls. These girls were Miss Pramschufer, Miss Wilson, Miss Grove, Miss Krieger, Miss Batie, and Miss Mumford. They were accompanied by a violin obligato played by Mr. Eugene Webster, also a freshman. The girls' chorus sang two songs on the Glee Club's broadcast on December 14, 1938.

With all this freshmen seem to be starting out in a large way. May our class continue to aid the college in all ways until it shall have graduated!

Have You Heard?

'Twas a very nice dance, and we are sorry for you if you missed it. The girls never looked lovelier; the boys never looked handsomer; and the music never was sweeter. The main dining room in Newell Hall, dressed up in red and white, proved quite a romantic setting for a Valentine Ball. Ask everyone how they liked it and then we know that—we'll be seeing you next year.



Your Life

William Howard Taft, campaigning in the state of his opponent, was heckled from the gallery. Finally a cabbage was thrown on the platform near Taft. He looked at the vegetable intently, then turned to the audience and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it appears that one of my adversaries has lost his head."

From The Navy Yorker: "The Talk of the Town" (Jan. 14, 1938)

Baltimore City Alumni Luncheon

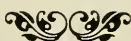
The Baltimore City Branch of the Alumni Association of the State Teachers College at Towson gave a luncheon on Saturday, February fourth, at the Southern Hotel. This luncheon was for the purpose of introducing Dr. M. Theresa Wiedefeld to the graduates of the college now living or teaching in Baltimore City.

Miss Catherine McHale, who is president of the city unit, presided at the luncheon and introduced the honored guests. A delightful resume of the school life of her successor was given by Dr. Lida Lee Tall. Dr. Wiedefeld, the new president, told of the many plans she has formulated for the students and the college at Towson, and made all who heard her desire to take an active part in furthering her suggestions.

Other guests who honored and greeted Dr. Wiedefeld were Dr. David E. Weglein, Mr. William R. Flowers, Miss Eva M. Gerstmyer, Miss Margaret Coe, President of the State Alumni Association of the Teachers College at Towson, and Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, sponsor and most competent adviser of the Baltimore City Branch of the Alumni Association. All these guests as well as the one hundred twenty-five members present gave encouragement to the group by their whole-hearted participation.

The officers of this organization are Miss Catherine McHale, President; Mrs. Stella Gersuk, Vice-President; Miss Isabelle Summers, Secretary, and Mrs. Marguerite Kurrle Riley, Treasurer.

AMELIA HELLER BROUILLET



Dorchester County Alumni Unit

The winter business meeting of the Dorchester County Alumni Unit was held Tuesday evening, January 31st, at the home of Miss Jeanette Carmine, in Cambridge.

Mrs. Granville Hooper, president of the unit, presided. A constitution, which had been drawn up by a committee named for that purpose, was presented and adopted. The correction and enlargement of the alumni mailing list of the county has been completed. The group expressed their appreciation for the appropriation as contained in the Governor's budget for a gymnasium for the college, and feel very much encouraged at the splendid prospect. They all stand ready to assist if help is needed to make this addition possible.

Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, field secretary of the College Alumni, who organized the County Unit in September of last year, was

present and spoke in a most interesting way, offering splendid suggestions for work for the unit.

The spring meeting will be held Tuesday evening, May 30th, at the home of Miss Evelyn Johnson, County Supervisor of Schools.

A most enjoyable social hour followed, with delicious refreshments served by the hostess.

The following persons were present:

Mrs. Laird Bramble (Etta Bradshaw) 1927
Mrs. Glessner Brooks (Hattie Clayton) 1909
Mrs. John Brummette (Lillian Jones) 1907
Mrs. John Brueil (Ruth Woollen) 1930
Mrs. Granville Hooper (Anna Musselman) 1916
Miss Evelyn Johnson 1918
Mrs. Frances Keenan (Frances Jones) 1920
Mrs. Lloyd Lankford (Mary D. Hodson) 1926
Mrs. Clarence LeCompte (Georgia Pearson) 1900
Mrs. Frederick Miller (Eloise Henry) 1922
Miss Medora Moore 1922
Mrs. Merritt Robinson 1923
Mrs. Leon Spicer (Mary Bradshaw) 1923
Mrs. James P. Swing (Ethel C. Bradshaw) 1925
Mrs. John Willis (Grace D. Phillips) 1909



Taffy With the Old Fashioned Pull

Anyway, that was the name of the recipe that Senior 7 used to have some fun at a recent party. The "old-fashioned pull" ceremony was very entertaining, and the taffy was delicious! The only thing that dampened our spirits, was the fact that our adviser, Mr. Moser, was not enjoying the fun with us, so a piece of the beloved taffy was sent him, with expressions of our sympathy, regrets, etc. (relating of course to his absence from the party). This note was sent to us:

"I received your generous package of home-made *sea foam*. I am very grateful. You all must be excellent cooks because the sea foam was so light and frothy that it had completely evaporated by the time I got to it, and the only thing I found in the bag was the stone you put there to weight the sea foam down.

Yours very sincerely,

HAROLD E. MOSER

Senior 7 is now contemplating a "sea-foam" party.

What passes for woman's intuition is often nothing more than a man's transparency.—George Jean Nathan.

Under the Weather Vane

Seventh Grade History Survey

From what the old folks tell us, their school life was dull and wearisome. The teacher spent a long, uninteresting day cramming dates, boundaries of states, location of cities, and many other facts, into their slow-thinking and non-understanding brains.

The Seventh Grade of the Campus Elementary School has been doing things in a very different way. We have investigated to see whether the facts and principles studied in history and geography hold true in the part of the world in which we live. We study out of a book, but we test our knowledge by the life about us.

In studying the unit, "How the United States Changed After the Civil War", we found that cities grew rapidly and that "Big Business" came into being. The following short articles written by the members of our class will prove that Towson and the State of Maryland were no exception to the rule.

FRITZ EIERMAN

HISTORY OF TOWSON

ANN BARNETT

In 1750, Thomas and Ezekiel Towson arrived at the site that we now call Towson. They had moved from Pennsylvania in search of finer farms. They built a house on the spot where the memorial cross stands today.

After the Towsons, many other settlers came until there were enough people for a town. One night a meeting was held to determine what the name of the town would be. It was unanimously decided that the town would be called Towsontown.

Whenever any travelers went through Towsontown they always stopped at the Towson's house, and sometimes stayed all night. There were twelve children in the Towson family and it was not always easy to provide for them. One day Ezekiel Towson had an idea. Why not have a tavern? They built a big stable and made an addition to the house.

In February, 1854, Towson was made the county seat of Baltimore County by the vote of the people. This was the first county seat to be chosen by the people. All of the rest were chosen by the officials. In 1854 the cornerstone was laid and in 1857 the court house was finished. In 1910 an addition was built.

Roads radiated in all directions from Towson and many of these were toll roads.

MODERN TOWSON

ANN BARNETT

With the growth of other cities and towns Towson has become more modern. It has a water system, a sewerage system, a police department, and a fire department. It boasts of the service of a street car line, a railroad, several bus lines, and a telephone exchange. It has a large negro population. Since it is the county seat, there are many lawyers there. Towson also has its share of physicians and dentists. It has a free library, and churches of every denomination. It has a Woman's Club, a Rotary Club, a Kiwanis Club, and Odd Fellows and Elks. In all, Towson is a modern and growing town.

TOWSONTOWN

HARRIET BUCK

In 1750 there came two men,
On the Old Turn Pike as it was called then.
They made their home with their kith and kin,
And with this help they started an inn.
It flourished well as the years went by,
And the Towson family lived thereby.
More people settled all around,
And it became known as Towsontown.
Soon Towson was voted the county seat,
So now the courthouse is on Chesapeake Street.
The automobile, too, has helped it to grow,
It's a town the people will always know.
Today Towson is noted for many things,
And some people think it a town fit for kings.

THE BLACK AND DECKER COMPANY

EMERSON POWELL

In our work on the age of Big Business, we have studied factories and other business concerns. We not only talked of businesses far away, but investigated some that we know very well. One of these is The Black and Decker Company, located on East Joppa Road near Towson.

It was started by Mr. S. D. Black and Mr. A. G. Decker in 1910 with the idea of manufacturing electric drills. Through good management it has grown and is now making all sorts of electrical tools and machines. It has many distributors all over the world, including all of the United States, with a factory in Slough-Bucks, England, one in Canada and one in Australia.

The Black and Decker Company makes very fine tools. Sometimes a difference of 1/1000 of an inch would make the machine unfit for market. The portable scales they now make are very sensitive. To give an example: when they were weighing the ill-fated Cavalier, someone put his hand on the ship and the dial on the scale began to waver.

Whenever fine tools are mentioned, we always associate them with Towson and the Black and Decker Manufacturing Company.



Good Deed

MARGARET CARTER

I showed her how to fix her straggling hair;
I made her wear her heels not quite so low.
I sprinkled on a dash of savoir-faire;
And made her sweet to ev'ry darkest foe.

I brought her voice down to a human pitch;
I showed her how to glide across the floor.
I taught her understanding of the rich,
And taught her kindness to the poorest poor.

I gave her meekness where there had been pride;
I made her act exactly thus-and-so.
I kept her close forever by my side.
In short—I just plain helped her steal my beau.

Worst News of Month:

One of our younger faculty members is becoming afflicted with absent-minded professor's blues. Imagine giving a detailed assignment at the beginning of a class period and then stopping the class ten minutes before the close of the period to announce the same assignment. (She used the same motivating questions, too.)

Classroom Boners

B. Kahn: Elbridge Gerry wrote an article on his objections to the Federal Constitution. This caused great excitement because he always carried a great deal of weight with him.

"Samuel Adams was a great obstacle to overcome."

"Waiter," said a Scotch customer, "I have dropped a penny and I can't find it. If you find it, give it back to me; if you don't, keep it as a tip."

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College Entrance*

The Virginians Again!

When R. E. Lee Marshall was at school in Virginia, it was the custom of the headmaster to call on one of the boys each morning to read a passage from the Scriptures. One day a boy began the Twenty-fifth Chapter of St. Matthew.

"Then shall the kingdom of Heaven be likened unto Ten Virginians, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish."

The headmaster stopped the boy, and told him to repeat the passage. The boy read it exactly as before. Again the headmaster stopped him, and remained a few moments in deep thought. At last he said sadly: "Well, if the Bible says so, it must be true. But I would never have believed that there were five foolish Virginians."

Naivete in S. T. C.

History Class was in full swing, and, in accordance with the Junior conception of politeness, everyone was talking at once. The irate teacher demanded, "Just *who* is talking?"

"Miss Petroff," answered Miss Petroff.

THE

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FOR MORE

SMOKING

PLEASURE



Chesterfield

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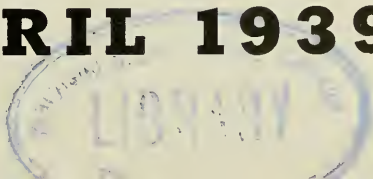
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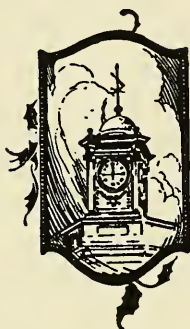
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TOWER LIGHT

APRIL 1939



THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

APRIL, 1939

CONTENTS



Frontispiece	DAVID SHEPHERD
Cartoon	MIRIAM KOLODNER
Assembly Cut	MARGUERITE WILSON

	PAGE
"About Six Hundred Words"	5
Freshman - Sophomore — ?	7
Essays	9
And He Followed	12
Revolution	13
Quiet, Please!	14
The Souvenir of Solferino	15
Misadventure	18
As Others See You	20
A Sad, Sad Story	21
Editorials	22
The Covered Wagon	24
Essays	26
Book Review	30
Fashions	31
Who's Who	32
Assemblies	33
Teachers College Record	36
Advertisements	47



THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XII

APRIL, 1939

No. 7

"About Six Hundred Words"

JANE ELIZABETH JOSLIN

Wednesday

That is my assignment. There can be no mistake about it, for John brought the message straight from the editorial room this afternoon.

One page! How can one discuss future trends in six hundred words? Besides, I don't want to do it that way. I don't believe in it. And the dead line is Monday! Can it be that I am overtaken by the commercial culture and poverty of imagination of the present? That is the kind of assignment that publishers of textbooks submit to their staff. I read today* that, after deciding on a subject, they turn the assignment over to the member of the staff who has already proved that he is best qualified to write on the subject. It seems that, since a mere author's point of view is more or less local, and because he is somewhat inaccurate and irresponsible, his unsolicited manuscript is almost never accepted! Then what becomes of all the words written under the spell of inspiration?

Before learning of these conditions, I intended to make a plea to teachers to write more for children, and to write creatively. After all, a teacher has a ready market for her literary words. But if she wants to retain the attention of her listeners, she must not get so busy making radios and visual aids that she will forget that facts can come alive in words that are picture-making and gay, for

"Some see this and some see that,
As soon as shadows fall;
Some see little and some see much,
And some see nothing at all".**

It was jolly today to read aloud "Uncle Eliphalet's Donkey Cart" *** and "Limerick Lane".*** And when in another of her poems I found how the young elf was warned about the old Brownie, I felt excited, all out of breath:

* N.S.S.E. Thirteenth Yearbook, Part II

** Turner, Nancy Byrd—Magpie Lane

THE TOWER LIGHT

*** Richards, Laura—I Have a Song to Sing

"He's apt to shut you in the door,
Or change you to an apple-core,
Or turn your head hindside before
You have to watch yourself".

Hughes Mearns says, "It is to children we must go to see the creative spirit at its best and only to those who are in some measure uncoerced." That is the word, UNCOERCED. In addition to the distinction of being a great-grandmother, Mrs. Richards has the urge to experiment with words and ideas. Not a cut and dried vocabulary mind you, but words that jingle, that stir the feelings, or that make no sense at all. I wonder if it requires an audience of great-grand children to encourage one to coin words in picturesque phrases and lilt ing rhythms. Wouldn't it be a good idea for teachers to learn the secret of imagery by collecting, not books, but words, as names of homely things and places, or Spanish and Indian names or even words of peculiar or striking sound, in order to discard the old patterns of static verb and vague adjectives?

Thursday

An invitation from the Pen Women's Club for tomorrow! "About Six Hundred Words" will have to wait. It is a pity that no inspiration came three weeks ago when John first asked me about writing. Perhaps the words won't come at all. Meanwhile I am singing with Richard Le Gallienne "I meant to do my work today", but it is not the rainbow but the Pen Women's Club that is beckoning me.

Friday

At the club I heard the most amazing things about magazines being made up a year in advance. No wonder that it is wise for an unknown author to secure the services of an agent who knows the literary market and the secrets of collective bargaining.

The dead line is only two days off! No ideas!

Saturday

Twenty books around me with ten more in the car. I didn't mind paging the latter in the cold and I didn't mind carrying the former to the third floor, but I cannot find original ideas for six hundred words in the whole library!

I wonder if this illustration might do. In that first grade last week the children were reading informational material that has passed the censorship of the publishers, with their emphasis on doctrine of frequency, sentence structure, and all. Later, the teacher read from a re-

ing book a story composed of choppy sentences lacking in imagery and fun. In the lesson on pets, she used the word kitten so many times that she seemed to be trying to imitate the repetition of the first grade reader.

Heaven help the children! They need a teacher who can stir unexpected emotions with delicacy of touch; whose humor will protect her from ridiculous childish techniques; and who uses pictorial language with one word sound harmonizing with another. Hugh Walpole must have been thinking of caricature and sentimentality and sex novels, when he said last year: "It seems to me that no important figure among the younger American novelists has anything but material things to say. And I am becoming bored with their rough, raw manner of saying them". Why shouldn't children hear new ideas in words such as the does in the world use to consciously create images? I have heard a farmer describe a sharp-faced woman as "plain as a turnip", and once Joseph Auslander described city traffic as, "the iron shiver of traffic".

One more day marked off the calendar. No story!

Sunday

An idea at last! It is an example of the imagery that children understand. As five-year-old Jean Ann drew at the blackboard, I heard these words:

"I am Jean Ann's house.

Please let me have a chimney so that I can have fresh air. I am choked to death.

Please build me well so I won't fall and hurt myself.

I want a roof so I won't get wet.

Put glass in my windows, so when I'm sleeping, the rain won't pour in".

Yes, children know the secret of words. They can teach us the wonder of life. I have made another discovery today. These words are so powerful that I must hasten to their source to learn more about words:

"They have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind". "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb—and a little child shall lead them."

Now I can write "About Six Hundred Words" and hand it in tomorrow.



Freshman--Sophomore--?

JOHN SHOCK

Scene I—The Freshman

In through the portals of that magnificent institution, Maryland State Teachers College, walked a high school graduate over whom was cast

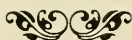
a certain peculiar feeling. He was a freshman entering college. It didn't seem possible that a college career was already before him. He was here—one fifth of his career had come true. Down through the auditorium stretched a long line of human beings in the same situation. He brought up the rear for a while, but soon there were as many behind as before him. How small one person looked compared with the entire group. After filling blank sheet after blank sheet and doing a million other things, he was a full fledged freshman.

The freshman year passed but with no consistency of speed. One day sailed by rapidly—another was almost at a standstill. The entire freshman year was spent in getting in stride with the other students in that march to the field of the teaching profession. As the freshman year ended, some light was thrown on the "whys" and "wherefores" of the subjects studied and their relationships to teaching. The freshman now seemed to understand the story. College closed and report came out; everyone was happy because in September this Freshman would attempt to play the role of a Sophomore.

Scene II—The Sophomore

On the second registration day, the atmosphere seemed somewhat more settled than it had been a year before. The former Freshman was ready for earnest work now that the ideas of the teaching profession were clearer to him. Days went rapidly and work became more and more worth while, with more meaning attached to it. Time ticked away faster and faster and brought the story up to date. From now on the story depends upon that which the future has in store. It is hoped that this scene will end with no heart breaks or disappointments.

Please, Freshman, those of you who feel that the burden is heavy—"buck up"—the work isn't in vain. Time speeds up in the sophomore year, and I've heard from reliable sources that the Junior and Senior years roll even faster.



Complaint

M. WOLPERT

Night

Why do you play this game with me

And take my little world away?

I know it's there

And yet I cannot see.

Think you it fair

That you

Who have the world wherein to roam

Should steal from me

Who am confined behind the windows of my home?

How I Would Use a Magic Wand

CATHERINE GRAY

IF it were possible to turn magician and wave a wand over the United states, this is the way I would change our educational system:

First, I would eliminate from elementary and secondary school curricula the subject matter which is not adjusted to children's interests and needs. One's life may be ruined if he cannot make a living. In the present commercial world the ambitious job-seeker needs as general an education as possible to equip him for work. Much of the subject-matter not only fails to equip him properly, but also is beyond him and therefore holds no interest. How can a high school pupil grasp the *whole* field of government when he hasn't yet reached the voting age—when he is not actually helping to manage the Government? As an adult, he is more concerned with matters of state and is in constant contact with his community and country. Therefore, the changes in curricula, as one may easily see, would be brought about in anticipation of a definite organization for *lifelong* learning among adults.

Having thus arranged the high school curricula, we must make sure that the students remain in school long enough to reap the benefits of the change. Our second reform with the aid of the magic wand would therefore be to so modify and so to improve the secondary school that the children would find interest and educational profit in remaining in high school until they were eighteen or nineteen years old. This new program would include a certain amount of practical occupational activity, but only to the extent that it would contribute to the student's education. As a result there would be the 3,500,000 more young people in a wholesome environment who are now competing with adults on the labor market.

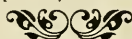
With several million more of our youth in high schools, our next step would be to quadruple the college enrollment and to increase the number of colleges. Result—4,000,000 students in colleges instead of the 1,300,000 of the present time. I would increase college facilities and have each institution offer a great variety of opportunities designed to appeal to the different interests and aptitudes of the students. The courses would be planned to meet the needs of the special groups. Thus the students could advance at their own individual pace. If this were true—if colleges offered varied opportunities—college graduates would be made vocationally competent to earn their own living. In brief—a college or university would be an institution which would think of service to its students in terms of their needs rather than college degrees or credits or knowledge that has no meaning in the student's life.

In this elementary, secondary, and college educational scheme, I would not forget that controversy is an inescapable part of the democratic process. Although one of the biggest contributions of schools of higher learning is the turning out of students trained in the discussion of controversial issues, there are school situations in which this discussion has been prohibited. The exchange of ideas and beliefs is a definite, integral part in the achievement of an "abundant life". It keeps alive processes involved in the exchange of ideas; it forestalls dictatorships; it is indispensable in the development of civilization. The exchange of ideas is one thing that everyone should have in common. It is a part of a Utopian democracy.

Having tried to develop a Utopian educational system for students in the schools, may I explain the scheme beyond school life? For the fulfillment of a rich and varied life, I would like to see adults earn a living by working not more than twenty-four hours a week. Then they would be able to spend at least six hours a week in a systematic study of civic problems—local, state, national, and international. The remainder of the week could be spent hunting, fishing, painting, and studying to broaden vocational adaptability.

You say that these ideas indeed correspond to the modern version of Utopia? You are quite right. If we are to insure the development of a civilization as yet undreamed of, we must have this Utopia for a stepping-stone.

Adapted from U. S. Bulletin of Education



Spinoza

JAMES G. JETT

Spinoza, outcast of the Jewish race,
Nor fostered by the Gentiles better cots,
Thou lonely thinker of eternal thoughts
Dost thou condemn the seeds of thy disgrace?

Or knowst thou now thy thoughts have won a place
And likewise won thy favor in the lots
That shunned thy pensive soul and cast their flouts
At all the early teachings of thy race?

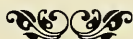
The outcome of thy deeper meditation
Thy doubting of the ancient Hebrew creed
That spread by desert prophets of the East,
Inspired a hungering wayward contemplation
Of men, who doubting thee, to thee concede
Their hopes, their fears, their doubts by thee increased.

Opportunity

MURIEL ERDMAN

Relief, unemployment, depression! What do they mean? What causes them? The young people of today have been reared with the idea that life is a path of hardships with few opportunities. Few opportunities? The reason some do not recognize opportunity when they see it is because opportunity usually goes around looking like work. Few could meet Great Opportunity even if Fate supplied him. An old sage has said that opportunity knocks but once. That's fiction. In fact, opportunity rattles a man's door to get him up every time he oversleeps in the morning. The door of opportunity is wide open; let no one say he cannot get in—until he has tried.

The rewards go to those who meet exigencies successfully, and the way to prepare for emergencies is to do each daily task the best one can, to act as though the eye of opportunity is always focused upon us. Each day, each week, each hour, each year is a new chance. At the start Edison didn't have an electric light—Ford didn't have an automobile—the Wright Brothers didn't have an airplane. Who says he doesn't have a chance? Obstacles should mean an invitation to take off one's coat and get busy. If the young people of today have greater obstacles than before, they also have greater opportunities. Jump the hurdles and grab the prize!



When Fancies Turn Lightly

L. L. L.

All winter there are many animals that hibernate; to them, the long, cold months are unknown. They lie, generally, hidden in darkness, oblivious to the long night and the short day of winter. It is when the long night turns into the short night, and when the short day turns into the long day that, gradually, they stir and timidly come out to face the light and the new world of spring.

We move more rapidly. Higher the sun wheels across the sky, and the warm winds blow more steadily from the south. It is a time of change. Little sounds stirring from the ground give evidence that the earth itself is responding to a softer touch. The trees begin to take on color. There is a peculiar new appearance about the fields.

Spring, in the language of the lower animals, as well as man, means movement. It is a time for building, a period when nature seems to be renewing itself. Every living thing has been given a new, delicious breath to breathe. The last of winter is gone, and this is a young, healthy season upon us. If we are the happier, it is because we are glad to be a small part of the whole, each part of which seems to contribute in its own way to the symphony that is spring.

And He Followed-----

MARGARET KELLY

HE was wretched, a reprobate, hardened and utterly disillusioned. He had sought consolation in prayer, but long ago that had failed him. Friends and associates had deserted him, and now, overwhelmed by cares and worries, he was desperate.

All this could be read in the man's face as he trudged aimlessly along the dusty road. Listlessly, he wandered on until he found himself on the outskirts of a city. Suddenly, his attention was directed to a large, noisy crowd of people, moving as one large body through the streets. Curiosity seized him. In vain he tried to learn the reason for all this shouting and abusive language.

"Well, 'tis nothing to me,—perhaps a criminal,—could have been me but for the Fates!" It seemed as though an invisible hand stayed him and guided him back to the crowd, forcing him to follow it. He found himself slowly mounting a hill, with that unseen force still urging him on.

"Bah! why should I follow this rabble. Have I not seen some petty thief seized before? Ha, have I not been the one seized? Have not I even caused the shouting mob that jeered me? Come, I must be on my journey!" But he could not turn away.

The crowd was gaining in number now,—one roaring mass of humanity. The sky was becoming darkened, which was most unusual for the time of day. Seconds passed into minutes and minutes slowly merged into hours, but the man was loathe to leave this scene which held him against his will. The crowd was beginning to thin now.

Suddenly, the air was pierced by a terrific noise. The sky darkened even more—and then, nothing was heard but the sound of frightened retreating feet, and a weak, resigned voice crying out, "Consummatum Est!"

The man rushed forward and glanced up to see the agonized body of a Man hanging upon a cross—nail pierced hands, a tortured body anguish showing in every line of it. A woman standing beneath the cross looked up through blinding tears to see the crucified Man slowly bow his head—and die.

"Who is this man? Who has done this?" the man asks himself "If he be just a common thief, why are his executioners becoming so frightened? Why, even the elements are rising in terror and fury as if protesting against some outrage."

The soldiers were muttering among themselves," The Man ha

perseverance! He may have been the Son of God, as he said, but what proof have we?"

The wayfarer turned his face towards the East and knew that it was his duty as a responsible human being to make his actions conform to the look on His face—and—remembering the words, "Consummatum Est", knew that the chains had fallen from the race of Adam—the world had been redeemed!



Revolution

J. JETT

The whirlings of the geared wheels
Are all too soon forgot.
Though grindings are unseen—unheard—
Without them we'd be not.

We heed not what we can not see,
We stop not to inquire—
But if the wheels stopped working once
We'd fall back in the mire.

The wheel, it is a gentle thing
It's round from pole to pole
Yet if one spoke it did but lose
T'would spoil the very whole.

It asks for nought but little oil,
It works the night and day,
Yet never stops—nor grows it cold,
It cannot run away.

O wheels that turn, to you we pray,
We beg you to forgive,
We love you in our worst neglect,
And you our thanks we give.

Quiet, Please!

SIBYL DAVIS

Ah! One night of blissful repose! To snuggle down in that fluffy feather-bed will be heaven. No noise, no street cars, no radios, no autos to mar the solitude. Peace! Quiet!

Quiet! Listen! A symphony of sounds! There's that queer rumbling bass, a penetrating treble. What makes them? I thought everything slept at night. Oh! Frogs and crickets! Now, that is an owl, but what makes that sad, mournful sound? Must ask about that tomorrow . . . maybe . . . something funny . . . wish that cricket . . . would . . . keep still . . . I . . . want to . . . go . . . to . . . sleep.

What's that? Isn't the mother interested enough to investigate? Maybe the child is sick. Or perhaps the woman can sleep through it . . . Golly! Suppose someone has abandoned a baby! That calls for investigation. Where are those slippers? . . . Ouch! There goes the screen . . . No, I don't see anything. Look . . . there . . . under the bushes! Is it? No, nothing—Yes . . . No . . . What in . . . Oh! Two old cats!

11:30. Morpheus, do your stuff! The cats are settled, so am I. Relax! That's it! Let go! Come on . . . Where's your . . . quiet . . . country . . . Show me . . .

Merciful heavens! What time is it? Dogs, dogs, dogs! Will they never stop? And that? Oh, a rooster! Is it morning? No it's still dark . . . must be close . . . to it though . . . Where's my watch? Oh, 12:00! Quiet country—whoey!

That insistent buzzing! It must be my imagination. It can mean approaching deafness. No, it's coming closer; now it's circling overhead . . . Ouch! Missed it! Where's that newspaper? Gonna be cute, huh, and stay on the ceiling? O. K. I'll wait . . . Another! Gotta get up and close that window. Ugh! Stuck! Not much fun . . . *piece de resistance* for mosquitoes . . . Kinda monotonous . . . droning . . . like . . . murmur . . . old . . . Pretty pattern leaves make on the floor . . . glide so gently . . . smoothly . . . to and fro . . .

People getting up! . . . Don't they ever sleep? What are they doing; sounds as if they're throwing cans around. Oh! I know, it's milking time . . . Good heavens, even the children are rising . . . Are they better than I? Of course not! . . . Ugh! How am I to be spry today? . . . Back aches . . . head hurts . . . eyes red . . . Gotta get fixed up . . . Tell the hostess I slept like a log . . . never felt better . . .

Climate—what lasts all the time

Weather—what lasts only a few times

Dollar Sense

Today the banking system is getting much criticism from those who wish to be both depositor and borrower. When Mr. Jones deposits money in the bank, he wants that bank to be conservative in making loans to other people; but when *he* wants to borrow money, he wants the bank to be very generous. If the banker refuses Mr. Jones a loan, Mr. Jones thinks that the bank is not interested in the business of the community.

The "three C's" of banking are character, capacity, and credit. Every banker must investigate every prospective borrower's will and ability to repay his loan. Loans are not always cash; sometimes a man who borrows gets the bank's promise to pay a certain amount to his creditors and also the right to demand payment whenever he desires it. This is indicated in the customer's pass book as a loan. The banker must be careful to keep his "promises to pay" within the resources of the bank or else the bank must close. The banker does not wish to refuse a loan because that is his chief way of making a profit, but he must be careful, for he is selling the use of other people's money. In return, for the use of the money, the depositor receives protection, clerical service, and a set rate of interest. He can get his money from the bank on demand if the banker has made loans judiciously. Banking is a business which must be operated for the best interests of the depositor-borrower.

Many people think that inflation would be the long-sought panacea. Just what is inflation? It is the issuing of paper money which has no collateral. That is unsound business. It has never worked—it failed during the French Revolution and it failed during the Civil War. It has helped no one!

Adapted from "Banking".



The Souvenir of Solferino

The Red Cross

IN the year 1859 was fought one of the greatest battles in history—the battle of Solferino. It was not great in material gains, for the Italians did not succeed in overthrowing the Austrian rule against which they were fighting, but the term "great" applies chiefly to the huge number of cannon and soldiers engaged in the eleven hour battle and to the 40,000 men who never returned from the Plains of Lombardy. These are the gruesome facts recorded in history books; but there was another side—a constructive side to the battle.

THE TOWER LIGHT

From a nearby Swiss village had come young Henri Dunant. The sight he beheld at Solferino made a deep impression upon him which was later to culminate in one of the greatest humanitarian movements ever organized. On the Plains of Lombardy he beheld the wounded soldiers—unprotected from the burning heat and suffering from hunger and thirst as well as their wounds. One look was sufficient to stir him to action. He secured the aid of the peasant women—even the Italians who were at first reluctant to help the fallen soldiers of their enemy country—and with these volunteer nurses, helped relieve the suffering of the soldiers.

But Dunant's work did not end with the war. From this experience, he conceived the idea of organizing bodies of workers who would be ready to give aid to all people when such disaster as war should occur. This idea was embodied in his book, "The Souvenir of Solferino", which aroused great interest; and, as a result, an international conference was held at Geneva in 1863 to make plans for such an organization as Dunant had in mind. The society thus organized adopted for its emblem the Swiss flag reversed—a red cross on a white background—in honor of Henri Dunant. Thus the Red Cross was born.

Since that important meeting in 1863, the organization of Red Cross societies has spread to all parts of the civilized world—America participating in 1881 through the efforts of Clara Barton. Since then it has also expanded its activities so that it now renders inestimable service in time of peace as well as in time of war.

In America the Red Cross is a highly organized unit with its national headquarters in Washington and Chapters in every city in the United States. In Baltimore, the chapter has its headquarters in an inconspicuous red brick building at 202 Guilford Avenue which, despite its unpretentious appearance, is the center of a vast amount of activity. Here women come to sew—making clothes which have often answered a great need in districts stricken by flood, earthquake, or some other disaster. From this center radiate many other services. Through the Baltimore chapter's nursing service, veterans in United States Hospitals are visited each week, letters are written for them by the Red Cross workers or some form of recreation is afforded them. In addition, the chapter gives free instruction in life saving, first aid, and home hygiene; and through a newly organized department, blood transfusions are made possible to indigent persons. Not to be overlooked is the part the chapter plays in helping disabled war veterans secure compensation from the government and in caring for their families. We should mention too, the part played by the Junior Red Cross in carrying out the program of the chapter. Junior Red Cross organizations are now found in practically all the Baltimore City public schools which enable their members

to carry on constructive work for the benefit of others. Their activities include mending toys for poor children, making attractive favors and menu cards for poor hospital patients and war veterans on special holidays, and writing stories and plays to arouse interest in the Red Cross.

The Baltimore Chapter held its membership campaign from March 19 to April 2, but one may join the organization anytime during the year. Today, when money making seems to be the main objective of all activity, it is difficult to realize that there is an organization rendering a great service to humanity operating on a non-profit basis. The continued operation of such an organization depends upon contributions, in both service and money, of each individual in the community. Have you done your part?

B. COURTNEY, SR.



Save for the New York World's Fair

The collection of sculpture to be used at the World's Fair 1939 is reported to be one of the finest collections of statuary ever assembled in this or any other country. Every school and style is said to be represented by sculptors, some of whom are nationally famous and others whose names are new. The size of the plan of the Fair demands large pieces—the largest is a sixty-five foot portrait statue of George Washington done by James Earl Frazer. Some works from foreign and state governments and private exhibitors will supplement those of the Fair Corporation. Besides these parts of the Fair plan, American sculpture will be exhibited in a section of the Contemporary Arts building.

After the Fair, it is thought that some of the materials for the Fair will be remade into permanent works for the New York City Parks Department, since all except three pieces are made in plaster. "Textiles" is a thirty-foot structure representing a new type of structural sculpture; steel plates suggest the lines, but the figure is not solid. Located at the entrance to "Tomorrow Town" is the "Tree of Life" by Lawrence Tewing Stevens. This composition consists of a gigantic elm tree five feet in diameter and forty five feet high, and two figures carved in eucalyptus. The two lesser figures carved seem to be seeking strength and courage from the larger one. The other permanently executed group is the "Fountain of the Atom," located in the center of Bowling Green. Eight ceramic figures representing the electrons and protons in the octet theory of the atom surround a 30 foot shaft of glass brick which pulses with light and from the top of which flows fire and water. There are also four larger figures in the group symbolizing Fire, Earth, Air and Water. Many pieces, though not permanently made, promise to add to this exhibit which will make New York the vortex of the world during 1939.

Misadventure

JANE SILVERMAN

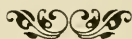
After closing the rickety door of his home, with a swift fleeting glance over his shoulder, Tony ran down the worn steps into the street. He felt the vibrant tingle of adventure surging through his veins, making his heart leap and his step spring along the sidewalk. No longer did he envy the older boys for their daring exploits, for he had carefully planned an excursion to equal, if not surpass, those of his idols. After long weeks of constant experimentation and mental gyrations, he had formulated a flawless plan.

However, as his footsteps instinctively led him toward the town's one theatre, a clammy perspiration spread over his body and his hands began to tremble. Yes, the familiar doorman was still there by the ticket office, but to Tony his usually genial smile seemed mocking and derisive. The ticket taker's eyes seemed to bore straight through him—even the man in the low hung moon looked slyly, knowingly, down upon Tony.

With an apprehensive movement Tony wheeled round the corner of the theatre into the comforting shelter of an alley retreat. He waited; seconds passed—seconds that seemed like years. Then he heard the town hall clock striking six o'clock. According to his calculations this was the time when the day doorman would go off duty, and the side door would be unguarded for a few brief moments. Now was the time to act! With stealthy steps he reached the door, opened it, and slipped inside. His scheme had worked; he had reached his goal.

It was a simple task to find a vacant seat and lose himself in the crowd. But where was this feeling of exultation? Now that he had accomplished his purpose, the glow of pride that he had anticipated was strangely missing. In schoolboy phraseology "this wasn't what it was cracked up to be". Instead of glory, he felt guilt; instead of satisfaction, shame.

The show was over—but none too soon for Tony. As he passed the doorman on the way out, he was met with a pleasant "Good evening, Tony. Did you enjoy the picture?" This was the final blow to a small boy's conscience. With tears in his eyes and a vow in his heart, he fled.



1. On a health paper: "There is a certain enzyme in the stomach called resin."

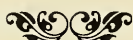
Candy Coating

MIRIAM KOLODNER

How do you like your history? Do you like it straight or do you prefer having it with candy-coating? Personally, I feel that having a layer of humor or even a dash of true-heartache does not hurt; for, fundamentally the history is still there; and if it is made more digestible, I can see no reason to object to it. Why eat yeast cake when you can get a confection chocolate-covered?

Historical fiction and historical stage and screen plays supply the basic historical background, yet they provide human interest which makes the story live in one's mind as no textbook could. History textbooks tell of the invention of wireless, yet, it was not until I had read *All This, and Heaven Too* that I had real understanding of the work and the effort which was part of that great undertaking. History textbooks tell of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates, yet it was not until I saw Raymond Massey play Abe Lincoln that I had any vivid picture of the debates.

Here's to the gourmets who are making a delicious and inspiring dish of the musty old history great-grandma used to serve!



The Newest Play

NANCY METZGER

When April sets the stage for Spring
Richest greens appear—
Backdrops of trees, and shrubs, and grass;
The curtain rise is near.

The stage is set; the curtain's up
And tripping steps are heard.
The fairy. Spring is on her way
To waken ev'ry bird.

Her footprints are the budding flowers
That spring beneath her tread—
The tulip, crocus, buttercup
That proudly raise a head.

She's crossed the stage; behind, her prints.
Her act is done; she's gone.
And through the twilight of this play
Her beauty lingers on.

As Others See You

Dear Margaret,

The last time I wrote you I told you I was going to spend a week-end with Diane in Baltimore. As you know, Diane goes to State Teachers at Towson. I arrived Thursday evening and was delighted when she suggested that I go to college with her the next day.

It was quite a long ride out to Towson on the street car, and we had to stand up almost all the way. I was surprised to learn that some of the young men who were sitting down so comfortably were students of the college. And my! was it noisy! Here's a sample of what I had to hear for the hour's ride: "Oh, there's John at the front of the car. Holler up and ask him if he has done his history assignment."—"Hey, John! Hey you, up there—tap John somebody; O, John, what's the answer to the third question in history?—I can't hear you . . . Huh? Don't say you didn't do it!!!!"

The first view of the college as one approaches it is very impressive. I was hoping we would walk up the hill slowly to enjoy the scenery, but Diane had to hurry because she had a "faculty reserve"—whatever that is.

I enjoyed the first three classes, especially for their informality. But then there was an assembly, and I found that the informality continued. The speaker was pretty good, but the continuous murmuring around me distracted my attention. The bell rang before the speaker had finished, but as far as the students were concerned he *was* finished.

My chief impression of the day came at three o'clock. I didn't know why everyone was running through the halls, but I soon found out. The destination was the library—oh, what a mad rush for books! What amused me most was a little freshie (I guess it was) who stood in a corner and scratched his head, muttering, "Now where in the—did I hide that book!"

Friday night we went to a dance at the college with Bob and Bill. There was a good crowd. One couple that thought they were the "Spirit of Swing" kept bumping into us. These jitterbugs certainly get on my nerves, especially on a crowded floor. Otherwise, there was only one other thing to detract from my evening—that was when Bill was asked to remove his chewing gum. It embarrassed me, too, but he should have known better.

The same evening I met a tall good-looking young man who, as I later learned, is a senior. I wonder if he was just handing me a line or if I shall hear from him. I shall write you if anything further develops.

Love,

BUNNY

A Sad, Sad Story

HELEN ROHNACHER, CATHERINE GRAY

THE saddest story ever told concerns the string instrument least known by many people—the viola, or as it is sometimes called, the tenor violin. Perhaps its lack of renown is due to the fact that its humble, melancholic and soothing after-beat tones have always been subordinate to the famous violin and the singing 'cello. In ensembles it has served well the purpose of supplying the smooth harmonic effect so essential to any small organization. It is truly amazing to those who have heard a viola solo that this instrument has gained so little recognition. The public just doesn't ever hear it.

Do *you* know that it is $1/7$ larger in general dimension than a violin? Do you know it is $1/5$ lower in pitch than the violin and an octave higher than a 'cello? Do *you* know that its strings are *a*, *d*, *g* and *c* and that *g* and *c* are covered with silvered copper wire to produce deeper vibrations? In fact did you ever hear of a viola before this? If you have, how long have you been aware that such an instrument existed? If you didn't know the answers to these things, it's no fault of yours. The viola with its quiet, firm tones just hasn't "arrived" yet in the musical world. What a shame it is.

Perhaps you think I'm biased because I play the viola. But have you ever heard it express the wild fiery dance of the Venusburg in Wagner's "Tannhauser"? Or have you heard its deep resounding tones express the gloom and funereal dignity of Handel's battlefield scene? If you have, maybe you know why I play the viola. In a few operas such as these the viola has gained a certain amount of prestige. Some people have even started a viola movement. Louis Bailey encouraged viola playing in string quartets and ensembles, and through his untiring efforts and model quartets the movement was begun. Our own college has taken up his work. Our quartet has a viola part—and a prominent part too. Frequently in our orchestra work I have gloried in solo parts. Undoubtedly, fifty years ago, I would have tucked my viola under my chin as a hobby or as a means of strengthening my hands, but now—oh, no! Now, I draw my long, stiff, heavy bow over the strings in earnest. The viola is at last coming into its own!

-
2. Ph. Ed. Instructor: "What is the command to get the groups of fours in one straight line?"
Brilliant Student: "Ferris wheel, right!"
-
3. Miss M. "How is the Honorable Mr.— today?"
Mr.—: "Not so honorable today!"

THE TOWER LIGHT

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

Spring's Old Refrain

JOHN SHOCK

Spring is thought of as being wonderful, glorious, fascinating, and all the other adjectives of a complimentary nature that one can think of. Everyone says the same thing, so maybe there is some truth worth considering. Pleasant thoughts of leaving the cold winter days behind and plunging forth into a new or reborn world warm the hearts of all. New buds, new blossoms, new plants, new birds—"new things" seems to be the password of spring.

Spring has an effect on other things than nature. "New things" is a very transferable term and has been adopted by various fields of interest. Those in the field of fashions are interested in new things—hats, dresses, coats, shoes, suits. New fashion revolts are brought about by this magnificent thing called spring. In our college life the spring idea of "new things, new things, new things" breaks forth into bloom: change of sports, new activities and to those Sophomores who are three year students there comes along with spring an entirely new, but vital activity—student teaching.

Science, too, is singing spring's own everlasting refrain—"new things, new things, new things." The greatest exhibitions of science the world has ever known come to us with spring. These are the New York and San Francisco World's Fairs. The fastest developments along the lines of promoting the welfare of humanity will be displayed in their fullest splendor. The entire world is crying for new things—new things—new things. After all, the basic thought promoting civilization is spring's theme song—"New things". May I ask where we would be today if it weren't true?



Roll Call

HARRIET BUCKINGHAM

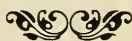
Are you of some use to the college? Do you play soccer, hockey, or basketball? Have you a place in the orchestra or glee club? What society or club has a roll containing your name? In short are you interested in giving Maryland State Teachers' College something, as well as gaining something from it; or are you one of those who, as soon as the last class is done, dash home in order to get ready for a date? Or do you just rush out for the sake of getting out? There are some—strange as it may seem, who belong in the second group. For them this was written, not to "blast" them for their extra-curricular inactivity, but to try and give them some reason why they should awake from their lethargy.

I remember quite well an incident which happened during my last year of high school. A small group of girls on their way to a club meeting had paused for a moment on a landing and were looking out of the window. A few minutes had passed since the bell ending the last class had rung, yet forty or fifty girls were on their way to the car stop. Behind those already out came many more. One of the group on the stairway was heard to say, "Those girls are the ones who never get anywhere in school or in life". The same thing goes on here. Naturally there are a few, but only a few. Therefore, if you can truthfully class yourself as anyone of the following exceptions, then you will be exempted.

First, do you belong to any team? Physical incapacity is the only excuse for non-participation. Perhaps, the college, being a small one, doesn't have the type of sport you like. In that case, pick out one you think you might like best and give it a try. Did someone say that he didn't get along well with others? Then athletics is the very thing he needs. He'll learn fairplay, courage, acquire patience, determination, and an attitude of cooperation, all of which help make a successful teacher. Teachers are no longer looked upon with awe and fear, but with respect or disrespect according to the manner in which they work with the pupils.

Second, if athletics holds no interest for you, join a club, musical group, or publication staff. Don't say that you are too busy with your studies. They do come first but never to the exclusion of all other activities. Join a literary society. An open mind is always an asset. Try out for the glee club, no matter how bad you may think your voice is. Perhaps you are gifted with a quick wit or a flair for the dramatic. If so, don't hide your light under a bushel. If your tongue is tied when you face a group, but your fingers can write the thoughts your tongue can't express, the TOWER LIGHT has a place for you.

If you happen to be working your way through college then possibly you have grounds for non-participation in extra-curricular activities. How many of you can put yourself in either of these classes? As Elbert Hubbard said, "Whenever you want anything done, ask the busy man to do it. The other kind has no time." Look around you and see how far the busy man is ahead of the other kind.



The Covered Wagon

HARRY RUSSELL

Some of you may think that the days of the pioneers are no more. You may be sure that the frontiers of old have gone. You may be posi-

tive that there are no more covered wagons, except in museums. But I can prove to you that these beliefs are false. There are those unknown individuals who slave day after day in a laboratory, never knowing fame or glory but living and dying that many others may live. There are those unknown frontiers of aviation and radio which have yet to be explored. And there is the modern version of the covered wagon.

If any of you have arrived at college before 8:30 in the morning, you may have noticed (how could you miss it?) the old red car with the curtains flying, valiantly puffing up the hill to State Teachers College. Though you might say that old covered wagons were not as comfortable and rode more roughly, I say again you are wrong. You should ride with the snow blowing in your face, with your hands frozen from the cold, and the rain dripping down your back, and you too would class yourself with these hardy people whom we call pioneers.

In reference to speed, I believe that even the old covered wagon could pass. For there is not a car on the road that cannot pass it, But, to the driver's credit, be it said, he has actually managed to pass twenty-three moving automobiles (including heavily loaded trucks) since February 5, 1939, and this can be proved by sworn testimonies of those who ride in the flying machine and by the records kept on walls of the car.

Riding out the other morning someone told Mr. Cernik (for it's his car in case you have not guessed it) that if he cut all the strings in sight the car would fall apart.

But the main purpose of this article is to advertise for an anchor, for the riders are wearing out too many pairs of shoes in trying to stop the car by dragging their feet.



Clouds

JAMES JETT

The ships of the sky are vessels of peace
That plough through billowy seas;
And hoist up their sails on willow-like masts
In hope that some weary of earth may see.
And be lifted by beauty so worries may cease.

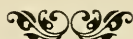
Golf—It's Easy !

DOROTHY FAIRLEY

It looked extremely easy, but it is a different story when one grasps the club and attempts a drive.

I took the prescribed position and made a good swing, but there sat the little white ball, resting peacefully on the tee! Oh yes! I didn't keep my head down; but tell me, how can one keep track of all these things and still hit the ball? I could feel my confidence slowly ebbing away. There is nothing like a second trial, so I stepped bravely up and trying to remember all my friend's helpful(?) suggestions, swung the club. In the technical terms of golf, I had "topped" it. My first drive attained the great distance of six feet. Not yet exasperated but with a feeling of caution rather than confidence, I selected the "spoon" and took my place beside the ball. Determined to make good, I put my "all" into the next shot. My arms must have stretched from the terrific swing put forth because I performed a neat bit of excavation, tossing the turf at least ten feet ahead of the ball.

Thus began and ended my initiation into the great outdoor game of golf. In case you, dear reader, haven't tried, I'll tell you that the ball is quite elusive. All attempts to dislodge it from its resting place seemed futile. And so closing with the golfers' best wishes, I say "cuts and slices to you."



Plea

EDITH ANN SPAHR

Let me go, Winter, I am tired.
Suppress me no more.
Your reign has been far too long, Winter,
Lift your hand that I may breathe anew
Ere I am stifled.

I have fought, Winter, long and hard—
You and your cruelty
That keeps me living within myself.
Now, I am weak, loose me; set me free
To dance for spring.

The Relation Between a Cornet and Singing

DAVID SHEPHERD

Two and one half years ago I settled *the* question by deciding to play the cornet and have never regretted it! What was the question? It wasn't so much a question that needed to be answered as a vacancy that needed to be filled. It all goes back to that particular stage that every boy and girl goes through—adolescence. Only with boys a greater obstacle to ambition (especially a musical one) appears—namely, change of voice. The eventful moment came in a music class. Dreams of being in the high school musical production drifted before (or rather behind) my eyes, as the teacher called on me to sing. I opened my mouth and—well, I don't think she called it singing. Thereafter, I sat silently in the class or, with great pain, in the audience, now dreaming of what might have been. No one had warned me; no one had the same trouble—yet. But it wasn't the sudden let-down or the fact that as a singer, I was through, that haunted me, but the fact that the pleasure derived from music was gone. I couldn't sing. However, they say if you want something bad enough that you'll get it and that's what happened to me. Some time after my misfortune, a trick of fate filled my vacancy (*Ed. Note* He doesn't mean his mind, so no cracks, please). It was the day that the school band practiced. No longer being a member of the Glee Club, I was free to listen and watch. The violins were for sissies, I decided; the trombone looked too much like hard work; the clarinet too insignificant (as to sound, I mean, excuse it, please), but—the sun glinted on a silver object—a cornet. It was light, easy to handle and looked awfully easy to play (my first mistake in this field as one faculty member can verify). Eureka! That was it! And that's why there's a cornet player in State Teachers College today. I still can't sing—much to the disgust of those who hear me teach a music lesson—but the cornet can take the place of my voice and can give again the satisfaction and pleasure that I once found in singing.



Black velvet night
Stars like pearls lie luxuriantly in thy softness
Giving forth a pure and shining beauty
Untouched and unharmed by man's scheming mind.

MARGARET B. OWINGS

There is Something New Under the Sun

D. LOUISE TAYLOR, Jr.

South American coffee growers have discovered a new use for coffee beans: a plastic that makes an excellent flooring, roofing, or wall board! Made of unroasted beans, it has no odor and looks like most plastics.

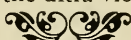
A new paint for steel has been announced by a Cleveland manufacturer which withstands rough handling and has high weather and chemical resistance. It is heat resistant to 450 degrees F.; inorganic acid and alkali-proof; is anti-corrosive, non-poisonous, and an electrical insulator; not loosened by heat or cold, and can be used on buried steel.

Millie is a tattoo artist over in the Bowery of New York. Since the issuance of Social Security numbers she is doing a business that is up in the big numbers! You can get your number embroidered on your torso for anything from fifty cents up to seven dollars. For seven bucks you get quite a sizeable job.

A young Russian has designed a radio set which sits in the head of a cane. The metal tip of the walking stick serves as a ground. It is expected that the invention will be put to military use in the wars in the near future.

An Insurance Policy Automat. In goes a quarter, out comes a \$7,500 accident insurance policy. The payer's name and the beneficiary name are written on a recording pad. A lever then releases the policy.

Among the many interesting things about the new 200-inch telescope at Mt. Wilson Observatory is its use of less than one ounce of aluminum to provide the reflecting surface on the mirror. Aluminum film applied by a vaporization process is superior to silver in that it does not tarnish, and it reflects the ultra-violet range of the spectrum.



Paper—A New Slant

JOSEPH B. HILLYARD

Did you ever take a smooth sheet of paper from your notebook and tear off a small piece? Along the edges you will notice the small projecting fibers. These little fibers were once wood or linen rags that have been separated by large grinders called "beaters". From the beaters issue this pulpy mass which is deposited on a smooth, endless, moving screen, where it spreads into a clean wet sheet. From there it is picked up on an endless moving felt belt and is carried between hot rollers which dry the water from the paper. This results in a wide ribbon of glistening, crackling paper.

Where did paper have its origin? The hornet was the original

THE TOWER LIGHT

paper maker. His nest is formed from sheets of gnawed wood fiber mixed with a salivary solution. The Chinese first used this idea in 104 A. D. by beating mulberry bark and mixing it with water to form pulp. Europe did not know this process until nine hundred years later. Even then the fundamental hand process was used. The wood or linen rags were pounded by hand. By hand they dipped a flat screen frame into a barrel of pulp and then with a hand press the water was squeezed from the sheets. After this, the sheets were hung on the rafters to dry. By this process paper was produced until modern power and machines came into being.

Today, we see paper everywhere. Our books, napkins, handkerchiefs, and money are made of paper. What would we do for our thrice daily newspaper or for our tons of mail if it were not for paper? In the drug store you get your sundae or beverage in a paper cup, your articles from the store are wrapped in paper and sent in paper boxes to be cooked in separate paper containers. Paper supplies a heavy, continuous demand in our modern, moving world.



History 202—Oh-oh-oh! Europe's dissolving, jitterbug is sweeping America.
The problem is, hair up or down—and WE study why Rome fell!

Book Review

MARY KROEN

Lewis, Elizabeth Foreman, *Portraits from a Chinese Scroll*: Chicago, John C. Winston Co., 1938. (267 pages).

Personal: Will you meet another Marylander and a Chinese?

Mrs. Lewis, author of *Young Fu*, *Ho-ming* and *China Quest* presents another book portraying Chinese life. In this collection of short stories she introduces the reader to ten characters, all of whom might be met on any Chinese thoroughfare. Factual articles provide vivid explanations of the native characters as they are found in their society and civilization.

"The study of books excels all other pursuits." With this quotation we gain the first portrait of the scholar, one of the many characters in Mrs. Lewis' Chinese society. The old scholar realized that it isn't what one learns, but how one puts to use what he learns that is important. He discovers that his classical education has helped to relieve the bitterness of his misfortunes.

Mrs. Lewis, who was born in Baltimore, lived and taught in China for many years. Her experiences there form the background for her books in which she shows a sympathetic understanding of the problems and characters of these people. In spite of the picturesque Chinese settings, she has not forgotten her native land. One finds references to the Severn River, Baltimore City, the Eastern Shore and places familiar to all Marylanders.

The vividness of the descriptions makes the reader feel that he knows these people: the merchant, the sly young beggar and the humble artisan. After reading this book, one can understand Chinese problems and be able to sympathize with them; he recognizes the nation's characteristics of loyalty and honesty and is proud to know them.

To all students studying life in China, no better book could be recommended.

A Muscial Dissection

Did you know that sophomores make up 41.37% of the entire orchestra? That sophomores compose 41.6% of the violin section, 66.6% of the woodwind section, 25% of the brass section, in addition to the complete double bass, tympani, and viola sections? You didn't know that? Well! Suppose the next time the orchestra plays in public, you make it a point to see how your class ranks in this musical dissection.

SIBYL DAVIS

On Parade

JANE KIMBLE, Junior

Since this is the Sophomore issue, we have taken from the shelf some of the outstanding sophomore fashion plates. Here they are:

Three cheers for the red, white and blue, and all the other gay colors in B. S.'s sport dress, which is tops for a brisk March day!

For all-round smartness, we refer you to a very charming "soph" who is one of the Tower Lighters.

There's a certain brunette who's been sporting a robin-egg blue skirt that is just one pleat after another. Pardon our inquisitiveness, but where *did* she get it?

For perky bow-styles, please note B. T.'s, especially the Easter-fore-caster (All right, *lavender* one if you insist.)

The names of all wearers of the fuzzy hand-garb have been lost, or used for a future Easter Basket. "Anywho", these sophomore girls certainly are showing us a variety of angora gloves and mittens.

Just so the male members of the class-of-the-month won't have that left out feeling—we wonder if L. McC.'s cane will become a fad—

Since we have a number of plates, isn't there just one spoon(er)? (Phew! what a lump the rolling pin—belonging to the editor, of course, is going to leave).

The Sophomores would also like to include a faculty write-up on this fashion page of paraders. So-o-o-

Have you fallen hard for Miss Woodward's ultra black dress set off by "hobnail-like knobs", and an open gold rose at the throat?

Don't you often wonder where in the world Dr. Crabtree "picks up" those stunning little blue dresses? (Especially the ice blue with that clever neckline.)

Hurrah for Miss Cook's collegiate anklets—we like them very much.

Note:—The fashion department would like everyone, male or female, freshman or senior, to send in outstanding fashion news. So get busy and use you eyes! Remember, the next issue will throw the spotlight on juniors.

Miss B: If you entered your horse in a race, what would you be most interested in?

Soph. (glibly): the jockey!

Mr. C. (Driving Cleveland '26): I think the motor's missing.

Soph. wit: (looking under the hood) No, it's still here.

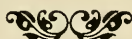
Who's Who?

How many of you would give up the opportunity of being salutatorian of your high school class just because you didn't want to go to a—Junior-Senior Prom? It has happened! Scholastically he led the class, but socially he——. Since he entered the State Teachers' College of Towson, he not only ranks at the top scholastically but is one of the most sincere, trustworthy, and helpful students enrolled. With blushing countenance he modestly presides over his group and, I might add, in such a way that he was unanimously chosen to run for representative of the sophomore class in the student council.

A previous harmonious courtship ending after a two year run has left its scar in a negative passion for the weaker sex. Actually girls, it is still possible to use a "step-up" motor and produce a spark. By careful scrutiny, I've seen the "eye" signs.

It may be that he is a dreamer (since he likes to sleep during concerts), a star-gazer, or just a plain honest-to-goodness scientist at heart. All winter long, he has been making and studying the reflecting telescope. Every Friday night you may find him at the Academy of Science grinding away on a lens or discussing some astronomical phase of science with some of America's most noted men in this field. Now, in case you haven't or can't recognize our friend and co-worker, I might give you a hint—have you heard about the Sophomore who has been doing a swell bit of teaching in the Elementary School?

His ability on the soccer and baseball fields, his qualities of leadership, and his friendly personality have combined to make him one of the most popular men in the college. No matter where you see him he is surrounded by friends. But confidentially, if he doesn't watch out, Miss Greer is going to charge him rent for the space he occupies in the dorm.



Middle Ages—time when people stop growing up and down and grow out

Constitution—that part at the end of the history book which no one reads



Assemblies

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20

Speaker: Dr. Wiedefeld

Why do you want to teach? Just what made you decide to come to a Teachers College? So Dr. Wiedefeld started our train of thought in her assembly talk.

Teaching, she pointed out, has not always been an organized profession; for a time the requirements of one who was to teach school were very low. There were good teachers in those days just as there are now, but they learned how to deal with the problem child not through a course in child psychology, but through experience in dealing with problem children. And so they became aware of the most effective methods of presenting the subject matter taught. Their practices were the result of trial and error teaching.

Today those who enter the teaching profession spend some time studying what others have found through experience to be the most economical ways of dealing with problems. But the more experience one has the deeper insight into child nature he gains. Above all, today *teachers teach children*, not subject matter. Subject matter is a means to an end.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27

Dr. Esther Crooks

Dr. Esther Crooks, professor of Spanish at Goucher College, was the guest speaker at our assembly on the above date. Her topic was "Rivalries for Latin America". Doctor Crooks briefly outlined the relationships that have prevailed between the Latin American countries and

THE TOWER LIGHT

the other countries of the world. She explained the reasons why so many countries rival the United States' interest in Latin America.

Doctor Crooks told us that at the Lima Conference, which she attended, representatives of the Latin American countries declared their belief in the basic principles of democracy. Our speaker ended her interesting lecture by saying, "The United States can help their American neighbors by understanding them and working with them for American solidarity and security."

R. G.

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1939

Mr. Earl T. Hawkins

Having once served as the principal of Belair High School and now as director of the Y.M.C.A. in Baltimore, Mr. Hawkins came to us fully equipped to substantiate any questionable statement he might make or to colorfully illustrate any abstract point that so required. Dominating his entire talk was a sturdy reiteration that we need a finer basis of discrimination for this streamlined age to enable us to make a better choice in every crisis. Through the reading of several current and classic bits of poetry the speaker strongly established his theory that things man has produced in countless forms last not because they are the largest, the strongest, the longest, the smallest, or because of any other superlative quality which we so glibly accept, but because of their underlying basic structure that has not changed since man first came upon this earth. Following a lengthy but interesting proof of this point, Mr. Hawkins appropriately advised us to establish a worthwhile basis on which to build our philosophy of life. The most important factor which we single out should allow for the element of change to an ever higher level of achievement and culture. He concluded with a short poem which appropriately expressed the idea of things that endure. He closed with a supplementary personal comment to the effect that "The best is inevitably trite."

MARCH 9, 1939—THURSDAY

Speaker: Dr. Louis Kaplan

Topic: The Objectives of Judaism

Dr. Kaplan is a leader of progressive Jewish education in America. He launched his talk with a reference to occurrences in other parts of the world which make the ideals of democracy stand out as unique and supreme. Turning to his topic, Dr. Kaplan gave a short summary of the history of Judaism. The prophet gave Israel a set of ideals which became a religion—Judaism. This religion includes a philosophy of the universe which reflects the personality of the soul of the Jewish people. Judaism and the Jewish people are inseparable, but often where Judaism prospers the Jews suffer and vice-versa. Dr. Kaplan explained

THE TOWER LIGHT

why the Jews were the chosen people: they were chosen to take the responsibility and carry the duties of mankind. Judaism, the speaker also mentioned, is, at the present time dying in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and flourishing in Poland.

Dr. Kaplan offered two specific objectives of Judaism. First, it attempts to propagate the sanctification of life; but in doing this it does not become an ascetic philosophy. The second objective is the creation of an ideal society based on justice and peace.

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1939

Speaker: Mr. Cromwell

Topic: Vocational Guidance

Mr. Cromwell began by informing us that the program of vocational guidance must include educational guidance. In 1900, he said, high school students were being prepared to enter the professions and not until 1917 did vocational instruction enter the high schools. In order to make a living after high school, the speaker said, children need more than the acquisition of subject matter. They need something substantial, something practical; namely, knowledge in a certain field or vocation which they can apply in a material way toward making a living.

Mr. Cromwell cited that one third of all the children born in the last five years came from the lower one-sixth (in economic status) of the country's population. Therefore, more and more children will have to be trained for vocations in the coming years. Jobs are and will be more difficult to find for high school graduates. It is, therefore, fundamental that schools teach occupational information. These courses should contain material for first year high school students, which will aid in directional purposes and which will admit of review in the fourth year. The vocational information should be real and genuine and should fit the individual's mind for all levels at which he may enter a field.



Socialism—You have two cows; you give one to your neighbor

Communism—You have two cows; you give both to the Government and the Government gives you milk

Fascism—You keep the cows, give the milk to the Government and the Government sells it back to you.

Naziism—The Government shoots you and takes the cows

New Dealism—The Government shoots one cow, milks the other, and pours the milk down the sewer.

Progress—The exchange of one nuisance for another.

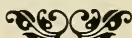
Sensory—Part left on a cutting room floor after a censor has reviewed the latest movie.

Teachers College Record

The Winner !

MARGARET WELLS

387½—378¾—354! That is the way the girls' demonstration night turned out. Of course, everybody couldn't win. But nobody saw many long faces after everything was over. Even the losers had a wonderful time. Never has anyone heard such noise for two and a half straight hours. No sooner had one class finished cheering than another cheer leader jumped up and led his class. Toward the end of the night all three classes were yelling at once, each trying to outdo the other two. Quite a contrast to all the noise was the quiet when the seniors, as judges, marched in and sang a song of reminiscence about the three years in which they were participating themselves. One moment saw all the freshmen scrambling around the floor; the next moment found them organized into groups representing the vicinity of Little Red Riding Hood's house. Shirley Rosenzwoig in her raccoon coat, walking bow-legged with a cane supporting her, portrayed the "wolf." When she was about to do damage, who should come in but S.T.C. to save the day! The Sophs provided amusement with their "Ferdinand" skit, running around with bull's tails and horns over their brown gym suits. Very appropriate was the Junior's stunt about the Easter eggs. Of course, *nobody* knew which egg was going to hatch! The competitive spirit was strong throughout the whole night, and it was hard to tell until the end who would be victorious. Never has there been such suspense as the moment before the scores were announced. And then came the news—good for some, bad for others.



Junior Regatta

The familiar strains of "Stardust" as orchestrated by Rudy Kilian and his Kadets greeted the nautical minded guests at the Junior Regatta on March third. Anchor was dropped by Captain Goedeke and his crew of juniors and their friends. Another special feature of the dance was the grand march. The officers of the junior class led the group into an anchor formation, after which, the lifesavers were thrown out. At the end of an evening of smooth sailing, the crowd wished each other many happy landings.

The Juniors' Red Letter Day

KATHERINE FEASER

Demonstration Night comes only once a year, but what a fitting culmination to the girls' winter physical education program it is. The competition for the trophy is so keen that each individual feels it her duty to her class to perform to the best of her ability.

For several nights before *the* night many stoop to such base activities as snooping and eavesdropping in an effort to find out what stunt the others are doing. The dorm becomes a virtual bedlam between 10 and 10:30 P. M. Class distinction is more obvious than at any other time during the year. When juniors, sophomores, and frosh meet in the hall, passers-by wonder at that bulge on Newell Hall. (They're raising the roof.) Mysterious packages are carried through the corridors, and strange costumes are evolved behind closed doors.

But on Thursday night, after the cheers and yells and songs, anxious wonderings ceased. The Freshmen's unique presentation of "Little Red Riding Hood", from her advent in the forest to her reading of the TOWER LIGHT's *jokes* in bed, was a hilarious surprise. "Ferdinand" a la Sophomore brought much applause, but the Junior bunny drill—ah!

All three classes showed much skill attained only by persistent practice in their respective events and each played its hardest to be the first to have its name engraved on the plaque. The singing of the class songs brought the inter-class program to a close, and the singing of "Alma Mater" welded the college together again after its temporary dissection.

When "Alma Mater" ended, all classes stood motionless. Would the Juniors or Sophomores break last year's tie, would they tie again, or would the Freshmen come to the fore? Time stood still for a split second; then Dr. Wiedefeld announced: Freshmen 354 $\frac{3}{4}$, Sophomores 378 $\frac{1}{4}$, Juniors, 387! After that—I don't quite remember, except that everyone wanted to touch the trophy. "Class of '40" will be the first to have its name on the plaque!



Snicks

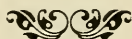
HENRY STECKLER

BASEBALL, the sore spot of State Teachers' athletic program, is now under way. The omission of the baseball schedule from the Students' Handbook helps reflect the unsteady position of baseball at Towson. We must not forget that baseball is really the only major sport which may still be called a great American game. How-

ever, I have good reason to believe that the dismal showing of 1938 will not be duplicated. As I look over the academic schedules, I find that student teaching will not affect the men during the last nine weeks. Incidentally, this was not the case with the present city junior and senior men a year ago. Players such as Austerlitz, Goedeke, Sokolow, Massicot, and others were not present. These together with a formidable group of sophomores form the nucleus for a good ball club. Unfortunately, the present freshman class does not possess enough of those players who may be termed ball hawks. More are needed who can eat up ground balls, trap fly balls with the greatest ease, send the horsehide to the girls' hockey field, and fling fireballs plateward. It is rumored that over five hundred dollars was spent on the small grandstand which lies adjacent to the baseball field. Let us fill these stands. You, too, may make a good grandstand manager.

State Teachers' College by a majority vote became a member of the _____. I can not complete this clause by mentioning the Maryland Collegiate Basketball League. The application of Towson was considered, but rejected. The lack of a suitable gym may be deemed the principal reason for Towson's exclusion.

In looking back over the previous season we find that Towson finished with eleven wins as against five defeats. This is an excellent record. There have been several arguments among the student body whether this year's team was better, just as good, or worse than last season's squad. Results show that our men during the 1937-1938 season won eleven and lost nine games. Eight of these defeats were administered by the major colleges; two each by Hopkins, Loyola, and Baltimore with single losses to Mt. St. Mary's and Catholic U. respectively. The lone defeat in the small college class occurred at Elizabethtown. This year we sustained two such defeats; namely, Wilson Teachers and Frostburg.



George's Valentine Party

A Valentine party was given Sophomore Four by their proteges, Freshman Four, on Wednesday, February 22, in Richmond Hall parlor. The guests read and exhibited Valentines and were entertained by talented members of both classes. The respective advisers, Dr. Crabtree and Mr. Walther, were the special guests. The party was brought to a delicious climax with the serving of punch, cake, and candy; everyone agreed that it was a most successful Valentine party even though it was given on George Washington's birthday.

Orchestra

On Friday, March 24, the orchestra made its first public appearance of the year. In spite of absences due to student teaching, the group gave a very creditable performance. The Victor Herbert selections, favorites of the orchestra members, were played for your enjoyment. Did you like them?

The program was:

Victor Herbert Favorites arranged by Sanford

Orchestra

Ave Verum W. A. Mozart

Violin Ensemble

arranged by Wilson

Lustpiel Keler Bela

String Quartette

Cavatina Raft

Eugene Webster

Ballet of the Flowers Henry Hadley

arranged by Roberts

Red Rose

Heather

Orchestra



Rural Club Doings

The Rural Club occupied the center of the stage for part of this week despite Demonstration Night.

On Tuesday, the regular meeting was held. Mr. Jenkins, better known as "Daddy Jenks" of the University of Maryland, spoke on "What Youth does with its Leisure Time".

On Wednesday, a group of twenty students took the belated trip to "The Cloisters". Some priceless relics of colonial days and others dating back almost to the time of Christ were only a few pieces of the wonderful collection of antiques and old masterpieces. Those who missed the trip missed a wonderful opportunity.

Next Saturday, March 25, the club is planning a trip to Annapolis. Very little needs to be said about the value of such a trip as far as historical interest is concerned. You'll hear the results of this visit later.

That's all for this month, but the Rural Club will keep right on making Tower Light news.

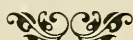
The Hit Parade

VENETA LAMBROS

"Angels with Dirty Faces", "The Popcorn Man," "Two Sleepy People," all these hits and many more were present at the "Come as a Song" birthday party in Newell Hall, March 1.

"Deep Purple" seemed to be the favorite color scheme. May Love in a dress covered with bouquets of flowers was "Love in Bloom". Some did not even have to masquerade, but came as "The Masquerade is Over" and "Naturally". The prize for the most original interpretation went to Connie, the "Popcorn Man". One of the faculty members dressed as Maria, "The Butcher Boy's" girl friend.

One feature of the entertainment was the song charades given by each table. Especially amusing and vicious was an interpretation of the "Love Bug will Bite You" realistically illustrated by everybody at the table. A trio of Freshmen girls sang popular and college songs. Edith Spahr toe-danced to the "Blue Danube", and then a song guessing contest followed. The birthday party ended with group singing.



The League of Young Voters

LEE KARLIN

I have been asked to write an article on what the League of Young Voters has done this year. In looking over the minutes I find that this year we have had a variety of subjects: plans for a national health program, lack of recreational facilities in this state, the cure and prevention of syphilis, family welfare in this city. As I enumerate these, I am wondering if you are questioning our program since our club is called the League of Young Voters. However, all these questions are closely tied up with politics and legislation. All over the country today young college students are discussing these same issues. We are part of a large youth movement in America today which is cognizant of what is going on outside of the ivory tower and of its effect on us.

One cannot mention the League of Young Voters without a word about its able adviser, Miss Van Bibber. Miss Van Bibber is the faculty member who is chiefly responsible for the success of our club. We are now anticipating our annual Town Meeting whose theme for this year is "As An Artist Views Fascism". To this Town Meeting we are planning to ask several artists—one a musician, one a painter, and one a poet or a novelist. These meetings have always been a great success, and we know that this one will not uphold the precedent.

Men's Revue

WILLIAM KAHN. Freshman

Dots and Dashes, Lots of Flashes:

Attention all Towson Teacher Collegians:

The Tenth Annual Men's Revue is on its way. This year new talent has been brought forth by the incoming Freshman class. New faces, new blood, new ideas have been injected into this year's gala affair. An old fashioned Southland minstrel show has been concocted under the able and inspiring direction of Mrs. Stapleton and Coach Minnegan. Black faces, white gloves, tambourines and all the trimmings of an old minstrel show have been assembled.

As if this weren't enough, we have an "extra-special" added attraction. We have secured for your pleasure one of the hottest and one of the sweetest bands around Baltimore and vicinity. Yes sir, you all heard me, chilun. You all is agonna hear The Townsmen. Yeah man! They will be here on the opening night only and that is Friday, April the twenty-first. Another orchestra has been secured for Saturday for those who cannot attend Friday Night. (Flash: I just received word that there will be plenty doing Saturday night too.)

Beginning Friday night and continuing for another performance Saturday night, the Men's Revue will be one of the biggest affairs ever seen here at our Alma Mater. Work up that old time spirit. Get that old feeling and begin talking up the Men's Revue to your classmates and friends. Get into the groove with the men and put this thing over big. So, how about coming out and really doing this Men's Revue in a big way!



Alumni News

Budgets for Two

Miss Eileen Garvan McHale has announced her engagement to Mr. Warren Victor Collier, Jr.

Miss Jane Lemley, a graduate of '32 is now Mrs. John R. L. Beane. The newly-weds will reside at 6211 Frederick Avenue, Catonsville, Md.

Miss Ida M. Shipe has become the bride of Mr. Albert F. Johnson of 7 Gwynndale Avenue.

The former Elizabeth Cissel, who joined the alumni last year, is now Mrs. Albin Ruhn. The bride is teaching at West Friendship.

Chi Alpha Sigma

BEVERLY COURTNEY

Saturday, March 11, dawned with sleet, wind and rain, but that did not deter the members of the Chi Alpha Sigma from attending their first luncheon meeting of the year at the Blackstone Apartments. And there was a good reason for their defiance of the elements; a double feature was billed for the occasion—Dr. Lida Lee Tall and Dr. M. Theresa Wiedefeld. Dr. Tall, famed for her excellent introductions, presented Dr. Wiedefeld to the group and summed up in terms of character, achievement, and scholarship her innumerable qualifications meriting membership in the fraternity. Dr. Wiedefeld, whom all the members were very anxious to meet, gave a most informative talk on her experience in the classroom and in giving tests to children of high intelligence. The gist of her talk was that children with a high mental rating need special treatment in order to help them develop to their maximum capacity, for ordinary classroom instruction has little challenge for them; they would make progress despite it.

The main business of the meeting was: the awarding of a life membership to Dr. Tall for her many contributions to the fraternity, and the initiation of three new members: Jane Kimble, Paul Massicot, and Thomas Goedeke, who were warmly welcomed.



So What

NORRIS WEIS, Junior

After a leave of absence of two months, we are here again to get even with you for all the pleasure you have had during our absence. Our theory is that you can't keep a good man down, but who said we were good? Here goes.

Mr. Walther is very convincing. He made one of his classes believe that everyone walks in mid air.

Bob Cox use to be Jester nother guy, but now he hangs around the dorm for some Connie reason.

Mary Collmus is different from most girls. When she came to school with a black eye, she admitted how she got it.

This column's congratulations go to the Juniors for their victory on Demonstration Night. The Sophs and Freshies gave them good competition though.

Harry Russell has a collection of well used jokes to sell. If any-

one is interested, Harry will be reasonable. We guarantee that they are well-used.

A good many people were Over-come when they found that Earl is a jitterbug.

Why did a certain young man leave the Men's Room by way of the window one sunny afternoon?

Things that we can do without——

1. Freshmen boys who open the shower room door that leads to the outer hall and then run away.

2. A cane and a sprained ankle.

Did you hear about the very religious woman who went to her preacher and said, "I know what Good Friday means, and Ash Wednesday and Holy Thursday, but what is a Nut Sunday?"

Demonstration Night seemed more like Alumni Night. Among those present were Johnny Wheeler, Ivan Nolte, Charles Haslup, Ellen Pratt, Pauline Mueller, and Will Cox.

Clipped from the Sunday *Sun*

I have been persuaded by Who's Who to make the following comments. I believe that:

Harry Russell and the Cox boys improved the most.

Fred Tiemeyer may convince himself that he is not a "chump".

The first fifteen men will some day go by bus to games played away from Towson.

Yours truly, in spite of himself, will again be the guardian of the bench.

Kahn may score a touchdown.

The most exciting game at Towson was the Hopkins, or was it the Wilson game?

Milton Brill is convinced that Coach Minnegan would have made a good pro player.

Sam Sokolow should receive recognition as having the best shower room voice.

Aaron "Burr" Seidler should be given a big "thank you" by those eight or ten basketball players who use his car. We shall have a gymnasium within the next few years.

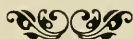
Danny Austerlitz is the best basketball player ever to attend State Teachers College.

More people should have the spirit and enthusiasm of Luther Cox.

This is the last article I shall write this year. A prominent member of the junior class will take over as your columnist temporarily retires.

Since this is the sophomore issue, I hope that those sophomore men who expected to see their names in print are not too disappointed.

I feel that what certain members of the sophomore class have done is known and appreciated by the rest of the college. With the graduation of the present junior class, the fate of S.T.C. teams will rest in the hands of the sophomores.



Such is Life

IRMA SENNHENN

There was a little dog named Tray
Who had to sleep outside,
While Susabelle, his master's cat,
All warm and snug within would bide.

Tray's drafty "kennel" was his home
When winter winds did blow.
But Susabelle from fireside warm
On silken pillow watched the snow.

Poor Tray worked hard for board and keep
And guarded well his home.
But Susy, soon as she was fed,
Would blithely saunter forth to roam.

Tray brought the evening paper in,
Fetched slippers from the den,
While Susy watched with curling lip,
Then yawned, and stretched—and slept again.

Good Tray's devotion was complete.
His loyalty was staid.
But Susabelle, with fine disdain,
Thought men for her convenience made.

Said Tray to pussy one fine day,
"I cannot understand
Why all my work and love's for naught,
And you, though valueless, command."

Then Susy yawned and made reply,
"I use my head, good Tray.
I act as though I merit well
That men should humble homage pay.

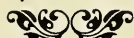
"But you could never get away
With such a trick as that,
For you're an honest, stupid dog,
And not a suave and subtle cat.

"No, never could you simulate
Aristocratic mien
With which I hold men in my sway
And rule them like a mighty queen.

"For cats have ruled for ages past
Before events were writ
But did you ever see a dog
Control his master's folks a whit?

"Ah, no, for nature fashioned dogs
To be but lowly knaves,
And destined them to patient toil
As was the lot of Roman slaves.

"So you shall work, and I shall rule
Until our lives shall end.
For you're a dog, and I'm a cat—
And such is life, my friend."



Sophomore Sophomorics

Daffynitions

Whipped cream—milk that's taken a beating.

Overheard in a certain geography lesson:

F. H.: While we were there we saw a hooked rug—

D. N.: Who stole it?

M. W.: Had the children ever studied about locks before studying the Panama Canal?

Instructor—Oh, yes! They've studies about Goldilocks, curly locks, rusty locks—

M. K. (To friend on Valentine's Day): I hope the *mail* brings you something.

R. L.: I hope something brings the *male*!

1. Blockheads were the cause of one of the early wars.
2. In Japan, all the religious people are called confusions.
3. An antiquarian is one who does not drink water.
4. An epitaph is a short sarcastic poem.

By the way, did you know that the only kind of edible nut without a shell is a doughnut. Didn't you doughnut?

(heh! heh! heh!)

Seventh Grade History Survey

THE STONELEIGH HOUSE

RICHARD GOCHNAUER

The Stoneleigh House was built in 1828 and therefore is 110 years old. It was built by Robert Brown who came over from Ireland. There are some evergreen and boxwood trees around the house. The house was on a large farm which covered all of what is now Stoneleigh, but now it covers only about six blocks. I was told that Robert Brown was a doctor and the founder of the Universtiy of Maryland.

THE GLEN L. MARTIN COMPANY

RUTH BOULTON

In our geography book is a long list of factors necessary for successful manufacturing. We weren't quite sure whether some of these were true or not, so we decided to test them out by comparing them with our local factories, such as, "Black and Decker" and "The Glen L. Martin Company". I am going to apply some of the most important factors to the Glen L. Martin Company.

First, the company has an excellent leader, Mr. Glen Martin. Second, it had an early start in the business; it was almost the first manufacturing plant of its kind. Third, it is located right on the main branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which supplies it with good transportation. It also has a great amount of labor both skilled, and semi-skilled.

Mr. Martin started his business out in California in about 1911. He later moved it to Cleveland, Ohio. Then finally, he bought five miles of water front on the Chesapeake Bay at Middle River and located his plant thereon. At first the factory was quite small, but recently large extensions have been added. It is noted for such ships as "The China Clipper", "The Hawaiian Clipper" and other wonderful structures used all over the world.

SPARROWS POINT

ALBERT GROSHANS

In 1653, almost 80 years before Baltimore City was laid out, Lord Baltimore granted a parcel of land consisting of 200 acres to Thomas Sparrow. This is the source of the present name, Sparrow's Point. The oldest house on this plantation was built in 1640, and the group of buildings which mark the beginnings of the town was established in 1840. It was later purchased by the Pennsylvania Steel Company.



The Right Combination does it...

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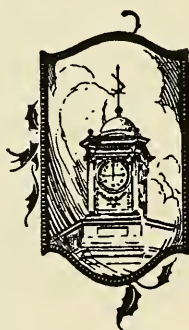
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TOWER LIGHT



MAY 1939

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

MAY, 1939

CONTENTS



	PAGE
Equality of Opportunity in Education	4
Hand in Hand	7
Take What You Want	9
Presenting the Junior	10
"Enter to Learn — Go Forth to Serve"	12
Religion — Democracy	13
Service Station to Students	18
On Love	21
Impressions of American Education	22
Shopping Democracy	25
Some Reflections on Democracy	27
Deep in the Abyss	29
In Your Opinion	31
Editorials	33
The Library—At Your Service	41
Teachers College Record	45
Fashions	47
<i>Illustrations by Dorothy Snoops</i>	
So What	49
Sports	51
Under the Weather Vane	53
Advertisements	58
Cover Design	ALICE TROTT

THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XII

MAY, 1939

No. 8

Foreword

Visioned by such inspired educators as Comenius, Locke, and Rousseau; distrusted at its incipency with a fear born of ignorance; quietly rooting itself in our thought until firmly established by its brilliant champion John Dewey; democratic education stands today as the pride of those nations which believe that group progress and knowledge can best be achieved by educating each individual to think, lead, and follow.

The Junior Class, in this, their issue of the TOWER LIGHT, would like to pass on to the student body a few thoughts on this democratic ideal which it holds, in the hope that these articles may add to the understanding which every prospective teacher should possess.

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM



Equality of Opportunity in Education

M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

PUBLIC education is an institution devised for the purpose of assisting and supplementing the home in the education of its children. It exists for the purpose of rendering service to humanity. It is a public business and to an extent has power to modify the social order. It is a public business and as such must be ready to meet the needs of all the public.

In the early days of public education, men seriously debated whether it was right to take one man's money to educate another man's child. Some thought that every family should be held responsible for educating its own children and that there is no obligation upon society as a whole to provide educational facilities for all boys and girls. But as a people, after half a century of discussion we have accepted the principle of public education on the assumption that mass education is the safeguard of a democracy and equality of opportunity is the ideal of democracy.

Democracy is supposed to call for and to enforce equality. Liberty and equality have been the watchwords of modern democracy. The tendency toward equality was indigenous in the very physical conditions of the new world. There were many types among the early colonists and yet they were homogeneous groups. The condition of society was democratic and the rule of democracy was established without difficulty. The imperative that those who would not work should not eat was less a command of John Smith than a law of nature. In the land where the food for all depended upon the labor of all, men were equal. But as fast as the country was conquered, inequalities of achievement, power and wealth asserted themselves and the equality of men began to be seriously questioned. The fact of equality soon became a fiction, but the ideal of equality has lived on and is held to be justified as a claim of right apart from any arguments based upon the metaphysical nature of man.

Equality involves the right of all human beings possessed of the power of rational reflection and choice to direct their own lives. From this fundamental equality springs the normal right of every man to the same opportunity for self-expression and self satisfaction.

Persistent claims of human equality, factual and ideal, simmered down in America to three major claims: (1) All men ought to be equal before the law. (2) All men ought to have suffrage. (3) All men ought to have equality of opportunity.

If all men are not actually equal, they ought to be treated equally as regards access to education, distribution of economic opportunities and

goods, and participation in other privileges. In defense of this "ought" it might be argued that human nature is dynamic, that by equal treatment men can actually be made more equal than they are. Such equality is desirable because it conditions cooperation, and some measure of cooperation is prerequisite to human society.

James H. Tufts, of the University of California, says in his treatise on "The Ethics of Cooperation": "Cooperative activity when actual has historically categorized itself under the concept equality", and again, "The limits and validity of human cooperation mark the values and the boundary of a philosophy of equality."

Equality of educational opportunity is a necessary condition of social progress. Unless individuals can have equal opportunity for the development of their abilities, it cannot be expected that they will have the intellectual and moral strength needed to make them free members, free in the sense of self-directing personalities, of a free society. This ideal, equality of educational opportunity, is expressed in the accepted policy that the wealth of the state is held responsible for the education of the children of the state, regardless of who has the wealth and who has the children. Such a policy should tend to equalize opportunities at least within the separate states.

The results of the Army Tests given during the World War were a surprise and a shock to many people who thought that our citizenry was a literate one at least. Dr. Bagley, of Teachers College, Columbia University, said that the tests when applied to groups so large and so heterogenous educationally became in an outstanding fashion measures of educational opportunity.

On every hand there are evidences that education is not free, not universal, not equal. There are inequalities of educational opportunities evidenced by wide differences among such factors as: the per cent of children in school enrollment and attendance, length of school year, wealth backing each child, teacher training, school buildings, equipment, and curriculum. In addition to these, there are inequalities as evidenced by existing discriminations because of race and place of residence. The inequalities among the town and city systems are many and varied. They are more numerous when rural children are considered and the inequalities are greater when the educational opportunities for negroes are compared with those of the white children. School terms are shorter, buildings and equipment are poorer, and teachers have less training and are paid lower wages.

The National Education Association through its research department has been largely instrumental in bringing such inequalities before the people of the nation and for some years has been studying conditions and proposing ways and means for improving them. The State of Mary-

land has more nearly realized this ideal, Equality of Opportunity, than the majority of the states. This has been brought about through the functioning of such equalizing forces as: the State Equalization Fund; State certification of teachers, white and colored; uniform length of school year; compulsory attendance; standardization of school buildings; system of elementary and high school supervision; and single salary scale for teachers of the same training and experience. All of these equalizing agencies have been originated and synchronized into a highly integrated system of State schools under the direction of the present State Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Albert S. Cook.

Where goods of any kind are not desired they have no value. In the case of education, too many American people are indifferent to the development of public education—many are actually opposed to it. The pattern or standard of worth is to be found in man's own nature. Therefore, to pursue the ideal is not to attempt to walk the clouds or climb the sky. The process will be a slow one. The steps taken in every case must be no higher than the people can climb and while some have already reached the top others are still at the bottom and many more are straggling along the way. There are hundreds of thousands of human beings who can by no possibility ever do what is expected of them by society.

All citizens are quick to claim as their right, equality of opportunity. Too many fail to avail themselves of existing opportunities. They do not realize the two necessary elements involved nor did the Virginians to whom John Smith commanded "Those who won't work shall not eat." There must be two sides to every equation. In addition to having opportunities which are equal to the opportunities of other men, and that does not mean the same opportunities, the individual must be equal to his opportunity. The expression, "He isn't equal to it", is quite common in ordinary parlance. When people avail themselves of the opportunities they have, they help further to prepare themselves to equal other opportunities. This is the first step toward equalizing opportunities provided for them.

Opportunities are all about, but they must be found and in the finding they are made. Then the individual and his opportunity are equal. All people have equal right to make their educational opportunities. Where there seems to be the highest degree of Equality of Educational Opportunity it will be found that there has been the highest degree of cooperation toward making the opportunities.

We shall approach the ideal, Equality of Educational Opportunity, when all the people within a local community cooperate and make opportunities for themselves and, they in turn, cooperate with every other community in the state and make opportunities for all the children of

the State. Within each school system, within each school, and within each classroom, there are many conditions requiring equalization. Differentiation must be made because of inequalities among the pupils. These inequalities are mental, cultural, physical, economical, and vocational. Only as an educational system develops a program sufficiently differentiated to provide each individual the opportunities to which "he is equal" can it claim to afford Equality of Educational Opportunity.



Hand in Hand

THOMAS GOEDEKE

Ever since the beginnings of education there has been the struggle between two theories—individual vs. society, play vs. work, immediate needs vs. remote goals, or freedom vs. discipline. This struggle has definitely influenced the elementary schools. Many of the theories which promote play, freedom, and pupil initiative have been emphasized. These may be exemplified by definite movements—incidental learning, activity or project method, passing of all pupils "on schedule", emphasis on "social" studies, and curriculum revisions.

Democracy today is definitely "on trial" as a system for governing people. The nations of the world are focusing attention upon it. Each and every weakness is watched for and warmly welcomed by its opponents. It is an accepted fact that the future holds only a clash with the anti-democratic peoples. How can we hope to survive this conflict unless there is some forceful form of democratic discipline that will give strength to the ideals of democracy?

Many American educational theories have, although it is sad to admit, dropped the term "discipline" from their vocabularies.

Today their advocates give the young learner the right to choose what he shall learn. Teachers who impose tasks of learning are condemned. They see no value in the systematic and sequential mastery of lessons.

Compare the freedom of the learners of the elementary school to choose what they shall learn, to their freedom in later life from want, fear, poverty, dictatorships! Do they balance in the scale of living? Why, then, should not democracy and discipline go hand in hand?



PEARLE BLOOD, *Junior Class Adviser*

Take What You Want

PEARLE BLOOD

(Honorary Member of Junior Class)

Last year I came across an old Spanish proverb which I have since been unable to get out of my mind. It recurs on the least provocation, and at the most inopportune times. I find it coloring my views of others, and rousing uncomfortable doubts in myself.

Take what you want, said God,

Take what you want—and pay for it.

Take what you want! Fortright boldness is expressed there. Take what you want! Go after it! Get it—some way, any way! There is a challenge to the ambitious, encouragement to the timid, incentive to the ruthless. There is also blindness—a blotting out of everything hampering desire—a vision only of the end, and not the means whereby the end is realized.

But restraint is imposed as well. And pay for it! In those words is expressed the balance inhering in all nature and all human acts. Would you have power, security, understanding? All who attain power pay in responsibility—and some, in fear. Security? Perhaps the payment is made through honest consistent endeavor, perhaps through loss of self-respect. Understanding? It can be purchased only through an unremitting effort to find the truth, an open mind, a willingness to identify yourself with others.

It may be that freedom is the goal you seek, or perhaps it is both means and end. No free individual or group of individuals can escape the necessity of making choices. Some are easy; some are difficult. They involve personal habits, every-day conduct, ideas, obligations and loyalties. They demand knowledge, judgment, persistence, courage. The personal participation and obligation of the individual are inherent in any democratic organization, whether it be home, school, industry or state. They represent both the price and the reward of freedom. Only as individuals accept and demand responsibility for their own acts can freedom exist.

Take what you want, said God,

Take what you want—and pay for it.



Presenting the Junior—

Just what *is* the Junior? Etymologically speaking, he is a third year student, but otherwise, what is he? You may draw your own conclusions about him from the results of the following poll given to 100 Juniors. Through this poll we have endeavored to present to you a cross section of the average Junior: what he does—what he likes—and what he thinks.

It is interesting to note that of these 100 Juniors who accepted democracy as their theme, 53% *do not* think that Negro students should be accepted into any university in the country. Furthermore, 58% of the same group who believe that democracy is the only way of government think that deportation of un-American agitators is necessary for its survival.

Though there was a marked difference of opinion in many questions, the Juniors stood firm on certain issues. 90% of the Junior class would not call a man a coward for refusing to fight for his country in an aggressive war—the 10% who would are all women students! Incidentally, the 5% who are opposed to sex education in high school are also girls! If you think that being a Junior entails long hours of labor, forget your qualms. 30% date three or more times a week, 29% at least two!

Here we present the Junior—for better or for worse. Compare yourself with him!

Students' Poll

	YES	NO
1. Have you ever visited the Music Room at the Pratt Central Library?	63%	37%
2. If the following programs were on the air simultaneously, to which would you prefer to listen? Arty Shaw—38% Horace Heidt—26% NBC Symphony—25%		
3. Are you in favor of having the city of Baltimore appropriate funds for summer concerts to be given by the Baltimore Symphony?	88%	12%
4. What is your favorite popular song? 1—Deep Purple 2—Heaven Can Wait		

Art

1. Check the exhibits you saw at the Baltimore Museum of Art this year. Labor in Art—20% Non-Objective—7% None—57%		
2. Have you attended the Walters Art Gallery since last September?	33%	57%

THE TOWER LIGHT

Drama and Movies

1. If you had your choice of seeing the following plays, which would you choose?
Awake and Sing—10% Brother Rat—22% Romeo and Juliet—32%
2. Are you in favor of giving as much leeway with regard to censorship of the movies as has been given the stage? 45% 55%
3. Which picture did you enjoy most this past year?
1—Pygmalion

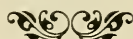
Attitudes

	YES	NO
1. Do you think that religion is necessary for a strict moral code?	58%	39%
2. Would you consider a man a coward if he refused to fight for his country in a war of aggression?	10%	90%
3. Are you in favor of admitting Negro students into any university in the country?	47%	53%
4. For which phase of government would you rather effect a cut in appropriations? WPA—29% Dies Committee—62%		
5. Do you approve of amending the Neutrality Act so that munitions will be denied to aggressors only?	53%	47%
6. Do you believe that the Federal Government should be responsible for medical care of those families earning less than \$1000 annually?	76%	24%
7. Do you believe that honor systems are as effective as monitorial systems?	61%	39%
8. Do you approve of sex education in high schools?	95%	5%
9. Do you think that married women should be allowed to work regardless of financial status?	37%	63%
10. Do you approve of deporting un-American agitators, i. e., Communists and Bundists?	58%	37%

Social Activities

1. Check the quality you consider most important in a man or woman.
Wealth—1% Personality—72% Intelligence—22%
 Appearance—1%
2. How important is marriage to you?
Immaterial—10% Desirable—55% Essential—35%

3. Do you think that sororities and fraternities are an important factor in molding a well-rounded personality? 40% 60%
4. Check the number of children you think desirable for the ideal family.
one—24% two—29% three—30% four—11%
5. Check the number of times you date a week.
one—24% two—29% three or more—30%
no answer—17%



“Enter to Learn—Go Forth to Serve”*

BETTY SMILEY

Three years ago we had decided to become teachers. Most of us thought it would be a simple task to stand in front of a class and utter words of wisdom. We were just graduated from high school and thought we knew all there was to know.

In our freshman and sophomore years our ideas, attitudes and philosophies of life began to change. We were influenced partially by new subject matter, but much more so by the personalities we met in books and life. Teaching began to appear as a profession which required much research, unbiased reasoning and a versatile personality. Student teaching was a test of whether or not we were capable of guiding children. Our concept of a teacher's *simple* task was soon shattered when necessity demanded hours of preparation for minutes of actual teaching. Our personalities were, in most instances, constructively changed. Qualities of sympathy, understanding, love and comradeship with children developed. Real children took the place of the abstract term “the child”.

Now we are Juniors. We appreciate the responsibilities and privileges of teaching. We have learned much from books, but more through experiences and contacts with those who have taught us and those with whom we have taught.

“The more we know, the more we realize that we do not know”. Even as “wordly” Juniors, we know that to be true teachers, we must continue to study and learn even after we “go forth to serve”.

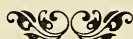
**Motto of Forest Park High School.*

Religion—Democracy

REGINA GITTLEMAN

For hundreds and hundreds of years, there has existed deep racial and religious intolerance and hatred among the people of this earth. Repeatedly small groups have been organized to combat these evil, ignorant, and destructive forces by carrying the torch of enlightenment and preaching the gospel of peace. Several students and faculty members realized the wisdom and necessity of a religious symposium—"for only through education can we bring about a knowledge and appreciation of the attitude and the beliefs professed by the three great faiths."

We are fortunate enough to have for our guest writers the three men who so ably, intelligently and effectively addressed us in our assemblies: Dr. L. E. Gorman, Dean of Loyola College; Rev. A. W. Gottschall, First Christian Church; and Dr. Louis L. Kaplan, Dean of the Baltimore Hebrew College.



Justice — Not Mercy

DR. LOUIS L. KAPLAN

I WELCOME this opportunity of bringing before the large and intelligent group of young men and women who make up the Student Body of the State Teachers College, a brief presentation of one of many problems that agitate the thoughts and feelings of decent people everywhere.

Viewed in the light of the many difficult international and national issues that cry out for solution—it may never be regarded as a major problem. For at first glance, it seems to involve only the welfare of a small, scattered people. And yet it looms large in the consciousness of men and nations. Perhaps because in a vague, intuitive manner, they sense that with the fate of this people is bound up the whole fabric of ethics upon which our western civilization rests.

In the Germany of the Weimar republic, the Jews constituted one percent of the population. In Italy they represent one-fifth of one percent of the Italian people. In our own land, the number of Jews is slightly more than four million, or about three percent of the population. Consider in the light of these facts, the position of centrality given in the Nazi program to the campaign against the Jews; the recent adoption of similar tactics and objectives by Italy; the multitudinous articles, books and speeches on the Jewish question to which we in the United States are regularly exposed. Obviously the interest in the Jewish question is disproportional to the numerical strength of the Jewish people.

THE TOWER LIGHT

It is not my purpose within the compass of this brief article to attempt an explanation of this strange phenomenon for which history and social psychology can and do provide an adequate answer. Nor is it possible within the limits imposed on me to review the alleged causes of anti-Jewish sentiments and actions and expose the fallacies and contradictions inherent in them. Suffice it to say that religious intolerance, social tradition, economic rivalry, political chauvinism and the universal desire of frustrated individuals and groups for a "scapegoat" have conspired to make the Jewish people the "Suffering Servant" of humanity for nearly two millenia.

This is not to say that Jews are without faults. No people has ever indulged in as much *self-criticism* as have the Jews. From Moses and the prophets of old to present-day teachers and leaders—the backslidings of Israel have never gone unchallenged. The Jewish pulpit resounds and the Jews' press abounds in ringing calls reminding Israel to be true to its ethical teachings and pointing out its shortcomings.

Certainly some few Jews are bankers and therefore militantly on the side of capitalism and rugged individualism, while another small group of Jews feels itself economically downtrodden and therefore aligns itself with liberal or radical movements. Some Jews are saints and some are villains. A few Jews are Supreme Court Justices and some are "shyster" lawyers. Most Jews are generous while some are parsimonious. There are Jews who are loud and aggressive and Jews who are afraid of a shadow.

What people does not have a similar composite character? Of what other people are such sweeping and mutually contradictory generalizations made as of the Jews? What other people *as a whole* is booked on charges that specifically apply to a small group within it?

For a decade following the Great War, we were told to dissociate the German people from the Hohenzollerns, upon whom alone responsibility for causing that madness must rest. More recently, in spite of the dictum that a people has the kind of government it wants and deserves—we have been told to distinguish between the Nazi party and the German folk, between the Communist party and the Russian people, between the "Cliveden Set" and the English people.

In lands blinded by hate and fear, where Paganism has displaced Christianity and state idolatry has crushed individual freedom, one does not venture to ask for either mercy or justice. But in those countries and especially in our own great land, where sanity and liberty still obtain one has a right to expect for the victims of cruelty and persecution a helping hand to assuage their suffering and for fellow-citizens of Jewish faith understanding and justice.

This lesson above all others we must learn. Wrong leads to wrong

corruption to corruption, violence to still more violence. Outrages committed against the Jews, if not opposed by *all* who cherish democracy and liberty and wish to maintain their fruits for themselves and their children—must sooner or later, lead to the destruction of the very fabric of democracy itself. The Jews, being the most defenseless, are the *first* but not the *last* victims.

"No land can remain half-bigot and half-tolerant. The fight against fanaticism is one fight, no matter who the victims are. In waging the fight to save himself or his kind, everyone must be prepared to shed his prejudices as well as his blood to save even those whom he feels impelled to despise. . . No majority is free so long as it holds a minority enslaved. The liberty of no individual can rise higher than its source; and this source is the general liberty of man."



Is Religion a Failure?

DR. LAWRENCE E. GORMAN

IS religion a failure? That is a question we have heard frequently enough. Let me answer it by asking a question of my own: Is not irreligion a failure?

Irreligion has been the boast of our day. The pre-War civilization of Europe was emphatically irreligious. Modern science scoffed at religion, and modern science was the idol of Europe. Darwin, Huxley, Spencer in England, Renan in France, Kant and Marx in Germany have been ikons of the century—and they were rationalists. Before them the French Encyclopedists ridiculed religion, and they are in honor even yet. Irreligion was going to renew the face of the earth, cleanse the world of superstition, and allow men to think for themselves—and it has made a mess of things. Men did think for themselves, formulated their own rules of conduct and lived according to their own rule. They boasted that they had arrived at the acme of civilization, that cavemen had finally become supermen, that men whose trammelled reason had been unchained would use their reason to settle differences, that war was a relic of the superstitious past. And lo, the Great War came; Mars laughed at Athene, brute force clubbed reason, and blood instead of brains had to settle the argument. It is just possible, of course, that the sequence between the period of irreligion and the period of war was a mere coincidence, but it looks for the world like a case of cause and effect. At any rate, irreligion did not save us from the War, and therefore it lies open to the charge of failure. Even its most enthusiastic defenders have been shaken in their faith—their faith in infidelity. They lie prostrate amid the charred ruins of a world—skeptical of their skepticism. They pulled down the pillars of religion with Samsonian rage, and now grovel beneath the

fallen superstructure of civilization, with plenty of time to meditate on their foolhardiness.

And is not irreligion directly responsible for the War and for the subsequent economic chaos of today? Religion with its Creed puts graphically before the mind supernatural truths which uplift. Irreligion obliterates them. Religion with its Ten Commandments emphasizes the evil offensiveness, guilt and punitive deserts of sin. Irreligion removes the emphasis. Religion through prayer and the Sacraments enriches souls with helpful grace. Irreligion closes the channels of grace. Religion sets before us the heroic proportions, alluring graciousness, and thrilling example of Christ. Irreligion erases Christ from the tablets of our memory, nullifies the force of hero worship with regard to Him and leaves us cold and untouched by His lessons of morality. Moreover, irreligion dulls the appeal of historic Christianity, abolishes the calendar of martyrs and saints, pulls down Heaven out of the sky, cabins us in with the horizon of earth, denies to broken-hearted humanity the hope of immortality places us only a degree or two above the level of the beast which dies and, in dying, perishes utterly.

Rationalistic nations are still profiting, though unconsciously and thanklessly, by the moral maxims of a religion they have rejected. Ever after the sinking of the sun the sky is luminous. Do you say that the sun of Religion is down and that life is still lightsome? Wait awhile and complete darkness will fall! Give rationalism and naturalism time to obscure the heart of man as they have already obscured his mind then you will know by experience how black is the night of irreligion. There are worse things ahead! Worse things ahead unless religion be restored to its place.

Objectives of Protestantism

REV. A. W. GOTTSCHALL

Whoever would speak for the objectives of Protestantism must bear in mind that in America there are more than two hundred denominations and sects representing the Protestant movement. In view of this fact any statement would represent a minimum point of agreement and would of necessity have to be most general. While this is not always in the best interests of truth and justice, in this particular case, it perhaps does represent that which is most essentially true of all these denominations and which does constitute the heart of the Protestant movement.

Protestantism, as a movement, grew out of the economic, social and religious injustices that gave rise to the Peasants' Revolt. The religious phase of that movement has been the continuing factor. In its extreme expression, this has continued through the Plain Sects in Europe and America. Less radical groups crystallized into state churches, while other

became independent movements little different from state churches except in the matter of state control and support.

From the beginning in the Peasants' Revolt, Protestants have insisted upon the freedom of the individual as the supreme end of life. To achieve this end, man's freedom, Protestants built institutions but when institutions seemed to thwart their high objectives then even the institutions were sacrificed to the attainment and maintenance of the spirit.

While Protestantism stresses individual freedom as the supreme value in all human relations it has also learned that a cooperative way of life based on truth and respect for the personality is desirable. It is not surprising that the direction of Protestantism is away from further division toward a merger of denominations and sects with common backgrounds and cultural traditions. This unity movement is a comparatively late development but already has achieved astounding results.

Protestantism moves then along the lines of individual freedom within the framework of cooperative society.

Death

RUTH BENJAMIN

Are you afraid to die?
I am—I hate to think that I will lie
Embedded under piles of earth
Devoid of happiness or mirth.
When that time comes, and I no more
Can shout or sing, but on the floor
Of a coffin bare shall have to rest
While pangs of longing fill my breast.
So cold and still like the frozen ice
I'll lie—and yet that is the price
We all must pay for life on earth;
For death is sure foreseen at birth.
When I receive my call from God
'Twill seem so strange, so very odd
To leave—to never see again
All things I want to see—and then—
When Earth unfolds her sleepy arms
And clasps to her Spring's luscious charms;
When mortals laugh, no more to weep
As God wakes earth from winter sleep—
Then I alone shall not awake
No, He wills not my sleep to break;
And all these things will pass me by
God! Let me live—I cannot die!

What's in a Title

<i>The Crisis</i>	Individual days
<i>The American Way</i>	Junior Tower Light
<i>Hellzapoppin</i>	Professionals
<i>The Mortal Storm</i>	The library at 3 P. M.
<i>With Malice Toward Some</i>	Personal record
<i>As Thousands Cheer</i>	Girls' Demonstration Night
<i>Little Sir Echo</i>	Backstage announcements
<i>Hamlet</i>	Mr. Moser
<i>Book of Knowledge</i>	Mr. Walther
<i>It Can't Happen Here</i>	A "cut" system
<i>Ferdinand the Bull (and we mean bull)</i>	Leon Lerner
<i>Mein Kampf</i>	Student Teaching
<i>Savage Symphony</i>	Men's Room
<i>Westward Ho!</i>	Dr. Tansil
<i>Idiot's Delight</i>	Hitch hiking
<i>Rebecca</i>	Dr. West

Excuse It, Please



Service Station to Students

JEANNE KRAVETZ

There will be a new department in the TOWER LIGHT—a department which will help you, the students of this college. This new department is called "Service Station to Students." Have you ever written to Aunt Ada for advice on your current affair? If you have, perhaps she has helped you. But this "Service Station" is different! Suppose you want to find some good pictures on Eskimos or Dutch dykes; or an experiment proving a gas is heavier than air; or some samples of wood to make an exhibit; or how tall the Empire State building is; etc., do you know where to look? Ask our "Service Station." It will try to help you. Any questions regarding illustrative material, good motivation, culminating activities, or even how to get along with your practice teacher will be cheerfully answered. Send in your questions to the Tower Light office addressed to "Service Station to Students." We want to help you.

Science "Fun" That Teaches

EVELYN A. FIEDLER

NEARLY everyone has tried the simple trick of placing a piece of paper on the rim of a tumbler of water, and inverting the glass so that the paper and the water remain in place. Yet how often, in teaching that air has pressure, is not this means of vital and meaningful demonstration neglected! What child's interest would not be aroused concerning "What makes the water stay in the glass?" if this so-called "trick" were brought into the classroom?

Most "tricks" are not tricks at all, but applications of scientific principles. Consequently, if used with discretion, they are excellent learning experiences. They are practicable, too, in that they require only the simplest of inexpensive or home equipment.

The egg and bottle experiment is another favorite for demonstrating atmospheric pressure. The equipment needed: a fresh, hard-boiled egg, a quart milk bottle, and a 4" x 4" piece of newspaper. Fold the paper about three times, light it at lower end, and drop it into the milk bottle. Then place the *shelled* egg in the mouth of the bottle. Although the diameter of the egg is larger than that of the opening, the egg will pop into the bottle.—The real excitement comes in getting the egg *out* of the bottle. First, fill the bottle with water and rinse out the burned paper. Then lean your head back as far as you can, press the mouth of the bottle firmly over your mouth, and blow hard into the bottle. Lift the bottle from your mouth and *be prepared* for the egg!

Demonstrating components of force suggests standard laboratory equipment. However, a very effective experiment can be performed with only a rock (weighing about two pounds) and a stout cord. Support the rock as in the illustration and try to straighten the cord. You will not be able to do so. Do you know why?



THE TOWER LIGHT

A child's question, "Why do ships float?" may lead to a study of the buoyancy of liquids. In this study you will most likely weigh (with a spring balance) a rock in air, and again in water. However, for a real-life application, take that spring balance with you the next time you go swimming. Take along also a friend and an eight-foot cord. Tie the cord into a four-foot loop, and pass it across your chest and under your arms. Attach the spring balance to the free part of the loop. Have your friend hold the spring balance supporting you by means of the cord, while you exhale and submerge completely. You will find that you weigh only about five pounds in water, perhaps less. Even a three hundred pound person can be made to be, literally, "as light as a feather!"

This illustration of the principle of the pendulum and also of slowing of motion due to friction of air is an exciting party trick as well. Suspend a baseball from a convenient spot in the room. Sit on the floor with the back of your head against the back of a chair on which someone is sitting. Hold the suspended baseball to your nose, and then release the



ball. You may be rather alarmed when you see the baseball rapidly approaching your nose on the return swing, especially since the back of the chair prevents you from withdrawing your nose. But don't worry—your nose is in no danger—unless you give the pendulum an unnecessary push at the start!

These and hundreds of other useful experiments, with their scientific explanations, are found in two books which you will undoubtedly find invaluable for science teaching. They are:

Lynde, Carleton J., *Science Experiences with Home Equipment*: Scranton, Pa., International Textbook Company, 1937 (\$1.34).

Lynde, *Science Experiences with Inexpensive Equipment*, 1939 (\$1.60).

On Love

NOTE: Patterned After the Style of Francis Bacon.

JEANNE KRAVETZ

Love serves for friendship, for passion, and as a means to an end. It motivates friendship, by kinship of ideas and tastes; it motivates passion by an impetus of heartfelt emotion; it motivates a calculated end by the deliberate affection of unfelt emotion. Novices in the game are afforded as equal an opportunity to execute and display good technique in the art of love as the expert. To expect too much and to give nothing in return for friendship is foolhardy; to expend too much in passion is satiety; to use love as an excuse for pecuniary gain is base. Without real love, life is as bread without salt. Love enriches nature and is enriched by experience, for while love is a natural ability, it can be nurtured and perfected by careful tending. Cynical men condemn love; sensual men lust for it; and wise men use it cautiously and temper it with moderation: for love embraces humility, understanding, generosity and feeling.

Love not to satisfy curiosity; nor to enjoy vicariously the experiences of others; nor to find talk and discourse; but to feed the spiritual appetite and to warm the soul with an immortal fire. Some emotions are to be sparingly tasted, others to be swallowed, but love is to be thoroughly chewed and digested until it is firmly intrenched as an integral part of oneself: that is, some feelings are of idle moment; others of long duration but of limited scope; but love is an enduring broad and deep emotion that time cannot dull nor adversity shatter.

Some loves may seek to exist in an unreal atmosphere; but such loves must surely die from a lack of basic necessities for growth. Love maketh a whole man. And therefore, if he love little, he had need have a great many other inclinations. Experiences make men wise; real love gives man a wholesome moral feeling that all men needeth. There is no sickness, strife or sorrow but may be wrought out by true love. Study is good for the brain; fresh air for the lungs; exercise for the muscles; and the like. Even so love is beneficial for the spirit. Just as every physical defect has a cure so every defect of the emotions may have a special recipe—love.

PATER: Clara, I see that the front gate is down this morning.

CLARA (Shyly): Yes, papa, you know love levels all things.

Stern Papa: "Don't you know that you can't support my daughter until you go to work and earn a salary?"

Youth: "Oh, I don't want to support her. I only want to marry her."

Impressions of American Education

As Told by a German Immigrant to R. B.

THE purposes of education are manifold—and the ways to serve education are even more manifold. Justification for a method is tested by the results which one gets with it.

There are two main purposes: the transmission of knowledge and the formation of character. The transmission of knowledge always demands the active work of those who have to learn. One cannot learn any subject without memorizing some facts. For example, the difference between mathematics and history is that for mathematics one needs very few primary facts, and can develop everything from them; while one can learn history only by memorizing.

Forming the character has to be done in a way that the object of the educative process grows into the shape which is expected. The use of force would produce resistance and have after a time the contrary effect to that which is expected.

American education—as far as I can talk about it—means for me, the impressions gained during my six months stay here, working together with lots of graduates and undergraduate students between 18 and 24 years of age. The freshman or sophomore, who compares to the student making his "Abitur" in Germany, does not seem to have quite such a broad background as the German youth, but his knowledge is much better in those fields in which he took more than the German student of the same age.

The system of examinations and tests through which every American student has to go is the main reason why his education proceeds more efficiently than that of the German boy or girl. The German student finishes with his examinations after the Abitur. After that he can either work—or have a good time, it's up to him—and the more natural thing is to have a good time. (That is international!)

For those who do not know education in Germany: it is usual at six years of age to start out at the elementary school, which is free. After three years, Gymnasium or Oberrealschule start for those who can afford it. The first concentrates on old language and history, the latter on the natural sciences and modern languages. You go to these schools for nine years: Sexta, Quinta, Quarta Untertertia, Obertertia, Unter- and Obersekunda and Unter- and Oberprima. A final examination is given, the Abitur, and then work at the university begins (after workyear and military service). During the last years, efforts to increase the efficiency of the work by giving programs to the students have been employed.

If someone doubted the advantages of the American educational system concerning transmission of knowledge—where character formation

THE TOWER LIGHT

is involved, he has to capitulate. See these youth here! How clean and happy and straight they live; there are no questions of subservience or intolerable discipline. These words do not mean a thing to them—for obedience and attention are natural to them. The one who is the best in sports is the captain of the team, and one who is good in writing has the school paper to publish. And all these posts are filled with an admirable seriousness that makes the foundation in these youngsters for their future life and teaches them the way to master the responsibilities which will arise then.

And they are friendly and understand how to show their friendliness. When I came to America I was scared to death—I was not used to talk to people as if I were one of them. Five years in Germany had taught me to be quiet. And here, suddenly, everybody expected me to have an opinion and showed that they wanted to hear it. Another significant fact is that never, in all these months, did anyone make the slightest remark about the way I express myself—(incidentally, this English will have to be translated by a friend of mine)—and if it took a little longer for me to say a thing—they waited courteously until I finished. I can see a group of 18 year old boys and girls in Germany. How they giggle at the broken German of that fellow of 25 sitting with them. Thanks to you, my friends here, I have been saved from any inferiority complex that might have developed in this way.

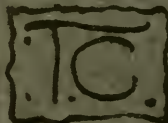
I don't think that I have to say much more—I cannot go into details. Naturally there are things of doubtful nature—for nothing is perfect. But I sincerely believe that men and women who have learned by this system to value what is valuable, and to despise what is despicable, can never become barbarians.



Try to accept this gift that we bring
Of all tokens fair; its praises we sing
With manifest joy. Alike unto spring
Each of us attempted to have our fling.
Result—the *Tower Light*.

Live and let live, may your motto be.
In fear of destruction we make our plea
Give us one chance; we'll be drunk with glee.
Here is our brainchild—from us to thee—
The *Tower Light*.

MARJORIE COHEN



Shopping Democracy

ROSE O'CONNELL

GENEROUS discounts! Enormous cuts! Last Day of Sale! These and other signs of the same nature are pasted and hung on the inside and outside of a large department store. A steady stream of people are lured inside by these magic words. Their present interest seems to be on a small table in the middle of the center aisle on which in neatly arranged boxes are, "Gloves—Salesmen's Samples—Regularly \$1.00—Now only \$.59". This sale is too good to pass up. The women pushing and shoving to get up front, crowd around the table. A woman of immense stature demands the sales girl's full attention. She is undecided as to exactly what she wants. The salesgirl brings out all the different styles of gloves she has. The woman picks up one pair, looks at it, frowns, lays it down, picks up another pair, and lays them down. Although the crowd is becoming impatient, the sales girl waits patiently, thinking she is about to make a big sale.

Turning to a girl next to her, the woman loudly exclaims, "They're not even worth fifty-nine cents!"

As she pushes her way out of the crowd, the people move forward. Someone drops a package. It is kicked and pushed and shoved by many tramping feet. Finally, when the owner recovers it, she finds herself on the outskirts of the crowd. An eighteen month old baby hangs over the shoulder of its weary mother and makes numerous attempts to grasp the vivid red feather of a woman's hat. As the exasperated woman pushes the baby's hands away, the mother turns around. She and the woman get into an argument. The crowd takes advantage of the situation and pushes forward. As a result the arguing women find themselves shoved back.

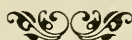
Suddenly a little girl screams. She has lost her mother. The salesgirl reaches down and lifts the child upon the counter. Women in the crowd murmur; "Isn't she cute?" "She's not a day over four. Aren't her eyes pretty? Look at the darling dress she has on!" For a moment the crowd has forgotten the sale. Every attempt on the salesgirl's part to quiet the child results in a louder and more piercing scream. Someone says "Nice little girl, you're too big to cry." Then the mother finally appears. Frantically she calls to her daughter, "Hush, darling, mummy's coming."

A prim looking woman throws a disgusted glance at the young mother, who isn't more than twenty-four years old, and exclaims to her friend, "These young mothers! I'm telling you, when Archie was little,

"I——" Her voice is drowned out as the bargain seekers once more attack the glove counter.

"Yes, madam. One pair? Charge or pay for? No, m'am, there are no more in this style. Yes, I think these will fit. Yes, m'am. No, m'am."

Then suddenly one woman exclaims, "Oh look at those lovely hose and they're so cheap too!" Off she goes to the stocking counter with most of the crowd at her heels. The sales girl breathes a sigh of relief and rests against the counter. Then she springs into action and makes a rather poor attempt to straighten her counter. Headed in her direction is another onslaught of bargain seeking females who have been drawn inside by those magic words: "Generous discounts! Enormous cuts! Last Day of Sale!"



Last Will and Testament

We, the Junior class of 1939 of State Teachers College, Towson, Maryland, being of unsettled but sane mind and unquestionably large body, considering the uncertainties of graduation, do hereby set forth and make known this, our last will and testament.

We name "Minerva" as executor of the will and authorize her to distribute our estate on September 15, 1939.

1. To the Glee Club.....our sympathy
2. To Miss Blood.....a *good* class to advise
3. To Coach Minnegan.....a class of girls with low-heeled shoes
4. To you and you and you.....the Den of Iniquity (known as the Smoking Room)
5. To Dr. Stein.....a class that has majored in chemistry
6. To Mr. Moser.....a catcher's mitt for the chalk he drops
7. To Dr. West.....a pardon for "the expression"
8. To Miss Cook.....a key to lock her door
9. To Miss Bader.....a class that doesn't "think"
10. To Miss Woodward.....a period of education with Juniors 1 and 2
11. To future student teachers.....our headaches and lost sleep
12. To Mr. Walther.....a knowledge-ometer
13. To Miss Munn.....appropriations equal to just $\frac{1}{4}$ of the public debt of the U. S.
14. To the Sophomores.....this issue of TOWER LIGHT as a standard for better and better publications *and* a Student Council

We do, here and now, having our wits, half-wits and nit-wits about us, subscribe our name unto this, our last will and testament on the fifth day of May, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

Signed,

JUNIOR CLASS OF 1939

Some Reflections on Democracy

C. PARKER

WE, here in the United States have lived under a democratic form of government all of our lives. Every day we are unconsciously reminded by some means or other that we live in a democracy. Our newspapers and radios daily carry news concerning the attacks, both physical and verbal, upon the ideals of democracies and are constantly warning democratic countries to be on guard. All through our schooling we have heard the democratic form of government idealized. As a result, most of us take democracy as a matter of course. We accept it; praise it; yet we don't appreciate or understand it in reality. To say that democracy can become tyrannical is heresy to many people but it is the truth nevertheless.

I, along with many other people, believe that democracy is the fairest and most just form of government yet devised. However, I believe that democracy is also a form of government that can easily degenerate into a farce. I further believe that democracy carries in its makeup the poison which will ultimately destroy it. This poison I refer to is—mob rule.

Every person in this country who is a citizen and who has reached the age of twenty-one may cast a vote. That's very fine. They may cast a vote—but *for whom?* Qualified voters have the privilege of choosing between two or three different candidates placed before them by as many different political "rings", commonly known as political parties. The electorate had nothing to do with the choice of these candidates and hence many vote only for what is offered them. This in itself has a tendency to discourage many intelligent people from taking an active part in government and also tends to develop a cynical attitude upon the part of the people concerning the competence and honesty of the government. This may be where the trouble with democracy begins.

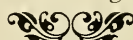
It should be obvious to everyone that the democratic form of government will only be successful when the vast majority of the people taking part in the choosing of candidates are intelligent and informed citizens. Despite the mouthings of certain idealists and "flag wavers" to the contrary, I still believe that this is not the case at the present time nor ever was the case. We have only to look at the history of our country both present and past to give the lie to any one who maintains that the American body politic is an intelligent well functioning group.

During the World War it was found that the average mental age of the enlisted men was twelve years. There is no reason to believe that there has been any improvement since. The results of these tests

should not surprise anyone when we consider the type of motion picture, music, and literature idolized by the American public today. It is not to be wondered at then, that demagogues of various types influence our national political thought. Certainly no rational being will hold that the Congress of the United States is composed of high principled, intelligent men!

It may be stated in rebuttal to all this that it was this same system of government which raised our country from thirteen struggling colonies to the position of the wealthiest and most powerful nation in the world. This has not been the result of *democracy* as much as it has been the result of *nature*. Never had a country been so smiled upon by Mother Nature. Every type of climatic condition found everywhere in the world is found here; we had the most valuable mineral deposits in the world; we had the most valuable forest in the world; and we had all the room we needed to expand. What has been the result? Seven or eight major depressions, many of them occurring when there was *no world-wide* depression; wanton waste of natural resources; poverty in the midst of plenty; exploitation of the helpless; strikes, riots and general disorders.

Now our natural resources are almost gone; our free land is no more. *The true test of our government is yet to come!* Will democracy as democracy survive or is our form of government destined to collapse?



Unscientific

E. A. F.

It's quite unscientific
To get a feeling so beatific
From a sphere two hundred forty thousand miles in space.

It does seem most invalid
That such arid craters pallid
Should from their silent outposts incite palpitations of the heart.

As a fact it is rejected
That illumination reflected
Can be more potent than the incandescent source itself.

So there's no scientific reason
Why pale moonlight, in this season,
Should so tremendously agitate the emotional *status quo*,

Unless this unscientific,
Unreasonable, and terrific
Reaction to the lunar light is a property of love!

In Your Opinion

Current interest in the Gallup poll being as great as it is, Mr. Moser and the sophomore mathematics class decided to conduct a public opinion poll in the College. Just as the Gallup poll is based on a scientific sampling of the people from all parts of the United States, so the S. T. C. poll was based upon definite percentages of the school population. Day and resident; women and men; freshman, sophomore, and junior divisions were considered. The results were collected and carefully tabulated, and some of the outstanding trends are given here.

1. How much cheating is done in our college?

	School	Fresh	Soph	Junior
"little"	65%	64%	73%	62%
"considerable"	22%	14%	18%	35%
"a great deal"	12%	21%	9%	3%

2. What is the attitude of the non-cheater to the cheating student?

	School	Fresh	Soph	Junior
"helpful"	5%	7%	—	4%
"Silent but resentful"	58%	72%	64%	54%
"indifferent"	32%	7%	36%	42%
"protesting"	5%	14%	—	—

3. Would an honor system work in this college?

	School	Fresh	Soph	Junior
"yes"	65%	79%	73%	58%
"no"	33%	21%	27%	42%
"uncertain"	2%	—	—	—

4. Influence of "handshaking" on college marks.

	School	Fresh	Soph	Junior
"little"	40%	57%	27%	31%
"considerable"	20%	14%	27%	31%
"a great deal"	40%	28%	46%	38%

Just what do these figures indicate? Do the cheaters "flunk out" before reaching the junior year, do they change their methods of procedure as they become older and wiser, or are the juniors more reluctant to admit their shortcomings?

In regard to cheating—it seems that from the time one enters college he grows more and more and more indifferent toward the really serious problem of cheating. Juniors evidently have adopted the attitude that if one wants to cheat, that's his own affair, and being silent but resentful does very little good, so why bother?

The question regarding "handshaking" brought some startling replies. Beside the difference in class opinion (which shows the freshmen's innocence) there was the difference between the opinions of the boys and the girls. Forty-seven percent of the girls thought there was little to be gained, but seventy-five percent of the boys thought there was a great deal to be gained.





ss of 1939

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

And So, You are a Teacher!

E. C. WALTHER

And so, you are a teacher!

How hard and earnestly have you worked toward this end! Look back at the hours you have spent, the energies you have exhausted, the assignments you have completed that you may some day be a teacher. Think of the holidays and week-ends that were ruined, of the tons of books that were carried and the bales of paper that were used so that you might reach this goal. Criticism and achievement, distress and happiness, tears and laughter have gone into this mixture so that you may become a teacher!

I have wondered, often, how it came about! What made you enter this work? Why did you select this as your life vocation? No doubt, some of you came because you thought teaching was "well paid" or because the hours were "short" or because the work is "easy." How you have been disillusioned! You have found that the hours of toil and energy that are taken from your life were far beyond what you expected. You have found that the management and control of forty live, wriggling children took all the insight of a great philosopher, all the patience of a martyr, and all the strategy of a great general. Yes, you have found out that teaching is a big job.

You must remember that Saul went to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom.

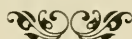
You have passed now the first milestone on your way to a career! It is with no small amount of joy that your teachers see in you the results of their labors. You are an investment in which they have put their work, their ideals, their hopes, and their very lives. They see you now take your place in the long line that reaches far down the corridors of time to the dim mists of the forgotten past. A never-ending line—an unbroken chain. And now, you take your place and carry on.

But your career is not completed! It has just begun. The hours of work were but a baptism of fire for the time that is to come. Toil, patience, waiting, working, working and waiting hour upon hour lie before you. And you may wonder, all to what end. Is it not futile? And here you must have faith. Faith in the power that you wield, faith in the pupils that you teach, and faith in the ideals that you embody. You must have faith that knowledge can vanquish ignorance, that fair play can overcome intolerance, and that justice and truth can destroy prejudice. You must have faith in humanity as the sacred vessel that holds a soul; faith in each individual as a growing, expanding, developing personality. You must have faith that your efforts will further this end.

And when you have dedicated your efforts to this end, and when

you forget yourself in the service to others, then you will be able to take your place in that long line of teachers. Then you shall take your place in the line in which are Socrates, Plato, Confucius, Erasmus, Jesus, Alcuin, Abelard: Teachers, saints, martyrs are in this line. Men and women, willing to be forgotten so that their work may live

And now, you too, are a teacher!



The Women

CHARLES LEEF

THE Republic of France has been criticised rather severely by Feminists and Liberals for her refusal to grant voting privileges to the women of France. When those of us, who are quite as concerned with the progress of society as they, consider the matter with the calm it deserves, we find much to be said in favor of the attitude of the Frenchmen. It is my opinion that France has achieved the vestige of democracy which she now enjoys precisely because the processes of the state have not been impeded by the inertia of female opinion.

Unscientific—you say?—an opinion based on some personal bias? Let us consider history, which Hegel has called "philosophy teaching by example," for instruction. Robert Briffault and other anthropologists offer considerable evidence that ages ago women were the dominant factor in the matriarchal society, because lineal descent was referred to the mother. But these women found their position of leadership unsuited to their natures. They preferred to be princesses of pots and pans, and so abdicated their authority to the males by nature talented for leadership.

True—some historians contend that this rejection was forced by the men because of their superior strength. This is hardly tenable! Then, probably, as now, the tears and the hysteria of women were mightier than the sword. Consider seriously the effect of an emotional display by a wife on a husband in achieving some such petty desire as a new dinner gown. These primitive women, like their contemporary sisters, had the devices to hold power, if only their natures were compatible with its possession!

But the cleverness and cunning of women is circumscribed by a natural pettiness and is characterized by neophobia. Their spirits are not free of incidental concern—they lack the perspective and creative imagination that political authority implies. It is dangerous to be influenced by the obvious historical exceptions to this axiom of nature. From what we know of Judith, of Jeanne d'Arc, of Elizabeth and Mme. Curie we would be safe in asserting that these were more masculine by nature than feminine.

For a more dependable, immediate, and concrete insight into the nature of women we need only observe the mass of them whom we see about us each day. How many have you heard able to speak intelligently about current affairs?—how many are not agnoized by the very mention of Philosophy? It has been my personal experience to meet women interested in the less profound subjects of "the cutest boy you ever saw", the fluctuating length of this season's skirts, and the soul-stirring passages of "My Son, My Son."—Science to them is a stumbling block and dialectics a device of inquisition.

As a concluding comment on the political sagacity of women, let us note their preference for conventional, strongly mystical creeds rather than philosophies achieved by independent thought. This expression of dogmatism makes them pliable material for the dynamic will of a demagogue. It is certainly paradoxical, then, that when a minimum of agreement and cooperation is required to achieve some important common objective, these same females immediately become a group of warring individualists!

Please understand that this is not an attempt to deride those whom Nietzsche has called "the short-legged race"; rather it is a very general essay into the nature of woman—an attempt to determine whether their backwardness and passivity is innate, or whether it is the result of centuries of tradition and crystallized habit which might be corrected in the centuries to come.

Quotable Quotes

D. LOUISE TAYLOR

1. "A kitling newly kitted"—Honorable Robert Boyle.
2. "No position can dignify a man; it is the man who dignifies the position."
3. "Thirty is a nice age for a woman—especially when she's forty."
4. Man is "an infinitesimal mite on a speck of a world."
5. "It is said that astronomy makes a man feel vastly unimportant, but remember that man is the astronomer."—Dr. Louis Kaplan.
6. "The poorer we are, the closer we live to the earth. In Spain they are so poor—so very poor—that they live in the earth long before their time."—E. Curt Walther.
7. "Why we not only won the war, we paid for it."—Hazel Woodward.
8. "I would have bought the dam too, if they had given it to me at my price."—E. Curt Walther.
9. "The theory that man is descended from apes is an insult—to the apes."—E. Curt Walther.
10. "The man from the Gas Company goes around and speculates the meters."
11. "There are a good many donkeys in the theological gardens."

The Present Situation

F. KIEVAL

IT is difficult to discover the underlying bases of our present international chaos because of the mass of events that add more and more to the confused world. It is this condition that prevents many observers from seeing the deep-lying issues that give rise to these swift political changes. Despite this difficulty, various expert historians and acute political critics hold opinions which seem to be quite logical and consistent in interpreting the situation overseas. Therefore, we present the following opinions for analysis by our readers and we invite their opinions.

The most fundamental reason for this tension is the existence of fascist nations, Germany, Italy, and Japan, whose primary international activity has been one of aggression upon weaker states and their absorption into the domain of the aggressors. Everyone who follows the daily dispatches in the press and the radio is of one voice in stating this fact. The second reason, however, is completely obscured by the many political issues. It is further clouded by the interpretations of political commentators. This second cause is the position of Great Britain. The theory holds that the position of the Empire, as determined by the House of Parliament, is controlled by the great industrial and financial magnates who place in power those political leaders who will advance their interests. The primary concern of these bankers and industrialists is the protection of the British Empire whence they derive their enormous markets. But, at the same time, they are opposed to any progressive movement of labor and government and cover their opposition with the veil of a familiar cry—the protection of the Empire from communism. To them communism is the sum total of all the evil occurrences that can befall the Empire. The view is, that Britain has fostered fascism in Germany by loans, credits, and financial support for tremendous German rearmament to "combat communism."

And this brings us to a third factor—the existence of the Soviet Union. The aim of the British government, as seen by many keen observers, is to promote a conflict between Germany and Soviet Russia, which two powers shall struggle in a long drawn out war until a stalemate will have been reached. The Empire can step in and dictate to both belligerents.

Let us see how these objectives have worked out in actual practice. The fascist forces have grown so enormously that they are now, at least on the surface, beyond control. Soviet Russia has been unwilling to become engulfed in a war with the Nazis. The British, moreover, found

themselves in their own trap for the Empire itself may be the object of attack by the axis powers. The British followed with a counter diplomatic move. In a pact with Hitler, the terms of which were clearly demonstrated at Munich, the British are said to have induced Hitler to turn his expansionist designs to the East—to the Ukraine—and to abandon those same designs in the Mediterranean. For in this sea the Empire's lifelines pulsate. However, Germany, with Italy, has "broken her word" and has taken a "roundabout" route to Russia via Albania and perhaps Turkey, Palestine and Egypt. The most obvious inference to derive from this detour is that the Nazis have little desire for war with the Soviet. What they desire is to get as many concessions as British appeasement will permit. The British of late seem to have taken a firmer stand. What this recent policy of resistance will produce, no one is able to say. The British have announced a policy of firm resistance in words but have refused to embark on concrete military or economic steps. Up to this writing, they have rejected the proposal, made after Munich, to form a general alliance of all "peace-loving" nations against fascist aggression. The British seem to have placed their confidence in bilateral pacts.

The fourth and final factor is the position of the United States. This country has seriously considered the events on the continent. American foreign policy has shown itself to be a confused one. The State Department has repeatedly denounced aggression, but has recognized Franco in Spain. Roosevelt's recent peace proposal seemed to many to be a genuine expression of faith in attaining world peace, but to many it was strikingly naive. This proposal has been scorned, however, by Italy and Germany. Therefore, in view of its apparent rejection, no one can know definitely what course American foreign policy will take in the future.

These explanations which have been stated all too briefly, seem the most logical ones. We can merely wait for future developments to test these hypotheses.

4/5 of Us !

R. B.

As you lounge in your comfortable chair skimming over the pages of your *May Tower Light*, would it make you sit up and take notice to discover that only 20% of the people of the United States receive adequate medical attention?

That means that of the 80% of the American public who cannot afford to run to the doctor's office every time they have a stomach ache, millions are suffering and dying of cancer, malaria, pellagra, tuberculosis and silicosis. In the matter of childbirth, United States ranks lower than all but *two* civilized countries on the score of maternal death.

Well, what is to be done about it? To those of you who are about

to say, "Well, what about the clinics and the free hospitals in this country?", take a look at these facts:

1. 17,000,000 people in 40% of the counties in the U. S. do not have a single general hospital to take care of them.
2. 2/3 of the rural sections of America have no child health centers or clinics.
3. 44 states have no pneumonia control programs.
4. In 2/3 of the small cities in the U. S., there are no clinics for nor proper treatment of venereal diseases.
5. Inadequate treatment for cancer costs 30,000 lives per year.

Needless to say, the sickness and death rates mount as the income and adequacy of medical care drops. The burden of sickness and death costs ten billion dollars a year. Last year, for the first time in the history of our country, President Roosevelt appointed a committee which drafted a health program to be realized within the next ten years.

Instead of wasting ten billion dollars a year, they want to *use* \$850,000,000 annually to care for the medically needy and suffering, but above all, to prevent disease. If you believe that medical care, *which is a necessity*, should be cut off from the list of luxuries for poor people, *support the President's health plan!* Support it because "our citizens should have an equal opportunity for health as an inherent right co-equal with the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Pome

I wish I were your telephone
And nestled at your ear;
You'd have no secrets then, if I
Were always there to hear.

I wish I were your telephone
And cupped beneath your chin;
You'd never say a single word
But I would take it in.

I'd even wish your telephone
Directory to be;
And looking someone up, you first
Would have to look at me.

I wish I were the copper wire
That helps to bring you near;
I'd wrap myself around your throat
And wring your neck, my dear.

Deep in the Abyss

MAY LOVE

HE would remember all this: the way the warm sun yellowed the fields; the rows of tall green tobacco plants embedded in the loose earth: the earth itself, warm and mellow. The gardens of peas, the vines yellow and eaten; the long rows of peanuts and field corn; the mud of the rivers, sluggish and slow,—the South.

He walked down the road into town. For one brief moment it stood still; the earth stopped and he looked at it as at a photograph taken years ago—the market place, disheveled with produce; men and women rugged, and clean baskets of apples and potatoes; people talking in groups, their arms filled with food,—their sustenance, their lives; the smell of tar from the soft streets that sank beneath his foot; the aroma of tobacco from the pipes of old men seated in trucks, selling their produce.

Somehow all this was a part of him just as all the other moments were a part of him; but he would not see this again—the strangeness of Destiny, the bottomless depth of to-morrow. Life went on, people bought food; men smoked and talked; young people laughed and children sang; the rivers flowed and each year the crops grew and were gone and the earth lay bare but the next summer they grew again. He would stand still. His wandering was over. He had seen the earth, had held it in both hands and drunk deeply of Life. He knew no one, yet every one that touched his body was part of him. It was time to die. Something was eating out his body and had been for years, but that inward pulsation kept him living. Yes, his mind had died, because yesterday was more important than tomorrow and today was only a bridge that joined morning and night.

He walked slowly homeward. He did not want to see anyone. Tonight was his time; he knew that. He had often wondered what he would do just before he died; where he would go! He found himself walking in the outskirts of the town. The road led him onward to a lonely spot in the country. He climbed to the top of a hill. Here it was—the precious moment of life and what was he thinking? What was he doing? His mind stopped; time stopped, and with one look he took in the world; peace came to his eyes and he fell into the abyss of time and eternity? Where?

And a voice came to him and called him by name. And he looked and saw an angel. There were no features, no face, yet he knew she was beautiful. "Where"? "How"? he asked. The hill was there no longer nor the town, but all was like one great sky; he stood, but there was no earth; he saw, but there was no light; he heard, but there was

no sound. And the angel touched him—"You are at the bottom of the abyss. Heaven is above. Only by your deeds do you rise."

And he looked and saw the earth, the hill, the fields, the sleeping town, the million stars, the phantom moon. A clock chimed the hour of twelve; a light burned behind the shades of home.

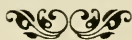
He turned; the angel was gone. "Come back! Come back! I am dead. I am dead. I tell you I died on a hill. I died from a germ that slowly ate out the substance of my body. I'm dead and this is not for me. It is past, I can never come back—never! Those hours of pain,—the people, the millions of people that live—live to outdo their neighbors; gain a penny, who fight and kill for a piece of paper that spells Democracy. I was one of them. I wanted money; I wanted fame; I fought; I sweated. I worked and this is my eternity; haunted by the ever rolling years of life, progress, humanity. Why can't I die? Why can't I lie peacefully beneath a mound of earth, beneath the cold, carved stone of an angel and forge? Why?"

And the angel came again; the hand touched him, the voice was calm and soothing. And he wept—the hot, salty tears felt good on his face, and all the misery and hatefulness of the world poured out of his soul. Then the voice spoke to him. "Why think of these things? You are deep, deep in an abyss of time—strange as destiny. Forget those things that men call important. What do you remember?"

Then the man's tears ceased. The earth was gone. His mind was clear, free; there was no pressure, no worry—he remembered: the loose, brown soil; a girl's smile; the shake of a friendly hand; a cricket in the grass; the night he stood alone on a hill; the crops growing in the soil; the sun and the rain; his one long journey—the thoughts went on—a poem; a scrap of paper: all those little things that made his life; all those movements that made him what he was. He could not escape them.

He felt the angel's hand and his soul soared upward, upward over the abyss, over the rim and the world fell away. Only the movements remained, and he felt the angel's hand; he heard the music; all about him there was beauty and peace.

Oh time; oh destiny; oh phantom of all our yesterdays and life of our constant to-morrows! The spirit of all our moments, of all our dreams, lives on into eternity—immortal, imperishable.



Cynic's Definitions:

Honesty—Fear of being caught.

Good Sport—One who will always let you have your own way.

Pessimist—One who sees things as they are.

Conscience—The voice that tells you not to do something after you have done it.

The Library—At Your Service

Would a Union of Democracies Save World Peace ?

Streit, Clarence K., "Union Now": N. Y., Harper Brothers, 1939.

Mr. Clarence Streit's *Union Now* is receiving considerable acclaim by a world looking desperately for a way of stopping the brutal Rome-Berlin axis.

Briefly, Mr. Streit proposes a common government for the fifteen democracies of the world, based on the broad lines of the American Constitution. These countries: (America, Great Britain, France, Canada, Union of South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland) own half the earth, rule its oceans, govern half of mankind, do two-thirds of the world trade and have all the gold. A union would secure world peace by overwhelming any aggressor.

To maintain liberty, the following are advocated: a union citizenship, a union defense, a union postal system, and a union tariff-free economy. Each country would retain its right to practice democracy at home but would stretch its influence to include the ungoverned world forces endangering democracy today.

In addition to securing peace by making attack by aggressors feeble, freedom would be achieved in that only countries granting liberty to its subjects would be admitted to the union. This would provide an incentive for people under a dictatorship to arise and throw off their shackles.

Realization of universal prayers for peace and freedom might some day take place if the democracies "united now".

RUTH R. ROSEN

Halsey, Margaret, "With Malice Toward Some"; Simon and Schuster Publishing Company, 1938; 278 pages, \$2.00.

Margaret Halsey entered high school at the age of twelve. She graduated and became a stenographer at a bank. Next she was a dictograph operator, and finally was engaged for work in an editorial department. Miss Halsey married a professor—Simon, of Simon and Schuster Publishing Company. Because of his work, it was necessary for him to go to Europe. She accompanied her husband and kept a diary of her travels in England, Sweden, and France. She published her travelogue and gave it the title "With Malice Toward Some". The book is written in defense of Americans. It treats of the boredom and shallowness of the customs and of the peculiar ways of living among the English

gentry. Perhaps the best and truest idea of this book may be had by quoting parts.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon lunched with some friends at an English restaurant. It was a bad lunch and so, to keep her body and soul together, Mrs. Simon asked for a glass of milk. The waitress was surprised that anyone should ask for milk. She came back and asked if the milk should be hot or cold. Soon the waitress was back again asking if Margaret Simon wanted the milk in a cup or glass. "Oh—just roll it in a napkin," was Mrs. Simon's reply.

Some of Margaret Halsey's comments on the language of the English should prove interesting. She believes it has a boneless quality—all form and no content. There are no awkward pauses, or sense of strain. The talk seems to spin on effortlessly. The chief topics seem to be gardening, English scenery, innocuous news items, yesterday's, today's and tomorrow's weather.

One thing Mrs. Simon dislikes is the patronizing attitudes the English have toward us Americans. As if handing you a compliment, they say, "Of course, you aren't like other Americans."

Critics believe "With Malice Toward Some" is the most humorous book which has come to America.

VIRGINIA ARNEAL

Van Loon, Hendrik and Castagnetta, Grace, "Folk Songs of Many Lands"; N. Y., Simon and Schuster; 1938.

Here is a book which any teacher or prospective teacher will be delighted to own—a volume of twenty-four characteristic folk songs from almost as many different countries. In his introduction, Mr. Van Loon says, "These are the songs the people who sing them are most apt to sing on those occasions when they feel the need for giving expression to their emotions by means of a song", and the songs which he and his co-worker have selected certainly back up his words. Such old favorites as "Loch Lomond", "Home, Sweet Home", "Juanita", and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" are combined with many others which may be fairly unfamiliar, but are sure to prove equally as charming. Each song has been given a slightly more "pianistic" treatment than is usually found in a book of folk songs, so that it can be played as well as sung.

Accompanying each song is a full page illustration done in eye-catching water colors which does much toward creating a feeling for the song and increasing the pleasure of the reader. In the back of the book can be found some items of interest about each individual song, not written in a dry statistical manner, but in an entertaining, humorous style.

If you can afford to own only one music book, by all means look at this one before buying.

VIRGINIA SPERLEIN

Trimble, Louis, "Sports of the World"; California, Golden Syndicate Publishing Co., 1939.

You can't miss seeing this book because of its original cover. Brilliant blue and red plaid material with a border of red have been used cleverly to present this new book.

Within this book you will find a record of sports that are participated in throughout the world. Each particular sport is written up in a concise manner and gives the regulations, rules, and general method of playing. It is a good reference book for those who are interested in recreational activities of all nations. You will be able to find information about badminton, bicycle racing, Canadian football, jujutsu, golf, and other sports about which you may never have heard. Look for it on the book shelf in the main library!

HELEN FREITAG



Creatures that Made History

NANETTE TROTT

HIST! Have you paid your coin to Charon? Hurry, ferryman, and carry us across these dark waters of the Styx. The chariot of Apollo has almost completed its circuit of the heavens, and the air grows chilly with the spirits of the night. Look, comrade, can you not discern the shades of the dead on farther bank? But wait, these are not human shades! Charon, whither do we go? A sign, you say, on yonder laurel tree? I'll read it. "In these Plutarchial realms live the shades of animals who have helped to make history." Ho, Charon, we'll have a look at this!

There is a slimy beast, crawling on his belly in the dust; how furtively he slinks along the ground, his body twisting and writhing, his hundred scales emitting vapors of discord and hate. This is the serpent, the deceiver, the tempter who enticed Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit. Trample him under foot for he it is who brought sin and lust and shame to the Paradise of Eden.

But there is a monstrous figure, the shape of a horse, taller than twenty horses, with a door in the side of its body. Its nostrils are disdainfully spread apart in scorn of the tricked Trojans, and its ears seem to be listening now to the clash of arms and men. This is the Wooden Horse of the Greeks; inanimate though it be, it caused the downfall of Troy and the evils of our hero, Aeneas.

A swarm of insects are flying towards us, angrily buzzing and churning the air with their wings. Small creatures are these, but they caused the collapse of the mighty Caesarian army and the decline of imperial Rome. Their earthly home was the marshland of the Nile. Cunningly they contrived to bite the Roman soldiers and inflict them with malaria. An army sapped of all strength is easily conquered. The end of the tale is simple—the Gallic conquest of Rome and the start of a new civilization.

A trumpeting sound! What shades are these? Elephants—the backbone of the army of Hannibal. They scaled the peaks of the Alps, trod through snow and ice, to rock the foundations of the City of Seven Hills and make Rome tremble.

Here is a secluded grove by the very banks of the Styx, a new addition to the kingdom of Hades—"Later zoological heroes of Europe and America", says the sign. On the yew tree limb sits a spider, patiently spinning his web. Hold, he misses the thread, but undaunted he tries again. Another failure and yet another trial! It is Robert Bruce's humble cell mate who encouraged him to lead the Scots to victory.

Another horse—these are intelligent creatures. See, he is stamping and pawing, impatient to be off. He calls for his master, remembering that record gallop through Middlesex County. But stay, good steed, the alarm has long been spread to the good countryfolk, and Paul Revere lies in the old burial ground at Lexington.

Hark! Charon is calling. Hurry, or we shall be left forever in the animal kingdom of Hades.

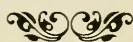


Figure it Out

KATHERINE JACOB

"Figures can't lie," said the professor earnestly. "For instance, if one can build a house in 12 days, 12 men can build it in one."

"Yes," interrupted a student. "Then 288 will build it in one hour; 17280 in one minute, and 1,036,800 in one second—and I don't believe they could lay one brick in that time."

The bright lad continued, "If one ship can cross the Atlantic in six days, six ships can cross it in one day. I don't believe that either; so where's the truth in arithmetic?"

When the day after tomorrow is yesterday, today will be as far from Sunday as that day was which was today when the day before yesterday was tomorrow.

Teachers College Record

Erika Mann

The auditorium was crowded. There was not only a one hundred per cent student and faculty attendance, but also quite an admirable representation of the surrounding community. Today, there are certainly few who can honestly say they could have more profitably spent that memorable hour. With every sentence enlightening and even surprising to most of the audience, we who sat on the last row found ourselves straining to catch each of those well-worded, meaningful, often subtle remarks of the speaker. Miss Mann opened up a number of surprisingly new lines of thought for many and shed brighter, more authentic light on some of the most burning questions of the day concerning Hitler's regime and its effect on the youth of Germany.

The future of Germany obviously depends on her youth of today, from which fact the speaker advocated that we should avoid a pessimistic outlook, as these youths will some day want a contact with the real light, the actual truth, if not struck by it beforehand. Today the children are being educated for one sole purpose—to serve Hitler and the Nazi party. They are, from the very time of birth, instilled with pure and unadulterated hatred for any and every foreign person or idea. Their body, character and mind are so carefully aligned with the dictator's policy of national socialism that they no longer belong to anyone or anything that isn't Nazi in nature. However, it seems that Hitler has failed to make any allowances for that undisputable fact that a nation is founded only upon a well-knit family system as the underlying structure. It is most probable that his drastic action, so obviously destroying this basic unit, supposedly for the uplifting of the German "race" may result in the actual destruction of both himself and the German people. Further, Miss Mann gave us some rather convincing proof of the fact that the moral, physical and mental powers of those under this regime have been seriously hampered and will tolerate very little more.

Only very rarely are we so fortunate as to obtain such a powerful, dynamic speaker. Equally as unusual is the opportunity to hear such an authentic account of happenings abroad at this time. Hence this day will long be remembered and certainly recorded as a "big day" in the history of our college.

CHARLES GROSS, Sophomore

CORRECTION

In the April issue two poems, "Revolution" and "Clouds", were erroneously attributed to Mr. James G. Jett. The TOWER LIGHT regrets the error. Will the person who wrote the poems please claim the credit?

Democracy and Music

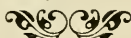
SYDNEY BAKER

In America, the word democracy is believed by many people to have only a political connotation, the same being true of its antithesis, dictatorship. It is understandable that many of the American people have such a notion since within their borders governmental jurisdiction acts more remotely, for the reason that a different philosophy underlies it. However, an insight into the workings of dictatorships will or should dispel such a notion.

The dictatorships of Europe, those famed for their reversion to barbarism, have inculcated in the minds of the people within their territories, a notion directly opposed to what most Americans have, concerning governmental forms. Dictatorship means to these people a control over every phase of human activity that exists.

The art of music, certainly seems to most Americans remotely different from anything of a political nature. In these certain dictatorships, however, any music to be publicly performed must be that which is in accord with what the musical standards prescribed by the dictatorships. The proscription of the finest of music is unhesitatingly prescribed should this music not be compatible with the philosophies of the dictatorships. Should this treatment of music continue, it is not at all unlikely that music will be desecrated; i. e., music as a feature of evolving civilization, because of its incompatibility with barbarism.

The experiencing of music is termed as aesthetic. In other words, it is the experience of what is beautiful in the world. In order to sense beauty the emotions have to be cultivated to react to the beautiful in a cultural environment. In a nation where hatred and national conceit are fostered, where war is glorified, there cannot be cultivated that emotional reaction to beauty—to music.



Classroom Boners:

At Montebello:

Teacher: "What are the little openings in the skin?"

Pupil: "Pores."

Teacher: "How are the pores used?"

Ernest pupil: "To let out the hot air."

At M. S. T. C.

Political-minded student: "I claim that we students at Towson aren't interested in our *own* government! How many of you have ever written to your own Congressman. How many?"

Intelligent (?) Junior: "I did."

P. M. S.: "What did you write about?"

I. J.: "I asked him how to plant pansies and he sent me a lot of pamphlets too!"



Fashions

JANE KIMBLE

Good afternoon, Mr. and Miss Teachers College, and all those "at sea"! Let's go to Scotland! Flash! Loch Lomond's lads and lassies are really in the squares. Especially noted were the plaid jackets of Misses Gwen S., Neal G. and N. Trott, and those democratic ties of W. N. W., P. O. M., and Sol P. (Don't overlook the former, girls, because they're "must haves".)

Let's go to Italy! Flash! And a very fitting word when applied to the gay blouses of that popular chartreuse. Katherine J. and F., as well as Doris F., are making good use of the freedom of choice we are privileged to have.

Flash! Let's go to Paris! And why? To delight our eyes with the alluring (have you guessed?) strapless evening gowns! (Just try to convince us that there isn't democracy in this mode of evening wear!) By the way, may we add to our alphabet of names, A. Trott, Mollie H., and B. Kahn? Congratulations on your nerve and appearance!

Flash! Let's go to Towson! Have you ever thought of P. B. (Faculty) and T. G. (Pres.) as "wearers of the green"? Of Va. A. as (not so deep) purple? Of Doris M. as "shoe-shine boy's delight"?

And now for the male as the time will allow. The spotlight falls on what could be the ideal college outfit—

Shoes—brown and white sport.
Socks—plain brown, or blending with suit.



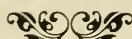
Suit—any kind—just so the coat and trousers match.

Shirt—white

Tie—one blending with suit.

And now, hoping for scintillating smartness, I remain your Towson fashion—eer who thinks men should be allowed as much democracy in dress as women!

Flash! Let's go!



What Every Woman Knows— About Men's Clothes

MAJORIE COHEN

You may believe that the sum of feminine interest in and knowledge of men's clothes is buying impossible neckties or criticizing creaseless trousers. However, our interest is deeper; our desire, more intense to take an active part in dictating men's fashion standards.

For example, the men have a "united front" against spring hats as conceived by the latest feminine spring fashions. But wait! Consider some of the outfits you may wear!

"Pet peeve" of all girls is the untidy male who considers himself collegiate. Checked jackets are quite smart, but not with a contrasting pair of checked trousers or a striped tie. Too often, in an attempt to combine two suits into three, the boys manage to leave only the impression that they "have dressed in the dark." A vote for good taste on this score is due a certain Freshman class officer.

Plain suits will always hold feminine favor if they are well cut and well fitted. Your coats should look as if they had been made for you, not as if you had outgrown them. The suit choices of one of the faculty members should give you, the men of this school, an incentive to choose a suit that suits you.

Next, let us consider the tie problem. Of course you must wear that horrible specimen that a fond old aunt gave you last Christmas. But try wearing it with a white shirt and note the improvement. White shirts not only flatter ties; they flatter faces. Another instructor wears, what may be termed, "little boy ties" with plain shirts and looks quite trim. See if you can tie that.

Chronic grouch of the female contingent is the gymnasium garb. White uniforms were too difficult, so the costume in gray was adopted. Spare us the sight of those gray jersey affairs that appear to have been through the proverbial wringer.

Perhaps the brief notes herein enclosed will be of some value. An amiable smile of approval on the face of the next girl you meet will tell the tale.

So What

W. NORRIS WEIS

I write this column regretfully. I say regretfully because it is my last So What column. I recall as I sit to write this introduction that it was I who conceived the idea for such a column when in my Freshman year. I conceived the idea of having a humorous column by combining the styles of Hellinger, Billop, and Mencken. I think a column was developed which nearly everyone in the college enjoyed. I do not say this with conceit, but with genuine belief. Why? Well, simply because hundreds of times I have been told that the So What column was one of the first articles in the *Tower Light* to which the readers would turn. This was the highest compliment we could be paid. If these ramblings served to entertain for a few idle moments, I am glad.

Now, a word as to the future. I understand this work will be carried on by Lee McCarriar. He has done creditably in the past. May he be received as I was received and may he give the readers what they deserve.

But now that I have taken up a half of page seriously, So What?

DO YOU REMEMBER?

1. When E. R. and S. H. first went out together?
2. When the dorm girls hit Dawson the first, with a pan of H₂O from the dorm window?
3. When C. L. first made known his political philosophy?
4. What T. G. learned first from his contemporaries at S. T. C.?
5. The name of the girl with whom P. M. had his first date at S. T. C.?
6. What faculty member gave the present juniors their first impression of the college?
7. Presenting Miss Munn with the fly swatter?
8. Cernik's first appearance with his Maxwell?
9. Jett's poems?
10. Lee McCarriar's first column?

Things We'll Never Forget

1. Getting Tom into the "Den of Iniquity"
2. Meeting our little brothers and sisters.
3. Those *knights in the glen*, eh, girls?
4. Dr. Tall's *challenges*.
5. That the library is the place to talk.
6. Dr. Minnegan's Men's Revues.
7. Supper in Towson.
8. The best faculty pun.

Mr. Walther: What is coke?

THE TOWER LIGHT

Juniors: We dunno.

Mr. Walther: Coke is the pause that refreshes.

9. The new smoking room for girls.

Recent Trends

1. New York must be a fast town. It did in 3 days what we couldn't do in three years. Goedeke, Kieval, Levin and Sokolow returned to us as tobacco addicts. Imagine!
2. Charles must have been awfully tired at Doris Cohen's party.
3. Remboldt's new heart throb is—Can't you guess?
He'll be glad to tell you. Ask him.
4. McCarriar has been having a Heck of a good time lately.
5. Harry Russell is giving golf lessons now. He studied under Schmid.

BEST JOKE FROM THE MEN'S REVUE

Since the girls in N. Y. are wearing short skirts and are painting their knees, one can't recognize any of the old joints anymore.

Ships and Shoes and Sealing Wax

You lower classmen ought to find out about:

1. Mr. Moser's apples
2. Dr. West's athletic ability
3. Dormitory regulations
4. Parliamentary procedure
5. Student teaching
6. Professional ethics

And Cabbages and Kings

Famous quotations by Famous People

1. "Now students!" (plaintively)
2. "Why surely!" (emphatically)
3. "Don't let school interfere with your education."
4. "Will you meet her?" (coquettishly)
5. "Now, let's face facts!" (gloatingly)
6. "American girls have more lines than girls of any other country" (sincerely)

At \$2.60 per page I can't write forever. Soooooo—I reluctantly close. Give my successor and the entire *Tower Light* staff the support they deserve. Do something to help them. And so—

Give me enough rope and I'll have a box of cigars!

Oh, These School Teacher Jokes:

Policeman: "Lady, don't you know what it means when I hold up my hand."

Driver: "I should, sir. I haven't been a school teacher for twenty-five years for nothing."

Snicks—to the Juniors

HENRY N. STECKLER, Sophomore

I. M. A. Student of the State Teachers College takes the stand.

Q.—Mr. Student, are you familiar with sports at Towson?

A.—Naturally!

Q.—In this case I suppose you attend a great many of the games.

A.—Yes, I do.

Q.—What do you think of our soccer team?

A.—I think it's one of the best.

Q.—Do you have any favorites among the players?

A.—Yes, I have my list.

Q.—Will you name them?

A.—Well, there are Captain Cox, Whitey Lauenstein, Ace Massicot, Tom Goedeke, Robie Robinson, Norm Wilde, Don Gorsuch, and Ed. Johnson.

Q.—Mr. Student, how do you know when the basketball season is about to start?

A.—When I walk into the Men's Room in the beginning of December I begin to hear exclamations of "in the soup", "look for that spot" and "easy does it, boys".

Q.—What would you call the biggest basketball treat of the past season?

A.—The game with Washington College—30-25, Washington the winner.

Q.—When the team is running up and down the floor for whom are they determined to win?

A.—For the college, for country, for Dad and Mother, and for A Certain Girl.

Q.—Who is the Certain Girl?

A.—(see Norris Weis)

Q.—What does our basketball team need most?

A.—A Gymnasium.

Q.—Can you name at least five players who would have particularly welcomed a gymnasium this year?

A.—Yes, Sol Cohen, Zip Levin, Sam Sokolow, Lou Cox, and Captain Danny Austerlitz.

Q.—What have the basketball players to show at the end of the season?

A.—Blistered feet.

Q.—What do frequent rains indicate?

A.—The beginning of the baseball season.

Q.—What would you like the baseball team to accomplish this year?

A.—A double victory over Johns Hopkins.

Q.—Who are these ball players: Lauenstein, Tiemeyer, Weis, Massicot, Goedeke, Cox, Austerlitz, and Sokolow?

A.—Members of the Junior Class, of course.

Q.—By the way—are you a Junior?

A.—Yes, Carton's my name.

Q.—What does the coach say in the Locker Room just before the game?

A.—Well men, that's about all I have to say.

In looking over the student body I find that there are twenty-three regular men in the Junior Class. Out of this number fifteen have taken part in intercollegiate sports. Eight of these have taken part in two or more sports. It is no wonder that the Junior girls are so proud of their men.

I am quite sure that Coach Minnegan would not object to having another class with as fine a scholastic and athletic record as this one.

Athletics

G. SADLER

A change in the season always means a change in girls' electives. Basketball has been replaced by volley ball and baseball. Archery and tennis have been added to make the spring sports just four times more exciting than those of winter.

This year the girls are again confused by a change in volley ball rules. Last year the girls followed the National Men's rules and this year have changed to National Women's rules.

As yet there are no contests, but each class is preparing to win the championships in the various sports. A special group of Juniors and Seniors have formed teams to play volley ball, badminton and archery at the Western Maryland Play Day, May 13th.

When the time comes for championship games, may the best man win. (Come on Juniors, get in there and show 'em).

Professor: Who was Homer?

Student: He was the fellow Babe Ruth made famous.

PARENT: Well, my son, how are you getting on at college?

YOUTH: Just splendidly. I've only made one error in the last three games of ball we played.

Judge: What's the idea of parking in front of a fire plug?

Lady Driver: Because the sign said "Fine For Parking".

Under the Weather Vane

Arbor Day, under the direction of the Seventh Grade, was observed by the Campus School on Wednesday, April the twelfth. The following is a list of the trees which were donated and their location.

1. English Walnut—eight feet—near old tulip tree—donated by the Campus Elementary School
2. Hazel Nut—near Shelter House—donated by the Campus Elementary School
3. Mock Cherry—planted over hill near Campus School
4. Sassafras—donated by Fritz Eierman—planted near the creek
5. Beech—donated by Slater Travers—planted near Shelter House
6. Poplar—donated by Richard Gochbauer—planted near Shelter House
7. Cypress—donated by Albert Groshans—planted at center of natural curtain for stage of Greek theater
8. Myrtle—planted by Emerson Powell on the bank of the Glen

David Hoover gave a very appropriate dedication speech:—

"Once again Arbor Day has come to the Campus School. The purpose of the day is to promote conservation and to beautify our surroundings. You have just seen what has been planted in other years. This year, through the help of Mr. Stricklen, to whom we are very grateful, we have these two trees; an English walnut and a hazel-nut. Some of us are a bit hazy about hazels. Hazels are uncommon. Their nuts are edible, and they have little flowers that come out in the spring. The English walnut does not come from England, but from Greece and Persia. They are grown on the Pacific Coast where most of the walnuts we eat come from. The wood is used for fine finishes.

"Besides these two, the boys in the Seventh Grade have contributed several other trees. These include a beech, poplar, sassafras and cherry. The Seventh Grade now dedicates these trees to the school; to the future beauty of the Glen; and the good time of future boys who like to gather nuts."

The students of the Campus School sincerely hope that conservation projects will not be confined to Arbor Day alone, but will continue throughout the year.

Spring Poems From the Fourth Grade

THE CHICKADEE

I saw a little Chickadee,
The prettiest one I ever did see.
It had a black cap and a little white breast;
But I didn't have time to see the rest.

20

TEDDY GOULD

THE TOWER LIGHT

THE BLUEBIRD AGREES

O Robin sings, the music rings, throughout the country side,
"Aha!" he thinks, "I'll build my nest, and in the oak tree bide."
"Oh! Bluebird sweet, come out and meet, my babies, one, two three;
"And for all that you'll tune your voice and sing a song for me."
"Oh, yes, my friend," the bluebird sang, "it's spring so I shall sing;
And, like your voice, we'll all rejoice, for here comes joyful spring."

Alice Nelson

THE JUNCO

Junco, Junco, gay and free,
Hopping underneath a tree,
Looking for a worm or two,
In the early morning dew,
Soon you will have many mouths to feed;
That will be a job indeed.

Van Tack

WHAT THE LITTLE BIRD SANG

A little bird sat on a tree.
She sang a pretty song to me.
She sang, "'Tis nice to fly away."
But I think I would rather stay
To build my nest in these oak trees
On any leafy branch I please.
Soon I'll bring my husband too
Then every day he'll sing to you.

Nancy Kennedy

Have You Heard

D. Louise Taylor

1. That Miss Woodward has a summer vocabulary?
2. About the irate parent who accused the teacher of asking questions that weren't in the book?
3. About one Junior's comeback to a persimmon-dispositioned bus driver?
4. About the ungentlemanly boys who actually *sing* in the locker room and escape by back windows?
5. About the professor who thinks a certain faculty member goes a lot, but seldom gets any place?
6. About the professorette who uses the Socratic method of instruction: questioning until the student feels absurd and ignorant?
7. About the little girl who was so modest that she went into the other room to change her mind?

8. About the problem child who was so conscientious that she refused to do improper fractions?
9. About the professor who said, upon receiving a notice from the president's office, "Ah! News from the front!"
10. About the Junior who wished to "disperse" with the Student Council Minutes?
11. That Dr. West was mistaken for everything from the floorwalker in a ten cent store to a member of a traveling acting troop during his trip South?

Words of Wisdom

PAUL O. MASSICOT

Words of Wisdom is a correlated course associated with all men's athletic teams at State Teachers College. It concerns the use of maxims to give helpful advice. If any man misses these maxims, passed on by Mr. Minnegan, he misses one of the most "alive" educational courses.

I would like to borrow Mr. Minnegan's procedure and pass on some of his "Words of Wisdom," as well as those gathered from other instructors. Here they are.

Mr. Minnegan:

You can't be a Fancy Charley, a Pink Tea Party Boy, or Study Drunk if you want to be an athlete.

Be a play ahead.

Dr. Dowell:

What you do for yourself is more important than what somebody can give you.

Miss Bader:

We are concerned with what people did, and not with what they did not do.

Miss Woodward:

We don't learn unless we are interested.

Miss Joslin:

A little child is like a feather bed. His thinking needs to be stirred once in awhile.

Mrs. Stapleton:

(quoting Angelo Patri)

"Education does not lie in textbooks".

There are two maxims I would like to leave, as my parting contribution—

Be natural—you learn most and are the happiest, when you are yourself.

Learn to know and love your college, its students and its faculty. It has a great contribution to make to you.



Dorm Dames

E. WILLIAMSON

Miracles would happen if we heard:

1. Someone came down and helped me carry my mail.
2. Three dates tonight!
3. Went for a bird walk this A. M.
4. Gee, what a swell meal.
5. I returned a box of Lux.
6. I'll mop this morning, dear.
7. I'm smaller by at least six pounds.
8. I've given up popsicles altogether.
9. You couldn't pay me to look at an old test.
10. Blind date? Never!

Dear Neal: Is there a reduction on gardenias sent a date late?

Anyhoo, how do you rate four?

Dear Tootie: We hear "Loue" is just around the corner.

Dear Rachel: Elevator boys have their ups and downs, eh what?

Dear Libby: Re-housing?

Dear Millie: Oh gnaw, that couldn't be a mouse.

Dear Ruth: Love thy neighbor—and her brother.

Dear Girls: Thou shalt not covet thy neighbors' food.

Dear Frenchie: How do you speak braile system?

Dear Julie: Why not make that science activity a study of one certain Byrd?

Important Customer: Can't you wait on me? I'm in a hurry. Two pounds of liver.

Butcher: Sorry ma'am but two or three are ahead of you. You surely don't want your liver out of order.

"You know why I call my boy Hans?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, because dot is his name."

Compensations

MARJORIE COHEN

Many's the weary head that's bent
Over books of miraculous number,
But every student is amply repaid
By the blissfulness of slumber.

We walk that weary mile,
Hopes of saving a fare we hold;
And our compensation rests
In a worn-through leather sole.

After waiting for almost two years
To start on our chosen way,
We finish our units and then
Have more worry for our stay.

In the field of compensations
The cruellest cut of the many,
Is to have the cafeteria "run short"
Of our favorite cake for a penny!

Our Precocious Youth:

This is the story as the demonstration teacher told it to me, and as ten-year old Bill's mother told it to her.

"At the dinner table the conversation turned to school. I had not yet asked Bill what he thought of his new teacher, but I felt that it was time he had formulated an opinion. Casually I asked, 'By the way, Bill, what do you think of your new teacher?'

"He paused a moment before answering, and then, having formulated his idea, solemnly declared, 'As a teacher I have analyzed her completely, but as a human being, I am not yet certain.' "

TEACHER: "Hans, what are the five senses?"

HANS: "Nickels."

Political Speaker: All we need now, my friends, is to keep a working majority.

Voice from the rear: You're wrong there. What this country needs today is a majority working.

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6. A bit more tolerance in the college itself.

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Humor

"Who's Loony Now?"

A certain progressive school which places much faith in intelligence tests was brought up short by one of its twelve-year-old pupils. One section of a test they gave a class consisted of sentences like this: "Apples grow on: vines, roots, grass, trees." The instructions were to underline the one of the four last words necessary to make the sentence logical—"trees", in this case. Well, the sentence that caused all the trouble was "Deserts are crossed by: horses, camels, mules, elephants." Most of the pupils obediently underlined "camels", but the lad we're speaking of underlined all four words and added a sarcastic subordinate clause, "but never, obviously, by the dum-head who wrote this quiz." After a good deal of research in encyclopedias, books of travel, and works on zoology, the faculty decided to give him full marks, with a warning about disrespect for authority.

Q. What would a nation without women be?

A. Stagnation.

"See that sign over there, 'Tourist trips over mountain?'"

"Well, all I can say is, he should have looked where he was going".

As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service he met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become an active member of the church.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said solemnly, "Do you ever attend the place of worship?"

"Yes indeed, sir," replied the young fellow with a smile, "I'm on my way to see her now."

(Best Stories of the World—Mason.)



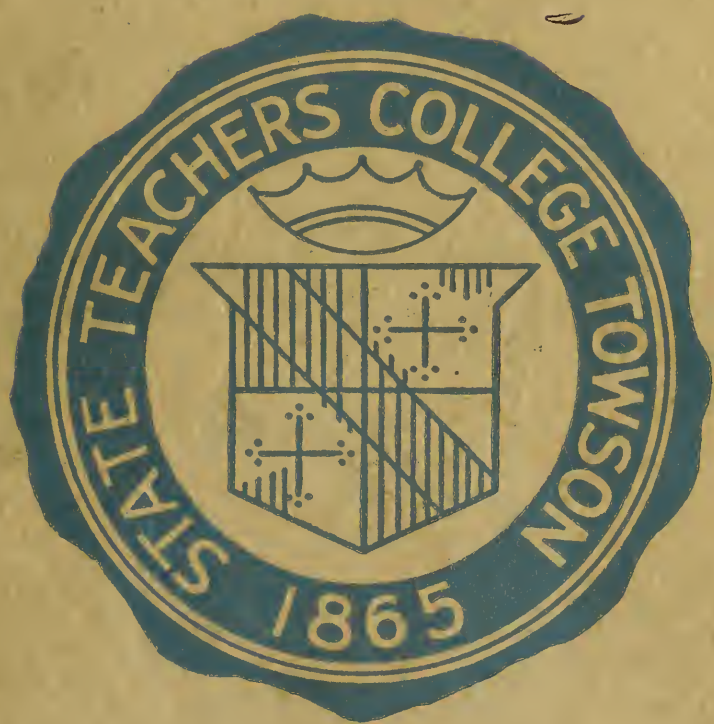
Chesterfield



...the catch of the sea
for more smoking pleasure

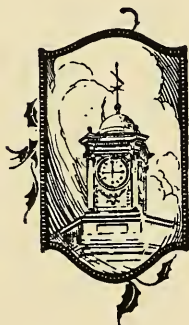
In every part of the country
smokers are turning to Chesterfields
for what they really want in a cigarette...refreshing mildness...better taste
...and a more pleasing aroma.

TOWER LIGHT



JUNE 1939

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

JUNE, 1939

C O N T E N T S



	PAGE
The Growing Teacher	5
In Our Mail	9
A College Education	11
Meet the Class of '39	12
Legacy	15
Bitter Irony	17
Concerning the Student Council	20
What Am I?	23
Apprentice vs Architect	25
After College—What?	28
Collegio Sapieo	30
Editorials	33
You'll Always Remember	35
The Glen	39
The Study of Literature	42
Bargains in Books	43
Teachers College Record	47
So What?	54
Do You Remember?	57
Reminiscences	59
Advertisements	61



M. THERESA WIEDEFELD, *President*

THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XII

JUNE, 1939

No. 9

The Growing Teacher

M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

IT is much more important to be classed as a growing teacher than to be classed as a good teacher. Many so-called good teachers stopped growing years ago. They are classed as good, mainly because they developed teaching skills in the early days of their experience, and they have continued these until very creditable types of achievements result in terms of class performance. These demonstrations of skill rank high when compared with the same types of results achieved by other teachers in the same system, but these teachers have brought nothing new to their teaching for years, and accordingly have added nothing of joy or satisfaction to their lives. Teaching to them has become a routine procedure which they are satisfied to follow. We say they are in a rut, and a rut is but a grave without a cover.

Too many teachers feel that they have learned to teach, are experienced, good teachers when they have learned to manage a class, know how to keep the children quiet and busily employed, know how to question, how to make assignments, how to drill, how to test. That is the beginning; those are the necessary skills or tools for any teaching act, and when teachers have mastered these techniques they know "how to teach", in terms of procedures. As long as they practice these skills they maintain a kind of efficiency, but they may not grow greatly beyond these established mechanics. Techniques are only means and not ends in themselves. They always should be subordinated to the larger objectives. They should be changed, modified, and made to suit the specific demands of each teaching situation.

What then, you say, are the factors which play a part in teacher growth? They might be grouped as follows:

- I. Personal characteristics and aptitudes for teaching, including,—temperament, special abilities and talents, interests, intelligence, scholarship, emotional attitudes, and ethical character.
- II. Professional training, including,—initial preparation for teaching, extension and summer school work, reading, travel, contacts with professional and other groups of people, teachers' meetings, and intelligent observation of the work of other teachers.

THE TOWER LIGHT

- III. Sufficient opportunity for changes in teaching assignment necessitating new responses and adjustments and broadening the teacher's vision.

This last is perhaps one of the most vital factors in promoting teacher growth. Many teachers are helped and even saved from failure by a change of assignment. Often the successful teacher becomes satisfied with the position she holds and does not seek change, in fact, sometimes refuses to accept a transfer when one is offered. Miss R. said: "I do not want the fifth grade. I know fourth grade work now and do not have to work so hard. I can use my plans from last year." Miss K. said to her summer school instructor, "I cannot make questions for this reading lesson (in a sixth reader); I have taught third grade so long that I just cannot understand anything harder than a third reader."

A supervisor explained that one of her teachers had made steady progress during her first three years of teaching, but now in her fourth year she seemed to be standing still. She wondered what had happened. The teacher taught a rural one-room school which had twelve pupils enrolled in seven grades. Four of them were from one family and seldom came to school. The school was set in the woods away from everything and everybody. What was there to produce further growth in this teacher? There was nothing to challenge her, nothing from which nor for which to get enthusiasm, once she had adjusted herself to the environment and used up its possibilities for stimulating her to new reactions. One must be fed on something if he is to grow. It causes one to wonder when teachers lose the zest and vivacity they have at the outset and settle into a humdrum pace. When a teacher has taught the same grade in the same school for twenty years, more or less, it is difficult to understand how she can grow. One is reminded of the Maine farmer who said, "I don't know why Jane went crazy. She hain't had no excitement, for she hain't been to town for fifteen years."

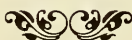
Young teachers should constantly take stock of themselves and ask: "Am I a growing teacher?" "How can I tell?" they ask. They can tell by the symptoms—both positive and negative. They might ask also, by way of helping their thinking, "Growing in what? Growing toward what?"

They should not have growing pains but they should sense growth by an increased feeling of power, of understanding, of accomplishment, of joy in realization. Growth means, too, that they recognize their own weaknesses and welcome the suggestions of their co-workers and supervisory officers and profit by them. Their interests become multiplied, in things professional, social, and political. They are ready for the next step in their program and move along the line from one type of position to the next, as they have the chance. 'Tis true that a rolling stone gathers

no moss, but teachers need not be mossbacks. There is only dissatisfaction for the person who is not growing—monotony through standing still.

What are the symptoms of arrested growth? These can be sensed in terms of self-satisfaction, resentment of criticism, aversion to change, satisfaction in doing only the prescribed tasks, distaste for professional reading and other types of professional study, increasing dread of the visits of supervisory officers, attitudes indicative of feelings of inferiority or superiority, and other evidences of declining interest.

A teacher needs to be sure that she sends out a healthy new shoot in some direction each day, through what she reads, the people she meets, the things she sees, the places she visits. She needs to think of the rights of the children she teaches. The world is moving on about them, calling to them to come along. What is their chance to keep pace if led by a teacher who is not growing?



Now That We Are Leaving-----

LOUISE FIREY

As we pause to reminisce, let us include some thoughts of the real significance of college—a brief but most important stepping-stone in our lives. Four years in new surroundings with new people, with new ideas and ideals, surely should have provoked some change. Four years of cultural opportunities should have broadened us. Four years of pleasant associations will ever remain with us. Four years of additional education, in preparing to guide others should have illuminated us.

These thoughts occur to us when the end of our college life is near and when we recall all the experiences we have had. Now we are about to face a new situation—. Has this education made us more acute, prompt in attack, ready in defense, and adjustable to change? Are we more complete individuals? Has it instilled in us those qualities of faith, patience and virtue that would make us better men or women? We are challenged to demonstrate this. An educated person is a discriminating person, and to be less than discriminating is to be uneducated.

THE TOWER LIGHT



JANE DANIELS, *Senior Class Adviser*

In Our Mail

Dear Class of 'Thirty-nine,

The optimist gets up in the morning, smiles to the world, and says, "Good morning, God!" This is what Frederic Snyder, a news commentator, told us at the Eastern Convention of the American Association for Health and Physical Education and Recreation. World affairs are uncertain and unhappy, but there's still much to enjoy—lovely things all about us. So—be an optimist and smile.

Again and again in the meetings we heard phrases such as, "help the boys and girls to enjoy—to find joy—to learn how to live—relax to live."

In a few days now our Seniors will put on their caps and gowns and with solemn faces they will receive their degrees. I know that all of you who are graduating will look more serious at that moment than I have ever seen you look before. You will feel that graduation is an important moment when you dedicate yourselves to the service of the children of our country. It is a solemn moment.

After the diplomas are distributed, the smiles will be as radiant as the sun. This is as it should be. A teacher needs to smile always—even when there are difficult moments. That is my graduation wish for each of you who will graduate in June—that each of you will be an optimist—that every one will keep on believing in his ideals—and keep on smiling.

Loyally yours,

JANE DANIELS



A College Education

LOUIS COX

Jud Bowser was not an ordinary fellow. He had spells of thinking. In fact, he took life very seriously for his nineteen years and, often as not, he was found talking or meditating about the path and purpose of his life. His clerical job in the accounting department brought him in contact with quite a large group of the under-foremen of the mill whom he came to know and respect somewhat. They liked the serious lad and took the the opportunities he gave them to pour forth their troubles and advise him how to avoid pitfalls which had sneared them. The final result of these circumstances was that Jud decided quite definitely that the object of life is the pursuit of happiness and, furthermore, that happiness is found in the objects so lamented by his acquaintances—nice homes, fine automobiles, travel, leisure.

The obvious necessity, now, to Jud was a job that would afford him these things. He applied himself as seriously as ever to this matter and soon arrived at the fundamentals. Two opposing but sound theories were revealed to our hero: the first, that one's progress depends not so much on what he knows as on whom he knows; the second, that highly specialized training is the "open sesame". While, undoubtedly, the first of these is most effective when developed artistically, he decided that the second was more stable or secure.

Of course, Jud was handicapped to some extent by lack of funds, but he was not to be deceived that any sort of training would produce the results he desired. The several years he had worked since high school had allowed him to save a little money, and his parents were more than willing to help in any such undertaking. Thus, it was that Jud decided teaching was an occupation with the desired possibilities, and he straight-way enrolled in the State Teachers College.

Four full years followed; and if we skip ten more years, we find Jud today teaching and acting principal in a school.

"Yes", he says, "It's true that a college education does not always guarantee you a great deal of material wealth, but happiness is what I wanted and found. The fellows in the accounting office are still shuffling time cards back and forth, waiting for the whistle and for pay day. With them, I would still be wondering and dissatisfied.

"There, my boy, is the secret of happiness, the reason for colleges, to learn to know the worthwhile thoughts on life, to decide for yourself where you fit in. Besides, knowing the results and value of what you're doing will give you that satisfaction which surpasses everything else—happiness. Is it worth four years of study to you to get that which some people seem to have early and which most people find eventually?"

Meet the Class of '39 !!

Virginia Morgan

Virginia, a friend always true blue,
When she is gone, what shall we do?

Helen Gill

Helen comes to school, yes, almost every day;
No, she's never absent, but her mind is miles away.

Dorothy Hoopes

Not too serious, not too gay,
A good sport in every way.

Dorothy Brandt

One would think that she loves music
By her constant use of "loo",
But to us who know her better,
There's a hidden meaning, too.

William Ranft

Dame Fortune, she has smiled on thee,
And given the gift of art to thee.

Evelyn Scarff, Hazel Moxley

"Lovin' them all may be fun,
But I am in favor of lovin' one."

Kathryn Wright

The best goods comes in small packages.

Ruth Peregoy

A leader in scholastic activities and athletics.

Ruth Phillips

She's very quiet and studious, too,
And a very good friend she'll be to you.

Emily Armour

"I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes,
I redden to my finger tips,
And sometimes to my nose."

Agnes Carpenter

Happy and gay, Agnes a teacher to be,
In someone's heart she will win a degree.

Louis Cox

You can't keep a good man down.

Donald Foster

Not too sober, not too gay
But he's a jolly good fellow,
In every way.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Dorothy Anthony

A better sport you'd never find
If you searched the whole world thru,
To everyone she's good and kind
And best of all she's true.

Catherine Schottler

Every class should have a prima donna—Kitty is ours.

Esther Bull

Her motto: "It doesn't pay to worry."

Jane McElwain

When love and duty clash,
Then let duty go to smash.

Sarah Hatton

Full of fun, life, pep, and ready for anything.

Ruth Dudderar

"Music makes my world more gay,
It always chases gloom away."

John Owens

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart and hand.

Richard Cook

When it comes to athletic fame,
Cook puts them all to shame.

Virginia Barnes

Your leadership, faith and clear thinking have won for you many
admirers.

Beverly Courtney

Happy, pretty and clever!
Shall we forget her? Never!

William McConnell

Always smiling, always gay,
Happy all the livelong day.

John Schmid

Better men than I have lived,
But I don't believe it.

Charlotte Hurtt

Walking up the hall, never in a hurry—
You'd think Charlotte never had a worry.

Louise Firey

Good at work and good at play.

Roberta Kirk

Never let work interfere with pleasure.

Jeanne Cumming

A loyal friend—ever true, faithful and just.

Mildred Lippert

Cheerfulness is an excellent quality.

Anna Smith

You know I say just what I think, and nothing more or less.

Dorothy Vogel

Have a smile for everyone you meet,

And they will have a smile for you.

Memories

ROBERTA KIRK

WITHIN the space of a few short weeks, we, the Senior Class, the would-be teachers of Maryland, will become alumni of Teachers College. It is with mingled pangs of happiness and sadness that we pause to reflect on our four years of college.

We entered in September, 1935 feeling a little bewildered but trying our hardest to maintain a blasé, unperturbed attitude toward the situation—especially toward the entrance tests. By the end of the second day, we had decided that perhaps there were a few items of knowledge that had passed us by. Where had all those geniuses flown?

When we next found time to ponder over our problems, we discovered that no longer were we a disunited mass of Greenhorns but an organized Freshman class. Those first class meetings were events to behold! The extravagant girls did nothing but invent ways to spend the class' money—so declared our male members.

In November we proudly welcomed our mothers for Freshmen Mothers' Week-End. We were now a definite part of the scheme of things at college. After a delicious dinner we called on all our Freshman talent to entertain our guests.

The greatest event of our Freshmen year was our dance in the Spring. If any Freshman had been asked his opinion, you would have learned that it was the gayest and grandest dance of the year. Yes, we Freshmen had lived a successful year.

Two more Septembers came, and we suddenly realized that we were Juniors. We were still gay and lively, but our frivolity was tempered with the seriousness of our first plunge into the great unknown—student teaching. We returned, fewer in number and slightly subdued but deep within was still our cheerful enthusiasm.

On demonstration night the Junior girls appeared as Irish dancers in the Irish Lilt. That was an important occasion for us, because as our last one, we were very anxious to win. Much to our dismay we lost! Can we ever forget the mock funeral the next day in assembly when the corpse shrouded in black was borne in followed by the lamenting Juniors?

The New York trip in April found many Juniors in its ranks. Those of us who were fortunate enough to go, learned that there are other ways, besides books, to get an education.

We are now rounding the bend of the last lap of our race. Behind us this year are the fond memories of the Senior Benefit Dance, student teaching and May Day. The girls also recall Demonstration Night at which they had the honor of judging the competing classes. We anticipate Baccalaureate and Commencement. To us Commencement marks not merely the end of our college days, but rather the beginning of a new life—our teaching careers. For all the help and advice we have received in these four years, we are grateful. We hope that in the years to come the class of '39 will be remembered as worthy alumni of our college.



Legacy

JEANNE M. CUMMING

To those who tread behind us,
Burdened though they be,
We feel we owe a duty—
So we leave a legacy.

1.

To the Freshmen—Heaven help them—

We leave the dog-eared books,
The splintered chairs, the overdues,
The librarians' frowning looks;
The cafeteria's crush and rush,
The sprint to gym from class,
The shower slippers—smart, petite—
And the hope that they will pass.

2.

To the Sophomores, next in number—

Go the lockers, full of ants,
The cup for Demonstration Night
(We've glimpsed it in a trance).
The climb from story one to three,
After the bell has rung,
The term papers, too, that haunt us still,
And all the songs we've sung.

3.

To the Juniors, now so near us—

We leave the choice "212",
And in contrast, Student Teaching,
(Something even they can't shelve!)
Add a May Day full of sunshine,
A Commencement rehearsal in tune,
And eventually, our caps and gowns—
Black wool is so cool in June!

4.

To the Faculty, our leaders—

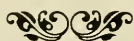
Go the books—best-sellers, new—
The Assembly cuts, taboo for us,
And the thanks that is their due;
Add one more hour to the day
So their work may get done;
And the ability to despair
And realize we are young.

5.

And with you all we leave this thought;
No word or deed has been for nought;
As sands must shift, as friends must part,
So must we leave, with every heart

The better for the meeting.
Thus the legacy we leave behind
Treasure it well—

CLASS OF '39



Eventide

J. WILLIAM RANFT

Sweet evening wraps her mantle
Around the sinking sun
And bids the darkness whisper
"Another day is done."

The stars, the lamps of angels,
Will soon be hung on high
To guide the thoughts of mortals
To realms beyond the sky.

Bitter Irony

V. MORGAN

College
June 1, 1939.

Dear Thelma,

Here we are, the day after the "Prom", and I did have such a glorious time. But that's another story!

Commencement as you know is next week, and I can hardly wait. When I think that it has finally come after four years of hard work and struggle, I can hardly believe it. When we entered college four years ago, fresh out of high school and still with that high school senior confidence, and not a little inexperience, we all felt as though college were waiting for people just such as we. But it didn't take long before we realized we were merely a very tiny part of a large society. Then began our four years of effort (sometimes drudgery, sometimes pleasure); or should I say four years of metamorphosis.

For my part I feel as though commencement is just what the name implies, the beginning of things; I think I am ready for all. Now I not only can be on my own, but I can begin to repay the debt I owe my parents—and goodness knows they need what little help I may be to them. I may not be able to conquer the world, but I feel as though I can carve a little niche into which I hope to fit and become an integral part. It's funny how commencement sobers one, makes one think of himself in terms of the world around him.

I have never known myself to philosophize like this before. It was especially mean of me I suppose, when you expected to hear all about the Prom. You have always been the one to whom I could turn in time of need. So I believe you understand my need to tell someone just what I think.

So sorry you can't be here for commencement, but I suppose you know best. I'll write to you as soon as possible after I graduate.

Love, ALICE

Home
June 9, 19....

Dear Thelma,

Commencement was grand! So solemn and yet so joyous. And now I am a full fledged B. S.'er, ready to take my place in the world. I thought that after four years of effort, commencement would give one a let-down feeling, but it doesn't.

Now I am ready to go job hunting. After four years of preparation, that seems superficial, but very necessary I suppose. I'll let you know how I come out.

Love, ALICE

THE TOWER LIGHT

Home

June 17, 19....

Dear Thelma,

I've got a job! Or at least I almost have it. I have to go tomorrow for a complete doctor's examination—a mere formality for me. Several people, not wishing to discourage me before, have told me that I am extremely fortunate to get a position in my field. They said they didn't think I'd find a place. In fact, if there hadn't been an unexpected opening into which I popped just at the opportune moment with the right education and training, I should have been out of luck.

Now I can be independent in this great world of ours. I feel now as though life were really beginning for me. I hope I'm not expecting too much. I don't think so, do you?

Next time I write, I'll probably be a working girl. I'll tell you all about it then.

Love, ALICE

Home

June 18, 19....

Dear Thelma,

I don't know what to think or which way to turn! How shall I explain it to you?

Yesterday I went to be examined for my new position. A mere formality I thought, since I have never been really sick in all my life. Everything went well, the doctor didn't say a thing—you know how they are, but after he was finished, he asked if he might have a conference with me.

He told me I have tuberculosis and that I have to go away—get out of this climate. Instead of working and being independent, I'll still be dependent and goodness knows how long it will be. Forever, perhaps.

I haven't told Mother yet. It seems as though everything has collapsed. I never thought a single disappointment could be so great. After all these years of waiting. I can't seem to think of anything else. I haven't told anyone but you. Oh, I do wish I knew what to do!

Write soon and help me.

Love, ALICE

June 29, 19....

My dear Thelma,

Just a few lines to supplement what the papers have said. As you know Alice jumped from her bedroom window last night, while we all slept. She died instantly; that she was spared suffering, we are all thankful. Perhaps the Lord is merciful, it's not for me, her mother, to say.

We who knew her cannot understand why she should want to do a thing like that, especially when she had everything for which to look forward. Since you were her best friend, perhaps Alice told you something that would explain her action. If so, please, write and help us to understand this thing that has happened.

Most sincerely, MARY MASON

July 2, 19....

My dear Thelma,

Thank you for your kind and understanding letter. It was probably just as complete a shock to you as it was to us.

You say Alice had tuberculosis and thought it was an incurable case. But the "bitter irony" of the whole situation is that the autopsy showed that she had a very slight case in the first stages which could have been cured in less than six months. Why didn't she confide in us and let us work it out together? Truly we are heart-broken.

Love and sympathy to you,

MARY MASON



Take This Staff and Lean Upon It

BEVERLY COURTNEY

And the Old Man was wise, for Time had showed him many things. He had learned that man alone is weak; he will fall unless he has something stronger than mortal flesh to support him. And so the Old Man gave his young son a staff—to guide and support him through life, and he told his son many things. These are the words he said unto him—this the staff he gave to guide him:

"Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee; corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not."—*Shakespeare*.

"Verily the life of man is a bitter-sweet potion—and to some who drink of it the taste appeareth bitter. But to ye of confident, carefree heart, ah how sweet is the taste of life."—*translated from the Sanskrit*.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,

Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,

'Twas only striking from the Calendar

Unborn Tomorrow and dead Yesterday"

Omar Khayyam

"The purpose of Art in life is to substitute for futile and painful concentration upon one's self the serene and selfless concentration of Beauty."—*Andre Maurois*

"If you have two loaves, sell one and with the money buy hyacinths to feed your soul."

Concerning the Student Council

JOHN OWENS

PROBABLY the best way to determine the attitudes of a group of people about a certain thing is by conducting a poll. The student council requested Mr. Moser and the junior mathematics class to direct such a poll because they have had previous experience. Through this poll we hoped to obtain the students' sincere and unbiased opinions on student government which we might analyze and interpret in order to clear up any misconceptions in the minds of the students. We believed, too, that such results would further the work of the student council. These results and interpretations are presented herewith.

1. Do you think the student council has the respect and confidence of the student body?

	<i>College</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
Yes	70%	54%	75%	70%
No.	30%	46%	25%	30%

2. In your opinion does the student council have a democratic set-up?

	<i>College</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
Yes	82%	92%	92%	70%
No	18%	8%	8%	30%

3. Do you think students should be represented on the college curriculum committees?

	<i>College</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
Yes	78%	100%	67%	60%
No	22%	—	33%	40%

4. Do you think the student council is sufficiently active in meeting the students' needs at the college?

	<i>College</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
Yes	78%	85%	92%	60%
No	22%	15%	8%	40%

5. In what ways would you like to see the work of the student council extended next year?

	<i>College</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
"culturally"	52%	39%	83%	—
"socially"	82%	69%	92%	100%
"student business only"	3%	—	—	—

In considering the first question we find that the freshmen have the least respect and confidence in the council. This may be due to the fact that they do not have a clear understanding of the council and its functions. One student gives this suggestion; "the council should start

THE TOWER LIGHT

earlier in the year so that the freshmen will understand it better and will be more cooperative." Here may we say that at the very beginning of the college year the council assists with registration, holds the induction and council ring services, presents all class and student council presidents to the freshmen, and plans for big brother and sister meetings. These activities may, however, be insufficient but could, through careful planning with upper classmen, be made more successful and meaningful.

There are two possible reasons for a lack of respect for the council:

1. Students leave council meetings at the time of fourth hour classes or they leave for no reason at all.
2. Students have misconceptions about the governing body.

An immediate solution for the first problem would be to have shorter and more regular meetings twice a month at which student problems would be acted upon with greater dispatch. Misunderstandings held by some students will be explained in further detail in the following paragraphs.

Eighty-two percent of the students think the council is democratic; however, there are some noteworthy opinions of this. A junior said, "the set-up is democratic but it is not used to the best advantage by the student body". A sophomore said, "there is insufficient student participation"; thus the two comments maintain that student cooperation is lacking. Often students criticize the council, but they don't give constructive advice which is desired. It is impossible to know just what your problems are unless you bring them to the council—don't keep them tucked away where we or no one else can find them. Another reaction was, "there is too much faculty control". How would there be too much faculty control when there are only two faculty advisers and these without voting power? There were at one time eight advisers, but in a recent amendment the number was reduced to two. Since the executive committee represents the students, it needs the advice of a least one of the faculty members. "The ruling about activities fees without student consultation was undemocratic" said a junior. The council had no part in this ruling since the matter has become an administrative problem because students default in the payment of their fees causing the student treasurer inconvenience and unnecessary work.

Variance of opinions are found in the question concerning the council meeting and the needs of the college. Ninety percent of the day students felt it met their needs but only forty percent of the residents students felt that it did. Residents may have forgotten that the House Committee is a part of the council which undertakes to solve problems arising in the dormitory. A comment made by one student is quite fitting; "the council tries to meet the student needs but it doesn't have the co-operation of the students." Again we are reminded forcibly of the prob-

lem of cooperation. Perhaps you haven't had a chance to discuss student problems, to tell the college what you want, or to give suggestions to the council, but with the suggested plan of more regular meetings this could be done to the satisfaction of both students and faculty.

The freshmen are one hundred percent for student representation or curriculum committees while the percentage decreases with upperclassmen. I am of the opinion that students could give some very fine advice in this matter, making for better student—faculty relationships and interpreting to their fellow students the meaning and significance of various courses.

The last question is one which I consider most important because on it may rest the basis for the work of the council next year. We find that the majority of students desire more social and cultural opportunities. Social activities are definitely a part of any college life and should be inaugurated to further the acquaintance of students. This year we had one college night which was not well attended because some say there wasn't enough publicity. The upper classmen have experienced these before—do they have to be literally coaxed to attend such a function? The boat trip seemed to meet with the approval of all the students but when asked to pledge their financial support—less than one hundred students did so. Many students favor the continuance of cultural assemblies. Do you remember the council meeting when nearly every student gave his word of honor that he would attend the religious assemblies? The first assemblies were well attended, but at the last three the number of students dwindled to one hundred fifty. Probably the novel idea had worn off! Were you playing fair with the speakers when you made such an agreement? If you find that the assemblies and socials are not what you like, will you tell us some ways to improve them?

From this interpretation we may gather a few general conclusions: first; the work of the student council should be made clear to students to prevent any misconceptions, second, there should be a continuance of cultural assemblies and more publicized socials which every student should attend, and third, the students themselves should be a more cooperative body working thoughtfully and intelligently with the council in all undertakings.

From Your Life

"A little girl, whose great delight was to visit an automat, remarked to her mother after lunching in one of them, "We sat at the table with the politest man—he raised his hat when we sat down with him."—Margery Wilson.

What Am I ?

DOROTHY VOGEL

VERSED in the dependable "individual differences", as we are, various individuals have formulated explanations as to the exact definition of a student teacher. It is a bit enlightening and at times a bit discouraging, but from the reminiscents' point of view, I would say it is all very entertaining.

Let us begin with the pre-adolescent point of view and work up to the most mature (which of course is the student himself) as we consider all of the rank and file who come in contact with the student teacher. To the primary grade child this personage is someone whose feet were made for the children to walk on, whose lap is for them to sit on; and whose entire anatomy is for them to cling to—all in all an excellent person to have on the playground. Progressing to the intermediate grade child we find his emphasis has switched from the playground to the schoolroom. Here the student is a fidgety, easily distracted individual; a person to be heckled and tortured by questions and monkey shines; and a perfect three-ring circus when the practice teacher is not around. Alas, this is the sad but true status of the whole glorious affair in the eyes of this case study material.

Now for a more adult opinion. Just what position does the student occupy in the mind of the practice teacher? Some say it is that of an extra janitor, and errand boy; or perhaps a playground substitute. Then there are those who contend the practice teacher regards the student as her social equal and judges his accomplishments fairly and constructively.

The parents alack, have acquired the mistaken idea that the student is creating chaos and disorder in a situation which could be orderly and progressive if said person were quietly (or otherwise) removed. It would of course, be rather untimely to try to judge just how far from right the parents are.

The supervisors must not be neglected. They once more have found a person who cannot teach history, English, spelling, science, arithmetic, literature, reading, writing, geography, or music. Here is a fertile field on which they may practice.

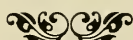
Believe it or not, the elementary school principal also is affected by the arrival of the student. To the former, he is another person whose name cannot be remembered, who is constantly in the way, and makes good use of the store room.

To all others concerned such as faculty members, janitors, and stu-

dent body, the student teacher is a person who has changed his daily abode for a period of nine weeks.

Finally, the most encouraging opinion of all is that of none other than the student himself. He is sure he is the *best* student teacher to appear in the last ten years; that he will revolutionize things, and guide the children to paths unknown (so much so that they are even unknown to him—a fact which he does not admit). The denouncement is evolved from the basal fact that the entire experience is a practical test of the student's formative years at Teachers College.

However, if one survives, he will find, as I have, that it is a never-to-be-forgotten experience, a long awaited chance to start a career; and all in all, one of the cherished possessions of Teachers College days.



Commencement

JEANNE M. CUMMING

Burning, burning brightness,
Grass of emerald green;
Clouds of floating whiteness,
Dome of blue between.

Faces blithely feigning
The knowing looks of yore,
Yet straining, ever straining
To see what lies before.

World of light and shadows,
With pathways, curved and straight,
With manners, brusque and charming,
With those who love and hate—

I pause a moment, cow'ring,
Before I breast your waves,
Am I to stand above you,
Or crawl 'midst beaten slaves?

In the depths of blundering darkness
Your challenge lights the land
So I turn and face the Future—
With a sheep skin in my hand.

Apprentice vs. Architect

CHARLOTTE M. HURTT

If we traveled throughout the United States visiting schools, we would first of all be interested in the oldest schoolhouse in America—that in St. Augustine, Florida. In direct contrast, our attention would be focused toward the "school of tomorrow."

Prettily situated on a park-like plot, the new school is *pleasingly* modern to the eye without any of the bizarre touches or the relentless simplicity which so often passes for the "modernistic." As you approach the building, you are hardly conscious of the glass-block material which is translucent only when viewed from a certain angle, so you must find the place best suited for your vision.

It isn't until you reach the classrooms that you fully grasp the extensiveness of the use of glass. Buildings vary in the amount of glass area used—each depending upon its location or special characteristics. More than half the wall space is glass, but you must examine this carefully to find the exact amount to predict the probable degree of efficiency.

The evident result is something more than merely a bright interior: it is an intangible airy lightness which makes you feel as if the sides of the room were invisible. This is purely a mental reaction, for there are no windows in this building that can be opened. All conditions are controlled indirectly; when more light is needed, switches turn automatically. Nothing is used until there is a definite need for it.

The walls are decorated in a "horizontal color scheme"; that is, there are four distinct shades between the ceiling and the floor, each separated by a thin silver line. In the south rooms green has been used, the topmost thirty inches being the lightest tint, with each succeeding band slightly wider and slightly darker. The color of the room is determined by its exposure, and light intensities are neatly balanced by wall colors. Thus, this building stands in a small, insignificant town of Minnesota. Visitors from all over the United States come to this "shrine" and marvel at its effectiveness, efficiency, and economy.

May we as teachers meet the mental needs of our children through effectiveness, efficiency, and economy as Hibbing has met the material needs for its tots!



THE MAY QUEEN AND HER COURT

Photograph by Courtesy of Morelock Studio

Tribute to Spring

MARGUERITE WILSON, Freshman

The grass is a carpet for beauty to tread
The flowers are jewels by the way
Green branches entwined are a canopy spread
Where the birds sing the brightness of May.

The field folk, the wood folk have come on the scene
From thicket, from marshland, from bower
Their tribute to pay to the diademed queen
To witness the sweets of this hour.

With laughter and dancing with poem and song
The joy of this day is intoned
And beauty supreme 'mid a worshipping throng,
With smiles and a blush holds the throne.

(An original poem read at the May Day Festivities.)



May Day at S. T. C.

"For centuries past it has been the custom"

The May Day exercises at the Teachers College began with the installation of officers for the coming year. One could not help but feel the fine spirit of the student body as each incoming officer pledged his class' loyalty to the ideals of the college. His thoughts were echoed and reechoed throughout the halls as the respective classes sang their songs.

Though our devout prayers to Jupiter Pluvius went unheeded, May Day was one of our loveliest. Due to the inclement weather conditions the ceremonies were held inside. The auditorium was gay and festive, full of bright dresses and idle chatter. To the stately strains of appropriate music the May Queen and her court, with dignity, trod their way through the crowd to a single coronation service. Light were the dancers, beautiful the songs and popular the Crier as he prepared fitting entertainment for the court.

Later in the afternoon, as is our custom, the visiting high school seniors were entertained at a tea dance. We hope they carry back the inspiration our May Day signified

After College----What ?

CATHERINE GRAY, *Sophomore*

How do college graduates fare after they leave college? Here are some interesting statistics for both graduate and undergraduate. They have been gathered from 46,000 college alumni who have graduated from thirty-one institutions of higher learning throughout the United States from 1928 to 1935. Do they make graduation seem more cheerful?

Age of Graduation—the typical age is twenty-two years.

Marital Status—College *men* tend to marry earlier and in larger proportion than college *women*!!

Children—Children resulting from marriage of 12,333 men graduates number 7,727; from marriage of 6,359 women, 3,463.

Divorce—The divorce rate among college alumni is low—19 per 1,000 marriages. More college *women* than college *men* are divorced.

Rents—Younger graduates one and two years out of college tend to live with relatives and pay no rent. Typically the young man pays from \$19 to \$25 per month for rent. After eight years he pays \$38 per month. The college women find rents slightly higher at first, but after eight years pay \$34 per month.

Undergraduate Majors—Engineering and business administration are the most popular for men. Education and English are favored by women.

Employment—Men tend to find work that is in line with their college work, but women find their work less in line with their college study.

First Jobs—Personal initiative *plus* experience prior to graduation account for *half* of the placement of college graduates in first jobs.

Unemployment—Fifty-eight per cent of men and sixty-one of women alumni have never been idle at all since graduation. After eight years most of the men are employed and 37 per cent of the women have become homemakers.

Self-Help—Sixty-eight per cent of the men and forty-three per cent of the women earned from *one fourth* to all of their college expenses.

Owners—After eight years, thirty-one per cent of the men are independent of employers and 19 per cent of the women are established as owners or part owners of businesses.

Salaries—The salary scale of men is higher than that of women. The former receives a salary of \$1,314 the first year and \$2,383 in eight years time. The women starts at \$1,092 and in the eighth year makes \$1,606.

Occupations—Two-thirds are in professional groups. Forty-eight per cent of the women are teaching and 16 per cent in domestic work.

Earnings—The best paid occupations for men in the first years are

dentistry, forestry and telephone work which pay \$2,000 or more. After eight years these men earn \$2,500 or more. Engineers, bankers, and teachers earn from \$2,000 to \$2,500.

Typical—The typical graduate will enter an occupation paying about \$1,321 for his first year. In eight years he will receive \$2,416. Eleven per cent of the alumni have earnings from \$4,000 to \$5,000 per year while eleven per cent received 1,500 or less.

For Women—Nursing and teaching are the best paid occupations for a woman in her first year. The medium salary for nursing is \$1,692 and for teaching \$1,236.

Where will you stand in regard to this survey several years from today?

Adapted from Office of Education, Department of Interior



Sonnet: On Solitude

JAMES G. JETT, Sophomore

I 'oft have roamed alone at eventide
In wooded groves where solitude was mine.
Ah solitude, forever there abide
That I may know thy peace and find thy shrine.
Ah stately mistress of the poet's thought
Forever keep thy place among those trees
Where thou hast shared with me the lonely spot
And hummed to me thy drowsy melodies.

Thy noble soul is far apart from man
And wanders farther at his loud approach.
And men must seek thee singly if they can
And not in numbers on thee loud encroach
The soul of solitude is not of mirth—
It lingers in the lonely lots of earth.



"Lids of tin cans are crimped on so fast that the air doesn't have a chance to say anything."—Mr. W.

Collegio Sapieo

J. WILLIAM RANFT

QUITE a remarkable chap, Horace! Always poking his nose into far away crevices and coming out with astounding discoveries. It isn't any wonder—as long as I've known Hank he has lived, slept and eaten "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire". O.K. though—he's the best archeological find of the year. Got a letter from him the other A. M. "Dear William (he writes). I've just returned from Tasmania. Frightfully boring hole. It was not 'till I reached the States, I really made a startling discovery. Under my very nose I chanced upon the most interesting group of barbarians. In all my travels their equal is nowhere to be found. They congregate in structures that stately rise on hilltops and sparkle in morning sunlight and endlessly chant to some unseen goddess—Alma Mater.

As I observe, their social structure is built upon a four caste system. In classifying I have listed them as Class W, X, Y, Z.

Class W is quite dull, psychologically speaking. Its members go around with awe-struck faces. Always bowing and scraping to the other classes, they lack originality and interest. Only occasionally does one member rise above the rest and he is totally ignored.

Class X is slightly more interesting. That painful, utterly sophisticated air is their guiding star. Everything they do—everyone they meet—all too, too boring.

In observing Class Y, I had quite a shock—so entirely different. Devil-may-care is their motto. Nothing attempted, nothing done—gaily they romp through existence only to make great discoveries too late—for this is the class where many roses are nipped in the bud.

'Make way lowly insect, I am Class Z.' A most intriguing group. All day long, dressed in peculiar black sacks with flat tasseled caps and with supercilious looks they vainly try to impress all beneath them. This is the class that would govern the entire system, but unfortunately they constitute a hopeless minority and are forced into a sham democracy representing all classes.

There is one note of unity, however,—their outward appearance. The female of the species is quite an example of horrible realism. To come upon such a face suddenly is to make you swear off definitely. It is covered with a whiteish substance closely resembling flour and accentuated by two congruent circles of scarlet on either side of the only distinguishable feature—the nose. Somewhere under the nose are two cavities masquing under false lashes with a tear-proof covering. The hair of these creatures only proves the advance of chemistry and puts the

rainbow to shame. I have observed curls on top, on sides, rolled in and out 'till I, who have witnessed all forms of curios, marvelled and began to doubt the sanity of its all.

In covering I found two extremes—too much—too little. But it is safe to say all are shackled with every conceivable item from spiders to empire state buildings. Walking hardware is the true term. Here it seems color harmony is nil—anything goes. Legs, when and if covered, sport socks that try, but fail, to reach much above the ankle. Feet are either out at the heel and toe or else clothed in wood. Appendages come from the shoulder, jointed half-way down and end in five talons flaming with colors that match nothing human—this is repeated in the feet.

The female of these boors has a rather hard task to rival the male. The latter is slightly more consistent, but just as bizarre. The face, though devoid of any artificial covering has a 'five o'clock shadow' all day long. This is either to show his virility or is due to sheer laziness. I'm inclined to believe the latter. In some the upper lip tries vainly to achieve the 'supreme masculine'. Though at all times fully clothed, the male exponent of dress is the superlative of 'what every man looks his worst in.' The upper torso is hung with a shirt-like garment, shaded a powder blue or baby pink and bound at the neck with a white collar. Over this is a jacket, ranging from a McGregor plaid to a 'you name it' stripe. It doesn't matter as long as the pants are the farthest opposite both in style and color. Thank heavens the stockings 'carry over' the cuffs to shoes even though they are pink, green, orange, purple and a bilious shade of blue—reading from top to bottom. Outside some wear peculiar coverings resembling pies that lost a battle in the hen coop; others prefer to exhibit hair-cuts a la Sing Sing or Virtuoso. But always is found species masculine athletic. This muscle-bound chap is the flash-is-the-pan idol of his tribe. His head, 'slightly' larger than the average, is quite incapable of absorbing knowledge, but as long as he has his second wind, he will be a reverend member of his society.

Among my latest observations is the most despised species—Standardio Riseo. He is found in quiet places, figuring out with whom his next self-appointed conference will be. He is the joy of his superiors—the 'heel' of his inferiors who only use him. Studenta-Stoogo comes under the family classification of Handerata Shako. In direct contrast is Studento Averago. He is always willing to other's work—no credit asked—very welcome to all.

Of course, My dear William, I'm only half-finished, but I was glad of the chance to write since I knew you understood my work. I hope you will not mind my dedicating—*Collegio Sapieo*—to you.

HORACE''

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

Who Dares to Teach Must Never Cease to Learn

VIRGINIA BARNES

Soon the campus of this college will witness another commencement which will have somewhat of the same significance as that of four years ago when we completed our secondary education. Each year our ideas, ideals and attitudes have gradually changed not only about the teaching profession but about life, its surroundings, its challenges, if we will but accept them.

This year as we entered upon our second term of teaching, with some experience and with more knowledge and as we accepted the various responsibilities which had been given us by our fellow students, we continually became conscious of the fact that we are just commencing, for there is yet much to learn.

We have accepted the same profession as that which Bess Streeter Aldrich tells about in her novel, "Miss Bishop". The college president gave to her an idea about teaching which, I believe, is one worthy of consideration and thought.

"It's a wonderful work. It's something like carrying a torch to light the paths for all the boys and girls with whom you come in contact. In dollars and cents it does not pay much—perhaps it never will—the service which I have rendered will be the reward."

In years to come probably many of us will experience one or two more commencements, realizing the significance of the quoted excerpt. As we enter our new experience next year, we shall undoubtedly feel inadequately prepared and dissatisfied with the meager knowledge which we now possess. For he who dares to teach must never cease to learn.



On Being A Senior

S. HATTON

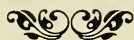
Today I am a Senior! Yesterday I was a Junior. The day before yesterday I was a Sophomore, and somewhere in the dim, dark past, I was a Freshman. But today I am a Senior!

Being a Senior means that I must put on a quiet cloak of dignity, whether it becomes me or not. I must not lose my poise at any cost—that would be fatal! I must speak in a well modulated voice, and say all my—"ings" distinctly and clearly. I must carry myself with dignity, sit with dignity, stand with dignity, dress with dignity—in fact, I must ooze dignity from every pore.

Being a Senior means that I must be a well behaved model for other students, for the faculty, for visitors, or for whomever may be "just dropping in". I must not rush madly about in rush hours at the library or the cafeteria. I must attend all assemblies, because, my dears, they are educational, you know. I must be on time for all my classes, for tardiness is a sign of neglect in one's character. I must not loiter about the building or walk aimlessly to Towson, but I must put every golden minute to use, because it is not nice to be unconscientious and lazy.

Being a Senior means that I must be wide awake and alert to grasp every opportunity for broadening my intellectual scope. I must not doze off nonchalantly in the middle of the class period or an assembly. I must ever have my pencil poised, ready to catch the words of wisdom of my learned instructors and colleagues.

Being a Senior means that—goodness! I've just re-read this paper. Am I all of that? Well—anyway, today I am a Senior!



Failure

NANETTE TROTT

Failure is a name bestowed upon the ability to achieve material success as measured by mortals. It has caused some men to take their own lives; others to become mere shells of men, wandering aimlessly upon the face of the earth with no further desire to achieve distinction; others to waste their talents on secondary enterprises because they have been robbed of the courage to try again. Yet, for all the havoc that it has wrought, it is a vain and empty thing for it touches not the hearts of men and therefore counts as nothing. For if a man lose all his worldly goods and be cast upon the road with naught to his name but a cloak and a crust of bread, yet has he overcome failure and made it nothing if he keeps his heart singing and his face turned always to the sun. Then failure becomes in truth a mere name, unknown to the courageous—for unto those who are undaunted the gods grant the gift of true perception, wherein failure is reckoned not at all, for it is carnal and a thing human, not divine.

You'll Always Remember

JEANNE CUMMING

IN 1918, two weeks after the Armistice, Abigail Petrie returned from France and active duty as a nurse. I saw her as she stood at the rail of her boat just before the gang plank touched the dock. Other passengers crowded close about her, waving and shouting; but Abigail stood still. I doubt if she expected anyone to meet her, and when her eyes fell on our upturned faces, she looked faintly incredulous. When we had pushed our way to a common meeting place, she still wore a surprised, pleased look. When we kissed her, my sister and I, with genuine affection, tears stood in her eyes.

She had on a plain brown coat and dress, and she touched her throat embarrassedly as she said: "My dears, how kind of you to meet me! I wasn't expecting to see anyone—" here she turned pink—"but it is a pleasant surprise. How is everyone?"

We assured her that everything was fine (though we knew it was not) and my sister took the check for her trunks and went to see about them. I stayed with Miss Abigail and plied her with eager, adolescent questions:

"Had she been right where the fighting was? Was the work as hard as they said? Were there a lot of handsome soldiers?"

"My dear," said Abigail, "You are too young to see that war is not romantic. If everyone could be a nurse or soldier, there would be no wars." She stopped and smiled at my solemn face. "You've grown up since I last saw you, Marilyn. How old are you?"

"Fifteen," I answered, "and just as soon as I'm sixteen, Mother said I could go to the Club Dances, and with all the men back, won't that be nice? Did the others look as grand in their uniforms as our boys?"

Miss Abigail looked out over the sea of people. Her hand went to her throat (it must be a habit, I thought) and she said, so low I could barely hear her. "Yes, they looked very fine. Our boys were—well, our boys, but they were all great men. Some—" and she looked so intently it seemed she was seeing a vision—"Some were greater than others." Then she felt my hand on her arm. My sister was coming and I was not sure that she would understand.

We took Miss Abigail to her home. After all, where else could we take her? We all knew that she had become a family outcast by volunteering as a nurse, but no word from her two sisters had admitted it. We knew that she would lead a life that would crush her gentle soul; we knew that every remark, every action would shout reproaches because, a premature old maid at the age of thirty-four, Abigail Petrie had decided

to do one great thing in her life. She had not looked forward to living after—

Poor, dear Miss Abigail! I watched her go up the broad steps and ring the bell. The door opened and I saw her sister's face—a face carefully arranged for our benefit. Not a word was spoken, but the heavy door was shut and Miss Abigail resumed her life in our town—a life that was to all intents and purposes, peaceful, but which in reality was shadowed by unspoken hate.

Sometimes, I grew angry with her. She was so meek, so mild, so acquiescent. I stormed around the house, I would have stormed to Miss Abigail herself if my mother had not forstalled me. Before we knew it, six months had gone by and our life was coming back to normal and Miss Abigail was less and less in my thoughts.

She suddenly reappeared, however, because of an unprecedented occurrence. I was walking home from school, one day in June, when I saw a tall, dark man with a limp climb Miss Abigail's steps and ring the bell. I was still some distance down the street, when the door was opened—by Miss Abigail. I could not see her face clearly but I saw her put out her hands blindly and he took them. She closed the door and stood out on the steps with him. Then he made an odd motion—almost as if he were going to kiss her, but she backed against the door. When I could see her face, it was frightened and strange-looking and as I walked past, trying not to appear too curious, I heard her say, excitedly, "No, you mustn't come here. Don't you understand, they—" And then I could hear no more.

At the corner I could not help looking back. The man bent over Miss Abigail's hand, kissed it and limped off down the street. Miss Abigail stood in the doorway, looking after him, one hand on the door-knob and the other at her throat.

The news spread like wildfire in the little town. I knew little more than the gossips, but I remembered the distant look in her eyes on the day she came home—and somehow I knew. Miss Abigail was in love; she had fallen in love with an Englishman and in her innocence had thought that could put him from her thoughts and out of her life as she had countless small things that she had wanted. But she had reckoned without human nature, and the fact that he loved her, and would come after her.

She was even naive enough to believe that refusing to see him once would discourage him. He was there next day, undaunted; and this time he was admitted. He met the sisters and I know that the war presented no more fury, than those two expressed. Rumor had it that he had received a tongue-lashing, that Abigail had been furious, then pleading, then crushed. The Englishman had withstood the storm bravely, and would

have returned the sisters' outburst if Abigail had not restrained him. The upshot of the situation was that the sisters had demanded that she choose between them and her Englishman; choosing one would mean never again seeing the other.

There they stood: the accusing sisters, daring Abigail to take her life, assert her love, leave them alone without the help of her small annuity; the white shaken woman, torn between her love and what she thought was her duty and obligation; the immobile man, seething with rage and racked by the fear that the small woman at his side would choose on the side of a mis-placed duty. For he understood her. She was bound to her sisters, she loved them, they were and had always been the center of her small universe. To be cut from them was unthinkable. She loved this man, but to reject her own flesh and blood was more than her timid soul could comprehend.

"I'll not leave you," she said to her sisters. "I know my place. You may be selfish. You need me—but I must see him alone. Please leave us."

They marched out suspicious, but triumphant.

"Abigail," he whispered, "You don't know what you're saying. I love you. You told me—I thought—" The hands on her shoulders trembled—

"I know," said Abigail, "And I told you the truth. I do love you. But I can't leave them. But I'll always love you—" her mouth trembled, and he caught her in his arms. "Abigail," he said, over her head, "you're upset. No family tie was ever greater than true love. Marry me, and learn how to live. Then you'll see things differently; you'll understand your sisters are selfish, and care only for themselves. Can't you see, you're wasting your life?"

He pleaded in vain. He kissed her—the first man ever to do so. She almost fainted in his arms, but her will was indomitable. There was a limit to his patience, too.

"All right," he said, his face hardening. "Stay with your sisters, and decay by inches, as they're doing. Grow old, lonely and afraid, and selfish, and regretful. You can think of me in England. It's a long way away, and I won't come at every beck and call. He picked up his hat. "Goodbye, Abigail. You have the consolation of knowing one man loved you."

Then he swept her into his arms, kissed her passionately, and slammed out of the room. Miss Abigail did not faint. She sank on the floor and cried.

Her lover did not give up hope. For a week he stayed in our town, and tried to see Miss Abigail. Finally he left, and I cried myself to sleep over Miss Abigail's love story.

The years passed—six to be exact—and one June I went to Europe on my honeymoon. We were in England when I met him—Abigail's Englishman. It was at a party, and at first I did not recognize him. But when he heard the name of my home-town, he was visibly more alert; and when he asked about Abigail, I knew. He was a bit grayer, and a little older, but I remembered.

"She is well," I said, "But not too strong. I know she still remembers you."

His face tightened, and lines of worry appeared between his brows.

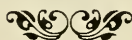
"I wonder! I wrote to her many times, but she never answered."

"I know she loves you. She's had time to think. It's been hard for her, too. She shows the strain. Why don't you go back?"

He smiled a crooked smile. "So you know? Well, perhaps I will. Much water has gone under the bridge since then."

He did go back. And he returned to England, alone. Before he left, he came to see my husband and me. "I saw her," he said. "She was so thin, I—but she hasn't changed. I can't understand—so gentle, and yet so iron-willed—the wrong way." He limped back and forth across the carpet. "It was torture. This is the last time. I can't stand it. No," he said slowly, and stopped and faced us.

Many, many years have passed. She is white-haired now, not entirely from age. I myself find a gray hair every once in a while. I am no longer young and romantic, but settled, with a husband and two children. I have never forgotten, though. When I see Abigail, always alone, a lump comes in my throat, and I think of the man so many, many miles away, alone too,—and at this ironic, tragic story of Abigail Petrie.



Sayins*

If yu hav got a reel good wife, kepe perfectly still, and thank God every twenty minnits for it.

"Honesty iz the best polisy". But don't take my wurd for it; tri it.

Fame is like a crop ov Canada thissles; very eazy tew sow, but hard tew reap.

Life iz short, but it iz long enuf tew ruin enny man who wants tew be ruined.

The grate art in riting well iz tew kno when tew stop.

Munny iz like promises; easier maid than kept.

Don't have enny more secrets than yu kan keep yurself.

* These sayings are taken from the work of H. W. Shaw ("Josh Billings").

The Glen

ALICE L. CALDER

FOURTEEN years ago the glen was a beautiful maze of nature, little resembling the lovely glen of today. It was wild and thick with undergrowth, but the stream was there and the elementary children used to throw stones into it and splash mud from it over one another. The children had full possession then—they took little trips through it and even made studies there. I remember the little tepees that they built when they were studying Indian life. So even though the valley was woody and wild, it provided many a lovely hour for the youngsters.

But fourteen years ago something happened. At this time Miss Stella Brown was principal of the elementary school and harbored visions of a glen such as it is today. Under her guiding hand the elementary children began to beautify the glen. They went home with requests for plants and shrubs from mother's garden, so that the parents would also share in this wonderful project. My young son said to me one day, "Mother, I want to take one of our cedar trees over to the glen to plant on Arbor Day." Of course that was impossible because of its size. But as many other mothers and children probably did, we compromised and sent over a donation—one of iris plants.

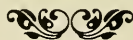
Miss Brown's dreams have become a reality and all the Elementary School parents should congratulate her for her untiring efforts in transforming the glen from the wild state into what we see today. Its rustic trails which wind from the lovely white birch near the school, past the trickling spring on to the pool are excellent illustrations of the intricate designs which have been successfully worked out. In all our travels we shall never find a spot nearer to God—a spot where one may sit in solitude at dusk and listen to the evening calls of the birds in the tall, stately trees. Natural loveliness is everywhere! The stream flowing under the rustic stone bridge, affords quiet and solitude not only for the smaller creatures of God's creation, but also for the scholars who are tired of the world's work of units and lesson plans. Here, by the creek, one really appreciates the out-of-doors—the flowers, birds, budding trees, the overhead splashes of the deep blue heaven and, at evening, the slowly sinking sun as it paints the taller trees with tints of gold.

Indeed, the glen is enjoyed today, not only by us old-timers who have watched its growth, but, as I have intimated, by the present students of the college and the campus children and various organizations interested in out-doors activities. But, I think we "older 'uns" appreciate it even more because we know how earnestly the parents, teachers and children have worked in its planning, planting and caring for trees.

shrubs and flowers. Perhaps we realize a little more how beautifully constructed the shelters and fire places are and how well they fit into the valley scene. Furthermore, we can appreciate the use of the glen for organizations which are interested and filled with the love of nature. On Easter Monday my girl scout troop spent a glorious day there, following the many trails and taking note of all the birds trees and flowers we recognized. By means of a treasure hunt which led the scouts unknowingly from one trail to another, the troop covered the entire glen. We met at the Council Ring and here the groups composed poems about the things they had seen. The following is one of them and illustrates the fact that when children write they often reveal themselves more clearly than they ever do in speech or action.

The trees are budding everywhere
The birds are chirping without a care
The violets are showing their pretty heads
Just waking from their winter beds
The snow is gone and spring is here
And everyone is filled with cheer
Winter clothes are packed away
And we are ready for the month of May.

Surely, for all this pleasure, beauty and inspiration, no tribute is too great to pay Miss Stella E. Brown—our leader and guide.



The Decision

JEANNE CUMMING

I know the wisdom of knowing,
I sought and I have found
My heart with freedom is glowing,
My feet no more touch the ground.

The greatness I have is loving,
The blessing is being loved,
The weariness, lent of lone shoving
In masses, no longer comes.

My mind has made a decision,
Shaken lethargy (like a log),
I no longer pass by the window,
I shall—definitely buy a dog!

THE TOWER LIGHT



THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Study of Literature

S. HATTON and A. SMITH

Before we talk about what the study of literature requires, we must know what literature itself is. Many people confuse literature with ordinary narrative newspaper articles, or other printed material which uses no particular style, but merely tries to convey some idea so that it may be read and digested by the majority of the people who read it. To me, literature is different from reading matter because it stirs deeper emotions. My favorite definition of literature is that of John Drinkwater, who defines it as follows: "Good literature is that written by one who sees life steadily, and sees it whole; who tries to convey the truth in as dignified and as beautiful form as possible." Literature is one of the fine arts, and any book, to be art, must embody sincere emotions, be true to life, and give the reader some real thought to carry away on which to ruminate.

People read literature for many and varied reasons. Primarily, of course, is the desire for enjoyment which may be gained through the reading of any form of literature. Vicarious experiences are also one of the great gifts of literature to us. Literature is read so that life may be more fully interpreted, as well as for understanding of the author's ideas. People, naturally have inquisitive natures in regard to their own personalities and the actions of others. Literature helps to explain us to ourselves, and also helps us to get a broader outlook on why other people do the things they do. What else but literature could give, in so charming and wholesome a way, such a wide background of language, beautiful expressions, and general knowledge.

Naturally, to get a good all 'round literary background, a person must have a balanced diet. Instead of sticking to adventure stories, for example, one should read with a broadminded outlook, and balance his reading diet with poetry, plays, and the many different classes of prose fiction.

The *study* of literature requires, first of all, some knowledge of the background of the book to be read, and something of the life and character of the author. This knowledge may help one to understand why the writer wrote this type of story. To really enjoy literature, one must be a good reader, and be able to follow the line of thought of the author. To be fully appreciated, a book must be evaluated and weighed after it is read. The language of the author must be understood, as well as the factual knowledge contained in his book. The study of literature requires fitting oneself into great minds and reading everything with an open mind.

We, as potential teachers, have a great problem on our hands. It is that of carefully guiding children so that they may so enjoy reading literature that they will seek it themselves. When a condition of compulsory reading exists, the joy is gone for the child, and he grows to hate the English period because he *must* read a certain story. We appeal to you to approach literature in a tactful way, to make it alive and beautiful for the children, and to encourage them to seek it for themselves. You will no doubt be surprised at the results.



Bargains in Books

JOHN C. Klier '38

"Modern education with its increasingly sensitive appreciation of children's needs has been responsible for many new and beautiful books for children. Modern times and reduced budgets have resulted in the publishing of ten-cent books of recognized merit as to content, form and illustration. The result is heartening. Today, parents of limited means and teachers with a need for a variety of good classroom books may both seek and find them in ten-cent editions"—(From the *Selected List of Ten-Cent Books* recently published by the Association for Childhood Education.)

The freshman hoping for an A on that notebook, the junior in the throes of "unit-itis," and the teacher seeking to lead a class beyond the limits of a textbook (or of no textbook) could all add words of practical experience to the above paragraph. Even the person whose scavenging instincts have not been aroused can hardly escape acquaintance with the attractive displays in the ten-cent stores and the college "Book Shop."

Those who have felt the urge to build a "library" of these inexpensive books may be interested in a few facts I have gathered from my own collection.

More important than the small cost of the books is the eternal vigilance and foresight necessary to obtain some of them. The ten-cent book counters next week may be "out" of the book you will need next month or three years from now.

Since new books are constantly being published, a weekly examination of all available ten-cent book counters is helpful. The following lists should also aid the collector. They include none of the "workbook" or "things to do" type, although sometimes these are useful for illustrative material.

The *Unit Study Books* (American Education Press) written and graded for school use, are always available, and sell for fifteen cents. The eighty titles of the series are listed in each volume.

The Association for Childhood Education, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has recently issued a *Selected List of Ten-Cent Books* (price 15c). Here are about 130 ten-cent and fifteen-cent books especially suitable for children's use. Some are always available; others require hunting.

Below are listed additional 10c books of the same caliber as those in the A. C. E. list.

Wild Animals of North America. Wild Flowers, Bugs, Fish and Indians of America, Wonders of the World (Whitman Publishing Company): Pictures are clear but small, information concise but not in a child's vocabulary. Others of this pocket-size series are in the *Selected List*.

Wheat, Sugar, Meat, Milk, King Cotton. (Artists and Writers Guild): These have very good illustrations and information.

Oil Comes to Us; Electricity Comes to Us (George Duplaix): Written by teachers; have good sketches, diagrams, and explanations.

Marvels of the Universe (Whitman): Large, clear astronomical photographs.

The Story of Britain Told in Pictures: The five books of this series depict life during the Ancient and Roman, Saxon and Norman, Medieval, Tudor and Stuart, Hanoverian and Modern periods in England's history. These were distributed through Woolworth's a few years ago and may not be available today. However they are worth looking for.

It would be unnecessary, if possible, to purchase all of these books. Select the most useful titles for your particular purpose and buy a few at a time. You will be amply repaid for the effort.



The Best Laid Plans

JOSHUA ROSEMAN, Sophomore

He carefully takes down the call number of the references most highly recommended by the teacher in his hardest subject. During the time between the changing of classes he hastens to the library in which the valuable text resides and makes sure that it is intact. Then he hurries to his class and chooses the seat nearest the room exit. After the period is over, he puts his plan into execution.

Before one can say "Jack Robison", he is down the hall and into the library beside the correct shelf. He clutches the precious book firmly and strides happily into the fast-forming line of students who are bent on missions similar to his.

All of a sudden a dampening thought crosses his mind. He has

left his card in his locker! He steps out of line, places the book on a table, and dashes down the hall steps with the speed of a gazelle.

With one motion the card is his and he navigates the stairs again.

Without warning his thoughts are interrupted by a sweet—"Oh, Josh!—will you show me how to work this problem? We have a test next period and this is the only kind I don't understand."

Being a gentleman at heart and flattered at being mistaken for a person of wisdom, he hastily explains the mysteries of the problem to the damsel in distress and with a "see you later" continues on his way.

Search as he may, no book greets his efforts. A quick glance at the section where he first found the volume does not locate it. His hopes are really dashed when he sees the book in the firm grasp of a class-mate bound for home.

No matter how hard he tries, a misplaced card, a damsel in distress, or some similar catastrophe always seems to befall one whose intentions are the best.



Retaliation Mr. Leef

R. HERNDON, Freshman

He thinks that all women are foolish,
And senseless and silly and vain.
He thinks they know nothing of Science;
He wonders just what's in their brain.

The thinks that Philosophy bores them;
Dialectics means nothing at all.
They're weak and they're dumb and they're foolish—
They giggle and simper and bawl.

But, oh, my dear fellow, we ask you:
Just what do you do on *your* dates?
We *know* you don't whisper sweet nothings;
Your interest is held by debates.

Perhaps you will talk of Phonetics
To the girl whom you take to your dance,
Or perhaps you will speak of the struggle
Of the feminine voters in France.

We know you'd not notice the moonlight
Or a deb at a famous Cotillion;
For *you never* look at the women.
Mr. Leef—YOU ARE ONE IN A MILLION!



TENNIS AT S. T. C.

Teachers College Record

Highlights in the Girls' World of Sports

DOROTHY HOOPES

PASSING by the dorm we hear shouts of, "Its a home run", "Catch that fly," "She's safe." The baseball and volley ball season end the sport year at State Teachers College for 1938-39.

More girls than ever have found a worthy use of their leisure time—one that especially benefits a teacher and gives an opportunity to every woman in the college whether at catching a ball, making a goal, hitting a bull's eye, or dancing like Ginger Rogers.

We congratulate the Freshmen on their persistence at practice, their gameness and their fight which resulted in real competition for every class.

Ninety-two people attended Hockey electives. The inter-class games came to a tie between the Juniors and Seniors. The hockey season was brought to a close by a game with the best of our Alumni athletes. We showed them "they ain't what they used to be" by winning 4-3.

Basketball attendance came up to the great mark of 113. Perhaps the dessert of pie and ice cream cramped the Seniors' style, for the Sophomores won at three out of seven inter class games, while the Juniors and Freshmen each won 2 games. What *did* happen to the Seniors?

Notre Dame visited us to play two Sophomore and two Junior teams in basketball. Only one Junior team showed the Notre Dame Junior Varsity that we had the team "plus the steam." Notre Dame was victorious in the other three games.

Girls' Demonstration Night was a recapture of the cup by the Juniors. The award this year was a new bronze plaque. The class of 1940 should be proud to see their name head the many classes who will wait for that crucial moment when the president has read the last class' score and then to see their name go on the coveted award.

The number of activities offered continues to grow. In the last several years dancing and archery electives have acquired an earnest following. Watch your path as you cross the campus in the afternoon. All our archers are of course bulls' eye shooters, but—it might be the wind.

The seniors have acquired a new repertoire of words. You can hear such phrases as "sock that bird" and "if I could only make a spare" in their vocabulary, resulting from gym classes of badminton and bowling.

The volley ball tournament of mixed teams from each class in the college played some vicious rounds on May eleventh. The boys thought it a shame that they could hit the ball only once as boys' rules go, and

the girls might hit twice. If you were a spectator, seeing the speed and force with which the ball moved on one hit, don't you wonder what would have happened with two hits? The Sophomore I team stood alone as the winners of winners, while the Freshman II team held the highest place as the winners of the losers. We're on the lookout for more players and fewer referees next time.

It was bushels of fun, and we hope to see more mixed playing where everyone will come out for a good time. With such a sport-minded student body, no one will call us bachelors.

"Sports Highlights"

Lou Cox, Junior

This year our college has given birth to a new sport: track, which has found its place in inter-collegiate competition. The first test of our speed was in the Penn Relays at the University of Pennsylvania on Franklin Field. This was a meet second only to the Olympics in size, importance and quality of competition. The event that our boys participated in was the mile relay. Those who ran for our school are: Bob Cox, Lou Cox, Ken Hammer, and Jerry Kolker. The boys gave evidence of their great speed by beating several of the outstanding colleges and universities of the East, and thus winning a place in the meet.

The second test occurred on May twentieth, when our team competed in the Mason-Dixon Conference, held at Johns Hopkins University. The colleges represented at this meet were: Western Maryland, Johns Hopkins, Gallaudet, University of Delaware, Towson State Teachers College, Washington College, and the University of Baltimore. The events were all of the regular inter-collegiate type: javelin throw, shot-putt, track, high jump, pole vault, and many others.

Tennis is now inter-collegiate with us with Howard Stottlemeyer as the captain. The members of this squad were picked from the winners of the tennis tournament. Practice up, fellows, and see if you can win your college letter.

The baseball team is slowly but surely rounding into shape. Coach Minnegan expects to have a well rounded team by the end of the season. The team has as its prospective pitchers: Cook, Austerlitz and Clopper.

The soccer schedule for next year is going to be one that will make everybody sit up and take notice. One of the outstanding teams that we shall play is Westchester Teachers College who has in the past been recognized as runner up of the National Championship. Due to the teams' great defensive work, several of our back-field men are being considered for the title of *All American*. The forth coming soccer season gives promises of plenty of action.

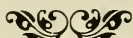
Sharps and Flats

CATHERINE GRAY

AS this college year closes, thoughts turn to commencement and the consequent loss of friends. Last year the orchestra felt this loss more severely than any other school organization. In September it seemed as though half of the orchestra was gone. But soon Freshmen from the unusually large incoming class filled vacant chairs and added instruments we hadn't had before. The numbers rose and we were soon twenty-seven. This year we have a brighter outlook. No one is leaving! (although I think Miss Prickett wishes a certain member in the last row would vanish abruptly, it's not "me"—*much*). According to the law of average, four or five new members will come from the 1939 Frosh class and *then* with thirty-one orchestra members you balcony-sitters will lose your beauty sleep when *we* have an assembly. However, everything can not run smoothly. News from the front (the office to you) reads that three-fourths of the orchestra will be out student-teaching every nine weeks except the first! All of which will probably make up a menu of a slice of orchestra practice between two pieces of unit for the first nine weeks. But who can tell? Maybe there'll be ten new freshmen members and five or ten "discoveries" from the present classes who, as one faculty member puts it, "are hiding their lights under bushels". Could be! Could be!

But now for some reminiscing. At the end of the year is a good time to sum up the outside work that some members have been doing. Probably many of you won't admit it, but we really have some talent in our orchestra. Many of the members you know are always doing something outside of school, but this year some additions can be made to this list. For instance, two violinists are members of the Baltimore City Orchestra—practice once a week and play "out" frequently; one "precocious player of the licorice stick" has composed (or should I say concocted) a Bach-like affair of several instruments that he's going to call opus one, number one (of what, only he can tell you—or can he?); still another member, a certain trombonist, would have us believe that he is the heart and soul of a church organization (plus a little singing with the sliding). As a result of this increased number of outside practices, our commencement music has improved. We have worked long and arduously over our selections. The violins have even been reorganized for one piece; and every instrument has some solo or important part that must be just so to play "farewell" to the graduating class. Miss Prickett has worried over us through thirty-two practice periods, but it doesn't seem like it. We're always late to come in and anxious to get out but "it's fun". Not one of us would give it up. Perhaps that's why there's always

a different atmosphere in the rehearsals when we start commencement music. Soon we'll be going and it won't be for the summer or nine weeks, but forever. This may sound sentimental. I won't argue. Orchestra work "grows" on us and becomes a definite part of college life. When it's gone, we'll be outside of college life. But as we're safe this year, we don't think of this for very long. So instead of feeling sorry for ourselves in advance, we say happy vacation to you all—and especially to the graduating class. May you remember us, our feeble attempts to make you remember commencement,—and visit us soon.



Musical Notes

CATHERINE SCHOTTLER

HELEN GILL

"Are you going to Glee Club rehearsal?" "Where is the orchestra practicing?" "Sure, I'll be there. Commencement is our biggest affair, so we want to make it good."

Commencement is, indeed, the climax of the activities of the Glee Club and Orchestra for the year. It is then that the progress made by the two organizations since September becomes evident. For the Seniors these two occasions mark their last appearance as members of the orchestra and Glee Club. However, we leave behind us our sincere wishes for the continued success of the musical organizations of our college.

The programs for June week exercises are as follows:

Baccalaureate

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring.....*Bach*
Orchestra

Prayer from "Hansel and Gretel".....*Humperdinck*

The Lord is my Shepherd.....*Schubert*

Lovely Appear*Gounod*
Glee Club

Commencement

March Pontificale*Gounod*

Priest March*Mozart*

Minuet from E Flat Symphony.....*Mozart*
Orchestra

In Vienna Woods.....*Strauss*

Chorale from "Die Meistersinger".....*Wagner*

Lord's Prayer*Malotte*
Glee Club

A maid in distress (holding a cut finger, the result of a science activity): "Have you a cork?"

Sophomore: "That won't stop the blood."

THE TOWER LIGHT



YESTERDAYS

All in a Day

MILDRED LIPPERT

On a warm sunny Saturday morning early in May, a group of girls, boys, and their faculty adviser, gathered on the front step of the Administration Building. All were happy and ready for what the day might bring. At last we were off to Carrington's Woods. Arriving at the hiking grounds each one took his lunch under one arm and kept the other free to make his way through the woods filled with fallen trees, briars, dry leaves, and vines. Haven Kolb, the leader, usually went first to point out things of interest. Mary heard a familiar bird's song and asked what that bird was. We discovered that the bird was a redstart and, while looking for him, we saw a yellow-throated vireo. To Haven's usual question, "Look what we have here! Who can tell us what it is", one of the group ventured to give the answer, "I know, we saw it on the last hike but I can't remember the name." Other members pointed out the jack-in-the-pulpit, the yellow violet, Virginia cowslip, early saxifrage, dentartia, and Dutchman's breeches.

Although all of us were hungry at 12 o'clock, we hesitated to mention our desire for food because the leader did not like to stop for lunch until one o'clock or after. Ahead of us flowed the inviting Gunpowder river. Much to our surprise Haven asked if we were ready for lunch. After an immediate favorable reply, we crawled under a barbed wire fence to get to the river bank and selected a nearby huge rock for the occasion. Many birds came near enough so that we could identify them without field glasses. It was there that we saw two sandpipers at the water's edge.

Following the feasting, the dignified president, who had her feet dangling in the cool water of the river, called the Natural History Group to order for a business meeting. Plans were made to have Mr. Klingel, who gave us an illustrated talk at our annual dinner, address our assembly next year. It was announced that Katherine Paula will make use of the fund of the Natural History Group and enjoy the Audubon Nature Camp in Maine this summer.

After lunch we followed the shore of the Gunpowder until we came to a place where large rocks extended out into the river. The water was so inviting that some of the members climbed out on the rocks to enjoy its coolness. We returned home with a collection of plants, a frog, and some sunburn!

A newly created papa received the glad tidings in a telegram. "Hazel gave birth to a girl this morning; both doing well." On the message was a sticker reading, "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

Commencement Activities, June 8th to 13th, 1939

PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JUNE EIGHTH

7:00 P. M.—Senior Class Step Singing.

SATURDAY, JUNE TENTH—ALUMNI DAY

2:30-4:00 P. M.—Class Reunions.

4:00-5:00 P. M.—Business Meeting.

6:00-8:00 P. M.—Dinner.

9:00-12:00 P. M.—Reception and Dancing. (Juniors and Seniors guests).

SUNDAY, JUNE ELEVENTH

4:00 P. M.—Baccalaureate Service, Auditorium of the College. Sermon by Rev. A. W. Gottschall, Secretary National Conference of Jews and Christians.

MONDAY, JUNE TWELFTH—CLASS DAY

6:00 P. M.—Campus Supper and Class Night.

TUESDAY, JUNE THIRTEENTH—COMMENCEMENT

10:30 A. M.—The Procession of Guests, Faculty and Students will form.

11:00 A. M.—Commencement—Campus (weather permitting).
Speaker: Dr. Isaiah Bowman, President, The Johns Hopkins University.

Topic: "What Do You Do?"

Our Personal Bookshelf

HELEN GILL

"The Call of the Wild"	Lunch Bell
"Les Miserables"	Economic class
"Great Expectations"	Just before reports
"Easy Marks"	Still to be found
"The Tempest"	Student Teaching
"Our Mutual Friend"	Dr. Wiedefeld
"The Thundering Herd"	Changing classes
"All's Well That Ends Well"	Our Senior year
"All This and Heaven Too"	Senior Prom
"Songs of the Lark(s)"	Glee Club
"Pilgrims Progress"	Our College career
"New Worlds to Conquer"	Teaching
"Little Men" and "Little Women"	Freshmen
"And Tell of Time"	Monday assemblies
"Union Now"	Four year course

So What

LEE MCCARRIAR

Prologue by W. N. Weis (pronounced Wise)

Yes, I did say I wasn't going to write any more this year! But who could blame me for wanting to get in one final lick? In closing, allow me to present an orchid to—(or bouquet of onions, as you wish).

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. Home-run Cernik | 6. C. Leef's philosophies and his
D. C. current |
| 2. Peggy "Punch" Heck | 7. Shock's A. C. current |
| 3. Junior 7's hamburgers | 8. Betty's long engagement (Hi
Ya, Bud?) |
| 4. Glee Club and Miss Weyforth | 9. Russell's Jokes |
| 5. Schmid's Lunch Wagon | 10. Dr. Tiemeyer's Funk's |

Suggestions from the faculty:

1. That Mr. Weis give up smoking (especially two-fers) and get a girl friend. I hope that this doesn't reach Western Maryland.
2. That Mr. B. Phelps try walking the second fare some day. Have you ever walked all the way, Bernie?

Notes from May Day:

1. A. C. with the help of several of her Dorm colleagues picked a prospective Freshman girl for J. S. (pronounced Shock). No use in breaking an old tradition.
2. Taken collectively, this year's May Court was the prettiest in years according to popular opinion. Popular opinion, of course, means Mr. William Jefferson Ranft.
3. Calder, Shock, and "yours truly" enjoyed "The Life of Alexander G. Bell" very much or was it the night in general? Or the company?

So many people have asked to be left out of the column this month that it is hard to write a column. If I had B. C's predicament I'd want to stay out too.

Mr. James Cernik, baseball player de luxe, driver of the Cleveland and the college patrol wagon, didn't know until the night of the Glee Club Concert at Cockeysville that Betsy Smith went to school here.

Another—please James.

Three Little Fishes. If dramatized the leading characters would be Doris K., Marie P., and Bettie T. Type casting, I call it.

In this issue we say good-by to many graduates. Many of them have furnished this column with material. We hope that you will continue to supply the TOWER LIGHT with news of your achievements.

Jack Hart is the boy with "Romance in his Voice." Who is the boy with "Romance in his actions?" Answer next year.

Norris Weis will set up a booth in the main hall the last two days of college, where he will be only too glad to autograph your TOWER LIGHT.

SO LONG



Last Round-Up of Romances

1. Looks as if Perky just "kahn't" help it.
2. 'Pears that Kenny has gotten himself into "tribul" and just cannot "hammer" his way out of it.
3. The flowers are in bloom, the birds sing, "Sprain-is" here, and that's all that matters, eh, O'N?
4. Be careful L. A., you dawson't do that.
5. When did he find out? Was it that evening on the "hill" or was it in her "yard"? Mark-N-ite was at the Men's Revue!
6. Mother Goose symphonies:
 "Fry" said the Princess. "Fry" said her Ladies-in Waiting.
 The Queen of "Harts", she made—
 "Ann" Jack came tumbling after.
7. Boom, bang, crash, "Klank," Klank"! "Wilde" be able to stood it?
8. A "hamment" was strung between two trees. She relaxed comfortably. Suddenly her reveries were interrupted by the appearance of a "bah'r"—(continued next fall).
9. "He dreams of Jeanie with the dark brown hair", and "dvos-kin" you do about it????
10. What a "sock-o"! "Bette" will make a home-run!
11. Have you decided D. K.? Is it "tea"-myer or "white"?
12. Since "wentz" has a certain frosh assumed a "gra"-ve complex???
13. "Reuben, Reuben" I've been thinking—
 "Eunice, Enuice" I've been thinking—
 And so, on it goes—
14. Since when has M. H. been playing "cavalier" to a certain Soph?

Graduate: Professor, I have made some money and I want to do something for my old college. I don't remember what studies I excelled in.

Professor: In my classes you slept most of the time!

Graduate: Fine! I'll endow a dormitory.

Glen Day at Campus School

In the Greenwood of State Teachers College Glen Day is fast becoming one of the Campus School's most delightful traditions. On this all too infrequent occasion the parents, children, and teachers meet as just friends to enjoy supper and group singing in our ideal picnic spot, the Glen, and to watch the entertainments provided by some of the pupils and the parents. This year, despite the threatening weather, while the great fire roared, Glen Day drew to a happy close. In the afternoon the crowd gathered to watch Coach Minnegan defeat Major Blackburn in an archery contest. Later the sixth grade presented "Robin Hood", a short play of four acts which they had adapted from Howard Pyle's book of the same name. But let the sixth grade tell about "Robin Hood"!

"A play is fun to watch, but did you ever think of the different steps in making it up? In considering what play to dramatize on Glen Day, we had to think about three things: its adaptability to the glen, its giving everybody a chance, and its interest for the audience. "Robin Hood" was selected because it met these three standards. After we had read our story, we selected the four parts that seemed best: How Robin Hood Met Little John, The Shooting Match at Nottingham Town, How Robin Hood Fell in With Will Scarlet, and How King Richard Came to Sherwood Forest.

In choosing our characters we had several tryouts, and the class voted for those who took the part best. After choosing our characters we took a walk through the Glen and selected several places which we thought suited the play and looked most like Sherwood Forest. Our next step was the choosing of costumes. When making these we had to consider the different types of clothing worn in the twelfth century and the probable cost of material.

While we were arranging and assembling our properties, we organized our four chapters as to how, where, and when they came. Then we started to practice both in our rooms and in the Glen until we gave you what you saw. We hope you liked it."

Even so, the sixth grade made no mention of the pleasure which their singing and their colorful costumes gave to those who watched the play, nor of the amusing (to the actors) incidents which occurred before and during the play. All in all—Glen Day, 1939, was very much of a success.

"Just think children," said the missionary, "in Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday School. Now what should we all strive to save our money for?"

"To go to Africa," cried a chorus of cheery voices.

The Town Meeting

JEANNE KRAVETZ

The Town Meeting was a success! The yearly meeting of the League of Young Voters which met at the College Club on Charles Street has passed and we look forward to our meeting next year. But before memory fades, let us glance back and see what took place. Our theme this year was—"Art in the World Today". We had three excellent guest speakers whom we shall long remember. First, Miss Martha Svendsen, of the Peabody, played several selections by Brahms, Chopin and Bach. Truly, her playing was thrilling. Then we heard of the trends in literature from Mr. Millard Kaufman, a senior student at Hopkins University. Our last speaker was Mr. Larry Rodda, an artist and a member of the artists' union. From him we learned about the non-objective art field and the artists' union in Baltimore. Surely, this was an evening well spent.



Do You Remember

CHARLOTTE HURTT

BEVERLY COURTNEY

1. Stage-fright on registration day, 1935?
2. Our debut in the Olympics at the first Girl's Demonstration Night?
3. That charming lyric—our *first* class song?
4. Miss Weyforth's first efforts at steak frying in the Glen?
5. Our great class filibusters on financial questions?
6. Our "Human Relations" with Miss Van Bibber?
7. Our first role as school ma'ams and masters?
8. Our geological expeditions with Miss Blood?
9. Our venture into the great unknown—math?
10. Our inflated ego when serving as judges on Demonstration Night?
11. Our first appearance as black-robed dignitaries on May Day (over-looking minor details of too small caps and too large gowns?)
12. All of our study for professionals—which never materialized?
13. "Those 'lil science activities yo' all waited 'til the night befo' to do."
14. The March of Defeat after Demonstration Night last year?
15. Those excursions into the wicked city of New York?
16. That awful feeling when the TOWER LIGHT Deadline catches you "articleless"?
17. Those "pauses in the day's occupation known as the Walther Hour"?
18. The "good old days" when we enjoyed a daily siesta—in the assembly period?
19. That third degree sensation when Miss Prickett demands a solo?
20. Our two courses in juggling; one on the Towson trolley and the other at formal teas?

Alumni News

The Washington County Unit of State Teachers College Alumni held its annual spring luncheon at the Hamilton Hotel in Hagerstown, May 6.

Dr. Wiedefeld, our guest speaker brought us news from Towson, and extended a special invitation to us to visit the school on Alumni Day.

Members attending, included graduates from the class of '88 to the class of '38. Miss Laura King, our oldest alumna from Washington County, was among those present.

Our next meeting will be in the form of a social and will be held in the fall.

Present officers of the organization are:

Chairman: Innes Boyer, '17
Vice-Chairman: Madeline Diffendal, '31
Secretary: Sarah Jane Wilson, '36
Treasurer: Mary Horst, '34

The Anne Arundel County Unit met at the home of Mrs. Wilton Bassford on Monday evening, April 24, 1939.

The following officers for the year 1939-1940 were elected:

President—Hammond Cantwell
Vice-president—William Evans
Secretary—Elizabeth Catterton
Treasurer—Eleanor Brown

Miss Mary H. Scarborough spoke of recent activities of Teachers College and urged alumni to attend the Alumni dinner on June 10.

Miss Coe, president of the State Alumni Association, commended the A. A. Co. group for their fine spirit. She spoke of the Tall Fund. Mr. Cantwell, the new president, was requested to present the Unit's contribution to the Tall Fund at the Alumni dinner at Towson.

The meeting adjourned to meet again the third Monday in October.

ELIZABETH N. CATTERTON, Sec'y

Our Prom

The Senior Class went modernistic, and on May twenty-sixth Newell Hall was converted into a miniature Rainbow Grill. With gayly colored dresses, soft lights, Billy Isaac's music, and a tasty buffet supper—it's *the* prom we'll never forget.

Reminiscences

ESTHER BULL

December 23, 1938

I have hopefully awaited this day for many years. At last a friend and I are actually on our way to Florida to spend the Christmas holidays!

Quickly we pass from the ice covered ponds and denuded trees of Maryland into Virginia. Here the bleak monotony of grays and browns is broken occasionally by evergreens and brilliant red holly berries.

Squalid, tumbling negro shacks dot the level North Carolina highway.

As we drive into Bennettsville, South Carolina to spend the night, we are pleased to find the frog orchestra tuning up to greet us. The warm spring-like night erases all thought of winter from our minds.

December 24, 1938

South Carolina highways are frequently arched with intermingling branches of live-oaks hung with long banners of gray, lacy Spanish moss. Christmas fireworks are on sale at all roadside markets.

In Georgia we are thrilled to see the first daffodils in bloom. Palmettos, small fan palms, grow complacently beneath the long-needled pines and the grotesque bottle shaped cypress trees. Savannah with its many trim parks is a most charming city.

I can hardly describe the thrilling feeling of expectation as we pass through the impressive metal archway bearing the one word "Florida". Poinsettias, oleanders, and hibiscus bloom in profusion in well-kept yards. Graceful palms line the highways.

We spent the night in the quaint historic city of St. Augustine. Of course we drank from the Fountain of Youth. Our stroll through the narrow streets to the slave market and the oldest house, well, church, and school in the United States was thoroughly enjoyable. As a perfect climax to the evening we were invited to the Chamber of Commerce Tourist Party. The people we met had started from Miami, but had found St. Augustine so friendly and agreeable that they went no farther. By tomorrow I shall know what they are missing.

December 25, 1938

The ocean drive down the Florida coast presents a panorama of color. The silvery capped waves flashing in the sun and the palm jungles of tropical plants provide the setting for a veritable fairyland. The gleaming white sandy beach lures us and we soon accept its invitation.

At Palm Beach we visited John Charles Thomas. His attractive home is a modernistic stucco structure with a brightly painted flat roof and a long expanse of patio. His mother is a most charming person and I can easily understand his never failing devotion to her.

Since Christmas night was fast approaching, we hurried on to Miami to get located. The last red glow of the sun just fell hurriedly below the

horizon. There is no twilight. The White Gift Service which we later attended at a nearby church impressed upon us the universality of "Peace on earth; good will toward men."

December 26, 1938

The morning was spent in inspecting the charming cottage on Biscay Boulevard and its surroundings which are to be ours for the next few days. Poinsettias climbed over an arch at the doorway and luxuriant tropical flowers and trees shaded our lawn.

The "Color Ripened" oranges we find at home misrepresent the juncy sweetness of tree-ripened oranges available here. An orange tree laden with golden fruit is a glorious sight.

We spent the afternoon in the warm salty breakers. We, as well as the pelicans, indulged in beachcombing and sunbathing.

A visit to the Pan American Airport made us long to go to Havana.

Someday I'd like to own a home at Coral Gables or Cocoanut Grove.

December 27, 1938

A trip to Miami would hardly be complete without a tour of the modernistic shopping district. We shopped all morning and spent the afternoon at the Hialeah Race Track. The flower-laden club house, the pink flamingoes strolling leisurely among the decorative interior of the track make Hialeah one of the loveliest race courses in the country.

The Seminole Indian Reservations and Alligator Farms are both picturesque and educational.

December 28, 1939

We have slowly learned to like Florida's strange fruits such as kumquats, avocado pears and papayas.

I particularly enjoyed seeing Silver Springs. The crystal clearness of the river makes visible every fish and aquatic plant. As our glass bottomed boat drifted through the sparkling current, many secrets of under-water life were revealed. Divers presented a submerged circus performance. Farther down stream we located the dense tropical jungle in which the movie "Tarzan and his Mate" was filmed.

December 29, 1938

This has been one of my most enjoyable days here. We fished all morning and caught nothing, but were repaid by the sheer beauty of the sun's abrupt rising over the ocean. Bicycles and the ocean furnished us with an afternoon entertainment. Our sunburn is still in the red stage.

December 30, 1938

Today we must leave Miami. I'm sure the magic of the "Land of Flowers" will call me back next year. I intend to advise all my prospective teacher-friends to start a fund from their pay checks for this most fascinating trip.

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We Invite Your Inquiry

Citizens' Industrial Bankers, Inc.

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Freshman Pride

ELIZABETH LEWIS

I hid my anklets, grew my hair,
I burned the ends to make them curl.
I stuck my nose up in the air,
For I am now a college girl.

I bought a pair of spikes to wear,
I threw my childish pranks away,
I strut about and sniff the air,
For I'm a college girl today.

I wear a feather in my hat,
It gives me more of dignity.
I lift my brows at this and that,
For childish high school folks to see.

And while I'm strutting off somewhere
The seniors gaze admiringly—
At least I think so—Everywhere
They stop their work to look at me.

It Can't Happen Here

An orderly Student Council Meeting.

The Tot Lot idea applied to the library—openings admitting only
students wanting to work—openings too small for the talkers.

The idea used at University of Chicago—having every student select
his own professors (a sad day for certain S. T. C. profs).

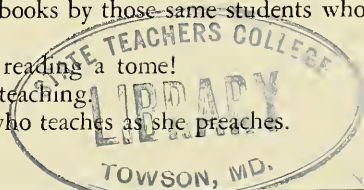
Willingness to buy books by those ~~same~~ students who never can find
books.

Anyone voluntarily reading a tome!

"Unitless" student teaching.

A faculty member who teaches as she preaches.

A gymnasium.





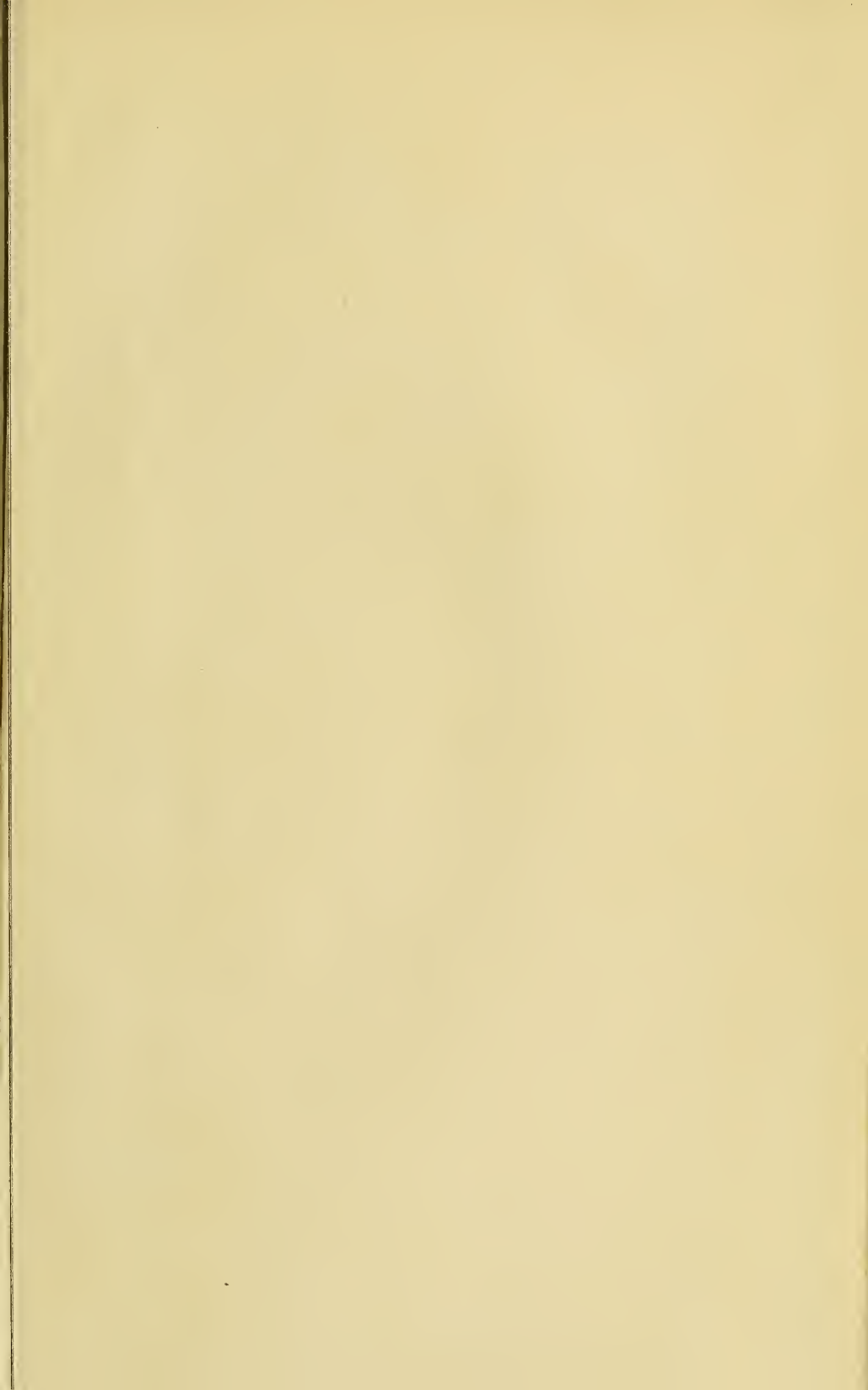
The Chesterfield glove, created by New York's smart designer Merry Hull...

Original and different too is Chesterfield's way of combining the world's best tobaccos to bring out the finer qualities of each. It's the *Chesterfield* way and that's why Chesterfields are milder than other cigarettes. They also have a better taste and more pleasing aroma. Chesterfields really satisfy.



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M3 College. Towson
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